

Three Months Abroad

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WITH A POSTSCRIPT BY ROBERT WILSON

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Book J-2

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Z. & L. Rosenfield, New York, with
Inkograph prints by Soltmann & Co.,
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Three Months Abroad

Bring the Narrative of an
Educational Tour through Europe

by

Osborn Remond Lamb

Illustrated by

H. Roberts Northrop

New York



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Portrait of Antoin Lang as the Christus,
in the Passion Play, given at Oberam-
mergau during the Summer of 1910

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INTRODUCTION

To one desiring to visit the old world for the first time, the problem of the best route to take becomes one of importance. If a vacation of three months be allowed and the spring or autumn be selected, the routes to Italy, Spain, or Greece via the Mediterranean offer their attractions; but if the summer months be chosen the trip described in this narrative will be found to be one of the best, for it includes some of the most interesting countries scenically and historically of the Continent and does not neglect the cradle of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, England. For that reason I have recorded our journey in detail from the departure of our steamer in Hoboken to the arrival of our ship at the pier in New York, hoping that the information contained in my narrative may be of service to others.

Reviewing our tour at this late date, there seems to me but one way in which our route could be improved, and this I have mentioned in my chapter on Deal. Three months pass rapidly when travelling abroad, and when from this vacation one sixth of the time must be deducted for the ocean voyages, the remaining seventy-five days are

little enough for the countries visited. Indeed a year would not suffice to see them thoroughly.

In order to make the journey I have described and enjoy it, good health and congenial companionship are essential, as well as a sufficient sum of money to prevent anxiety in case of illness or other misfortune. As the expense of the tour may be according to the tastes and means of the traveller, I need not discuss this question. Nor need I refer to personally conducted tours which eliminate much discomfort and responsibility. But to those who prefer to travel independently as I have always done, I would commend to their attention the new and very practical Individual Tours issued by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son which include transportation and hotel accommodation for an entire trip, or part thereof if desired, for one or more persons.

As the name indicates, these tours are individual in character and guarantee the traveller transportation and hotel accommodation for the time and date specified. The peace of mind which this gives one while travelling in the busy summer season can only be appreciated by those who after a weary day's journey have landed in a foreign city unable to secure accommodations for the night. Furthermore as these tickets are non-negotiable and non-transferable and are paid for before departure, a

comparatively small sum of money need be taken with one, and if this be in a Letter of Credit or in the popular form of Traveller's Express checks, the tourist is safeguarded as far as it is possible to do so.

As the checking of baggage now obtains in Europe much the same as in this country, a small steamer trunk may be taken without any great expense. I have no quarrel with those who prefer the cumbersome collapsible bag, but I believe that it is an imposition on one's fellow travellers to crowd a small railroad compartment with one when a small fee will permit the owner to register it to his destination. Moreover, as the variation in climate in a European trip is very great, especially if one crosses the Alpine passes, both light and heavy clothing become necessary and a trunk is therefore indispensable.

Perhaps the chief objection to individual tours comes from the uninitiated who fear being unable to make themselves understood in a foreign language; but as I have explained in my concluding chapter, while a knowledge of both French and German were necessary in the past to have made the tour described, conditions have so changed in recent years that one may make it now with a knowledge of English alone and experience little or no inconvenience.

One other observation before proceeding with my story. If one travels individually; that is, unattended by a courier, good guide books of the countries to be visited become an absolute necessity. There are many such, but for all English-speaking citizens the old and reliable Baedeker I believe is the best.

During my many trips abroad I have acquired a small library of these guide books and it is from them that I have gleaned many of the important facts recorded in my narrative. I have augmented this information from local guide books secured en route, and it now gives me pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to all. Herewith I append the publications consulted:- Baedeker's various guide books of the Continent and Great Britain; "The Official Guide of Lake Leman;" "Bruckmann's Guide to Munich and its Environs;" "Guide to Vienna, text by L. Lehr;" "Guide to Vienna and Environs" by R. Lechner; "Official Guide to Prague and the Kingdom of Bohemia;" "Collier's Guide to Dresden;" "Oberammergau and the Passion Play" by Ferdinand Feldigl; "The Passion Play at Oberammergau" by W.T. Stead; "Guide to Zurich and Environs" by G. Graber; "The Cathedral of Canterbury" by Hartley Withers B.A.; "Guide to Lucerne Lake and Environs" by J.C. Heor; and "Chester" published by Huke's library, Chester.

THE LURE OF EUROPE

I think it will be admitted by all thoughtful people, that we are living in an era unparalleled in the history of the world. The tremendous advance in science and invention, in the past fifty years has surpassed the dreams of the most sanguine optimist, and the wealth which these agencies have brought into existence is so well employed that deserts are made to bloom in a day and cities grow up in a night. When a nation has supplied the demands of its people, it seeks other lands in which to sell its surplus, thus reciprocal trade relations are engendered, and the various countries are brought into closer relations with one another. Commerce or foreign trade is therefore a civilizing influence, notwithstanding the fact that it has brought many bloody wars in its train. However commerce is not the only agency that is working for a more intimate relation of the nations. Foreign travel is accomplishing that which foreign trade cannot do. Travel is bringing the various peoples of the earth into closer social relations and its effect as an educational and civilizing influence cannot be estimated. Commerce exchanges the material products of one country for

that of another. Foreign travel extends the realm of knowledge and exchanges thought, and the traveler and the resident are both benefited by the intercourse. It would be interesting to ascertain the amount of money expended annually in travel in all the countries of the world. Unfortunately no such figures are attainable. Suffice it, the sum must be a prodigious one and this for the reason that it is estimated that the people of the United States alone, have expended 21,000,000^f of dollars abroad during the last season. Surely this is an unprecedented amount, and it is not too much to assert that the major part of this sum has been well invested. While it is true that many travel for health, others for pleasure and a few for business, all receive benefit from the intercourse. Furthermore, interchange of social relations disarms prejudice, encourages friendship and inspires a broader sympathy with our fellowmen. The day is past when a nation can live in seclusion as was possible a few centuries ago. There is a world movement in progress today which is so far reaching in its effect, that even the wildest fancy of the prophet cannot foretell its ultimate benefit to mankind. It is well therefore for us to study the treasures that are to be found in the old world, not merely the sciences and arts, but all that pertains to civilization, for it is by co-relating these that we

get a broader and more intimate knowledge of the world we live in, and as the years roll by we may perhaps contemplate with satisfaction its spiritual and material progress. It is for this reason that a three months' vacation such as I am about to narrate is of the greatest benefit to those who have never traveled beyond the confines of their own United States, for the countries we visited having had the advantage of centuries of culture offer opportunities to the student which cannot be found in a young and rising nation like our own.

OUR DEPARTURE

There was a time, and that well within the memory of many living today; when a trip to Europe was a most venturesome exploit. Fortunately it is no longer so, for the dangers of the deep have been conquered, and one is now much safer upon an ocean liner than upon a crowded metropolitan thoroughfare.

When Washington Irving made his first trip to England in the year 1815, he took the flyer of his day, a sailing ship. He does not inform us in his narrative how long it took him to make the passage, but it is interesting to read his description of the voyage and compare it with a trip upon one of our modern ocean liners. Alas! the jaunty sailing ship of his time has passed from the passenger service to that of slow freight; nevertheless an air of romance still hovers about that gallant craft and as we pass one on the open seas, with studding sails set, and her rail awash, bowling majestically along, we wonder whether or no the luxuries of modern ocean travel have not deprived us of many simple pleasures and experiences.

But time is money, at least that is the cry of most Americans, and the fastest and most luxurious steamship

finds its passenger list always full during the season. That was the case with the S.S. Cleveland of the Hamburg-American Line that sailed from New York for Cherbourg on the afternoon of June the eighteenth, 1910.

Not desiring to be embarrassed by the crowd of passengers who embark at the last moment, I took my baggage aboard the day before our departure, and had an opportunity of looking over the vessel that was to be our home for the next eight days. All was confusion. Freight and stores were being put aboard and the cabins and salons were receiving their final cleaning preparatory to sailing. Nevertheless I had an excellent opportunity to inspect the ship and was surprised to learn that she had just come from a trip around the world, and that she was now homeward bound after an absence of three months from Hamburg. This was the first time I had ever heard of an Atlantic Liner being used for such traffic. I therefore made further inquiry, and learned that she and her sister ship, the Cincinnati, had been built expressly for cruising, and that in many respects I should find her arranged differently from the express steamers of the same line. As the Cleveland registered 18,000 tons and had a cargo capacity of nearly 15000 tons I was anxious to discover how such a ship could be made to pay. A glance at the vessel herself helped to elucidate the matter. She

was evidently built for several purposes, and although her cargo capacity was large, yet her passenger accommodation was so great that the revenue from this source must be very large. This can be seen from a glance at her passenger accommodations, which are designed for 230 first class, 400 second, 530 third and 2,200 steerage or fourth class, making a total of 3,360, not including the crew of 360 officers and men. Furthermore, although equipped with every modern convenience, and propelled by twin screws actuated by quadruple expansion engines, her coal consumption for her size and speed, is very small. This is important, for on a cruise of the world it is not possible always to secure fuel at the end of a week's run. Moreover, a speed of sixteen or seventeen knots puts her in a class with the average modern liner, so that during the summer season she may take her place among the North Atlantic squadron, and profit from this trade. It will be evident therefore that the Cleveland and the Cincinnati are the latest examples of a new type of steamship. One that combines many advantages to the traveler and fair profit to the owners. They may never compete with the express steamers which make 25 or 26 knots per hour, but they will no doubt be able to show a profit when the others show a loss. It would be interesting to describe in detail the interior arrangements of the Cleveland and

show how it is possible to house and feed 3700 souls for the eight or nine days without serious hardship to anyone, but that would divert me from my purpose. Naturally, those travelling first class receive the best that is offered and the service and cabin accommodation in this class may well be compared to that of a modern hotel. But the same cannot be said of the other classes where every cubical foot of area is made to render full return to the company. The little German Band, which has always been a feature of this Company's ships, whether in the West Indian trade, or that of the Orient, was painfully present when we embarked. I confess I have never been enthusiastic over this kind of music and was glad when they had ceased and we set forth upon our voyage.

The day was oppressively hot, but as we passed out into the stream amid the adieus of our friends, I chanced to look in the west and there saw a bank of heavy ominous clouds that threatened a squall. Had we been under full way, we might possibly have evaded this battle of the gods which was coming. That was impossible when we entered the ship channel a half hour later. Here the squall struck us in full force. As if by magic, the sun disappeared, the bay which had a few moments before been a scene of placid beauty, now became a roaring cauldron, great sulphurous clouds came rolling down upon us

producing a darkness akin to night lighted every now and then by a crashing thunderbolt that drove all but the intrepid from off the decks. Then the rain descended in torrents and our course became more and more difficult. Nevertheless our pilot decided to continue on. Fortunately he passed out of the channel safely and before we had reached the Ambrose Light Ship a rift in the clouds disclosed the pilot boat not five hundred yards away. This was a gratifying sight to everybody, for I am certain our pilot never saw a buoy from the time the squall struck us. Our steamer now attempted to slow down so that the pilot boat might approach us and take off the pilot. It required some time to accomplish this, for the steam tug that is used for that purpose was being tossed about in a lively fashion. However after considerable maneuvering she reached our lea and put off a row boat manned by two men. Into this frail shell the pilot descended. Then the rowers pushed off and we started upon our voyage across the Atlantic.

It would require much time to describe the daily routine enacted upon our steamer. The service however is one of the marked features of these ships and is based upon the routine of the German Navy. Consequently, everything moves with perfect precision. A large complement of men are required for the culinary

department, cabin and table service. These are well chosen from the smaller steamers of the line where they serve an apprenticeship of many years before they are transferred to the Atlantic service. They are thus taught the routine aboard ship, and a few of the best are selected for the band. Altho their wages are small, this is roundly augmented by the generous tips of the passengers. What these amount to on a voyage it would be difficult to ascertain, but it is certain to be a very large sum, and explains why the service of this department is so good. One of the features of our ship much heralded by the company was the fact that every first class passenger had a seat at table. This is not the case on many liners where during the summer season a double service is necessary. However, I confess to disappointment at the arrangement of the tables in the dining-salon. These were round and made to seat parties offour, six or eight. The meals were served a la carte, and when all the passengers appeared at table at once it was quite impossible to be served promptly. I venture to predict that this experiment will be abandoned and a return made to the more practical table de hôte. A restaurant in a hotel is necessary, but it is not aboard ship, for where has one to go except from one deck to another and luncheon or dinner parties are an absurdity under such conditions.

I need not recount the daily routine except to remark that the dinner served at seven P.M. was a most formal affair. The little German Band discarded their brass instruments for strings and the meal was accompanied throughout by excellent music. In the evening three of the best musicians played classical selections in the salon on the main deck and as these concerts were always well attended, it was a tribute to their ability. Music is a language that all may understand and when one is content to enter the mood of the musicians, there is a solace in it that is very beautiful. I regard the introduction of classical or salon music on our liners as one of the best evidences of increasing appreciation of that art which makes for the refinement of life.

The thunder storm which had accompanied us down the bay was soon lost at sea, and in its wake there came a strong northwest wind that bowled us merrily along upon our course. This was a good omen, and twenty-four hours after we left the Ambrose Light ship which is now the point of departure for all east bound craft, we entered the gulf stream. At once the temperature increased and rugs and overcoats were soon discarded. This Gulf current or stream is one of the wonders of the Atlantic. It proceeds from the South and touches the Southern coast of Florida, from thence it runs northerly

between Nassau and Bermuda and in the summer season its western edge touches the Island of Nantucket, from this point it is diverted north-easterly across the Atlantic and is lost in mid ocean between our coast and that of England. The stream is very narrow at its source the tropics, but gradually increases as it advances, being about 120 miles wide at Cape Hatteras. There is an impression that this current reaches as far as England and that it is its genial warmth that makes that country habitable. This is an error. The current cannot be found further west than 25 or 30 degrees of longitude but the tremendous air current that follows the stream continues upon its course and reaches the coast of Northern France and Southern England.

The second day out proved to be a beautiful one. The sun was shining when I went on deck and the white caps chased each other in sportive glee as we sped upon our way. Notwithstanding the fact that the northwesterly wind with which we started was still helping us along the air was as balmy as the tropics. For the first time since we set sail a slight motion was perceptible in the ship, but as she was so large, being 600 feet long and 65 feet wide it required something more than a summer breeze to disturb her equilibrium. A ball on deck was therefore announced for the evening. It has been my

pleasure to witness many of these affairs in the various voyages I have made, and I confess there is no better way to get the young people on shipboard acquainted with one another. Of course the sociability of old times is no longer possible. The steamers are so much larger than those of former years that one cannot hope to get acquainted with everybody, and common prudence suggests that in these matters it is wise to go slow. However I love to watch the young people enjoy themselves and dancing is perhaps one of the most healthful and innocent amusements. It is needless to remark that after the ball the air of refrigidity or reserve that had pervaded our passengers, soon disappeared, the passengers broke up into little groups and these sets held together for the remainder of the voyage, after the first day or two all settle down to the routine aboard and then one day is much like another. It was therefore with pleasure that I watched our ship steadily nearing port.

We were told that on the eighth day out we should sight the Scilly Islands. These are a mass of precipitous rocks lying many miles from the mainland of either France or England, and form a superb land mark for vessels approaching the English Channel. In former voyages I have passed almost within rifle shot of these dangerous rocks and clearly seen the superb light house and

signal station that surmounts them. The course of our ship this time however brought us more to the southward so that the village of St. David's was scarcely visible, nevertheless true to the promise of our captain, on the eighth day out at one o'clock we had passed the islands and were headed for Plymouth, England. Our progress up the Channel was unquestionably the most interesting part of our voyage; Having taken the southern route to the Scillys and as is often the case having passed but few vessels on our way, we had the satisfaction now of passing steamer after steamer, outward bound, and sailing craft of all descriptions.

At eight o'clock we entered the roadstead or outer harbor of Plymouth. The sun had set, but the twilight which is one of the characteristics of these latitudes still permitted us to gain a fair view of the coast and city in the distance. As the twilight gradually vanished the flickering lights of the town began to appear and we came to anchor. Then the signal of an approaching tug was heard and a few moments after our engines had ceased their throbbing, an unwieldy paddle steamer came alongside to take the passengers and mail.

In order to avoid the confusion which is occasioned by disembarking, I sought the hurricane deck and to my surprise found it deserted. A gentle zephyr wafted from

the land, brought the fragrance of the downs near by. The sky above was now a canopy of gauze through which the stars were peeping one by one. Scarcely a breath of wind was stirring, yet I could discern a fishing smack near by idly drifting upon the mirrored waters of the harbor, and knew that it was feeling the land breeze which had brought me the odor of new mown hay. My reflections were soon dispelled however by the shrill whistle of the tug along side which had cast off amid the cheers and adieus of the remaining passengers many of whom, like myself, were to disembark at Cherbourg, whilst the others would proceed to Hamburg, the home port of our ship. If I had enjoyed the rest and relaxation of the past eight days I knew that the morrow would bring its cares and that it would be many weeks again before I could look upon the sea that should bear me once again to my native land.

CHERBOURG

It was seven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh of June, when our steamer entered the roadstead of Cherbourg. After a few moments delay we anchored a mile or more from the outer harbor or breakwater, a stupendous work that will when completed, give shelter to the entire French squadron. Although our signals had been seen while entering the harbor the steam tugs that were to carry us ashore had not yet arrived. This gave me an opportunity to survey the coast, and observe the powerful forts that crowned the hill back of the town. A glance at the map will explain why these are necessary. Cherbourg is situated upon a peninsular projecting into the English channel, from which it is but a short run to Plymouth or Portsmouth and in case of war this port would offer many advantages to an invading army from England. Cherbourg at present is a small town with little or no commerce, yet I can imagine a time when it may rival Havre. It has many of the pretensions of its neighboring port, a Custom House, and City Hall, a Theatre and Casino, several banks and a few shops of importance, but beyond these buildings and one or two important thoroughfares the town is a desolate lot of rambling old houses and

dirty streets.

It required an hour or more to disembark the passengers and mail, then came the formalities of the Custom House and at last we were free to go. All the passengers who disembarked with us took the train direct for Paris. We however decided to let our trunks go forward in bond and with such hand baggage as we retained take a short trip in Normandy and Brittany before reaching the Mecca of Americans. Walking therefore to the Hotel du Casino near by we found excellent accommodations awaiting us. Our party of six included a lawyer and his wife, a tutor of English literature, two college boys and myself. As we were all intent upon gathering the best that Europe had to offer, the outlook for an enjoyable trip was assured. However, we decided to make haste slowly and therefore rest a day in Cherbourg before proceeding to St. Michael and St. Malo.

As it had been many years since I had visited France I feared that I might experience some difficulty in making myself understood in French, fortunately my fears were soon allayed when it became necessary for me to speak with one of the Custom officials. To my great surprise I found that my knowledge of the language had not been lost, but that it had simply slumbered the while, and when called upon by necessity the words flew to my

lips with the facility of old. It is certainly very curious to explain this phenomenon, but the same or similar cases have been remarked by psychologists and would lead one to believe that the brain is a store house of thought, just as a bank is a store house for money. We may neglect our balance for a while but the treasure is still there and when demanded will be paid to us in full.

Cherbourg held no allurements for us. After a walk through the town and a visit to Le Comptoir National d'Escompte where we made the first draft upon our letter of credit were content to remain in our hotel and rest, knowing that the next day would be a busy one.

ST. MICHAEL

It was a beautiful morning when I awoke on the 28th of June. The rainy weather which had so persistently invaded this coast had ceased for awhile and our party were anxious to depart. After a hurried breakfast we were driven to the R. R. Station, Chemin de Fer de l'Oest and started on our way to Pont Orson. Although it is barely one hundred miles to this point. It took us from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. to make this part of the journey, we later transferred to a steam tram which took us to the Chateau a distance of about seven miles, and then our day's journey was at an end.

Twenty years ago I had visited this wonderful relic of medieval times in company with some friends. At that time a lumbering stage coach was the only means of communication. Alas! today the tourist travel has increased to such an extent that much of ancient charm has disappeared. However the Chateau being now under government protection and control has been repaired and is at present in excellent preservation. As an example of Gothic architecture it will always be admired. Students make frequent visits to it and one could well spend



Le Mont Saint-Michel

several days in studying the daring construction that has permitted this magnificent mass of buildings to be substantially built upon a pinnacle of precipitous rocks projecting from the sea. Like most European monuments it has had many vicissitudes, being successively a fortress, a monastery, a prison and finally a shrine for the tourist. Had it not been protected by the sea its massive walls might long ago have been destroyed, but time and war have treated it kindly and today it remains the noblest and best preserved monument in northern France. It is not easy to describe this wonderful chateau, photographs do this immeasurably better than words can hope to do. But I think I express the general impression when I say that the first sight of it is disappointing. We are obliged to approach it from the land side, over a causeway of solid stone about three miles in length. At this distance the chateau appears diminutive, but as we come nearer we see the fortified wall which encircles the island, and above this a cluster of a hundred or more houses which form the village of St. Michael. Above these buildings rises the chateau to a height of 400 or more feet. The masonry that supports this rambling mass of architecture is of gigantic proportions and it is due to the excellence of this foundation that the chateau is in such fine preservation. Four or five centuries ago

a forest grew at the foot of the fortified wall. Since then the sea has encroached until now at high tide the isle is encircled by the sea. When the tide recedes the scene is most desolate, and if it were not for the connecting causeway all communications with the mainland would be impossible, for there are many treacherous, quick sands to bar the way.

The arrival of our steam tram was the signal for an innumerable lot of touters to beset us and beg us to take quarters in their various hotels, fortunately we chose, the oldest one of the place, dignified by the title of "La Maison Poulard Ainee. Twenty years ago Madame Poulard made this resort famous for her omelets. I still remember seeing her superintend the making of these herself and recall with pleasure the cheerful sight of a dozen or more chickens roasting before a bright wood fire. Altho the hotel has since passed into the hands of some of her relatives it is still well maintained but lacking in that geniality that made her proprietorship so charming. On arriving at the hotel, we were given rooms in the annex, the hotel being completely full. This annex is an old house situated on the hill side many feet above the town, and approached by a series of rock cut steps. Being shown to my room I opened the casement window and looked out upon the dreary waste of

sand that extended far out into the English Channel. Then surveyed my room and finding an air of familiarity about it enquired the number. "C'est numero trois", the maid replied. Then I recalled that it was in this identical room I had slept twenty years ago. I mentioned this to the maid and she retorted - "C'est bien curieux Monsieur, N'est ce pas." And indeed, it was very curious to think that after a lapse of so many years I was again to sleep in the same nest I had enjoyed years before. Then my mind was reflected back to the companions who had accompanied me at that time and I wished they could have been with me to enjoy it again.

A good dinner and a sound night's sleep did much to refresh us so that on the morrow we were ready to visit the chateau. Under the care of an excellent guide we made a tour of the castle. It took fully an hour to accomplish this and it was well that a guide accompanied us for there are so many intricate passages that one might easily be lost in the labyrinth. Of the many beauties of the chateau I was most impressed with the buttressed roof of the chapel that surmounts the chateau. From this vantage point we had a view in all directions, and as the sun was shining at the time we could look far out over Normandy and could discern in the distance the spires of St. Malo, twenty miles away.

But sight as seeing is tiresome at best and I left my friends and returned to the hotel, whilst they continued through the town, investigating its crooked streets and quaint buildings.

ST. MALO

On the afternoon of June the 29th we returned to Pont Orson and from there took the train to St. Malo. Altho only twenty miles it required two hours to make this short journey so that it was quite six o'clock when we were driven into the court yard of the Hotel de France and Chateaubriand. This hotel has the distinction of having been the birthplace of the famous philosopher and writer Chateaubriand. The room in which he was born is still shown, but I was sorry to learn that the building was to be demolished in order to permit a more modern addition to the hotel. Such is the fate of most historic sights that are the property of private individuals. However the French government is awaking to the importance of preserving some of the best of these monuments and wherever these fall under the care of the state, they are well cared for.

St. Malo is one of the best examples of an old fortified town in France. The walls and towers have been repaired and a promenade built upon them so that one may make a complete circuit of the town.

The sun had set and it was quite eight o'clock when

I started out to walk around the wall. The twilight gave a soft lingering light by means of which I could look far out on the Channel and note the sullen storm clouds which I saw drifting landward. I therefore hurried on and soon reached the harbor. A few drops of rain and the rushing wind of a squall passed across the bay with the speed of an express train. Looking southward I saw the waters on the opposite side of the harbor lashed into foam, but in a few moments the squall had passed and then the twinkling lights of the harbor shone out upon its sombre background. I was about to proceed when the sound of distant music attracted my attention. For a moment I was at a loss to know from whence these dulcet sounds proceeded, but my curiosity was satisfied an instant later when as if by magic the Casino at Dinard flashed into a blaze of light. This sudden denouement was most unexpected and looked about to see if I could be the only one who had witnessed this superb display. Yet there I stood like Casa Bianca, quite alone, not, 'tis true, upon the deck of a burning ship, but upon the parapet of an ancient wall the romance of which if it were written would fill a volume.

St. Malo has always been a favorite watering resort for the English, who find it easy to visit the Channel Islands and spend their summer near home. This is made possible by the excellent steamers cross daily from

Portsmouth, Southampton and many other ports and the town is consequently extremely prosperous. It has many fine shops and buildings, and a garrison of infantry is always quartered there. In the summer season it can boast of a population of twenty thousand or more, and its beach, though small, is quite as good as any on the Channel. Recently many fine apartments have been built on harbor side of the town and the top flats of these are very desirable, as they overlook the wall and have a fine view of Dinard. But you may ask why should an apartment at the seashore be preferred to a cottage? The explanation is simple however; most French and many English families take their servants with them on their summer outings and justly prefer an apartment of their own to a crowded hotel. Furthermore these apartments are often luxuriously furnished and as the Casino and the Bathing Pavilions are not far off, there are many advantages that compensate for the choice.

On the 30th of June we departed for Paris. We would gladly have remained a day longer, but the weather being unsettled we determined to proceed. It had been our original intention to visit Troueville and Rouen on the way to Paris but as these towns lay far to the North and are not approachable except by the slow omnibus trains we left them for a future trip. At 9.30 A.M. we were off,

and as the temperature rose, the fog lifted and we felt certain of a sunny and balmy day. This was encouraging for although the distance is only 350 miles it takes nine hours to make the run, and we wished to see the country at its best.

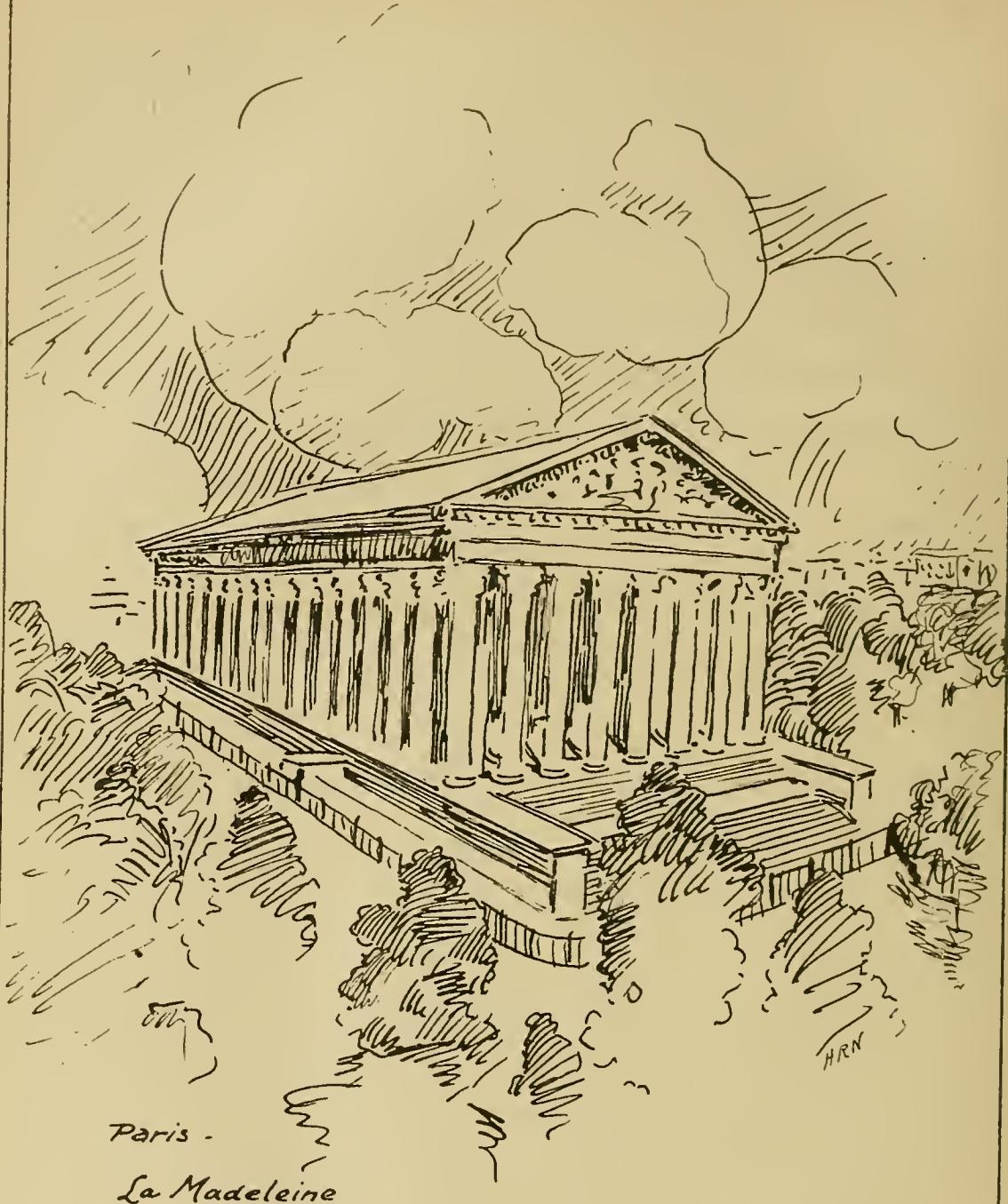
About an hour after leaving St. Malo we entered the most fertile part of Brittany. The country now as far as the eye could reach resembled an immense richly cultivated garden, verdant fields of grain and clover were visible everywhere, and every now and then we would pass some ancient or modern chateau situated upon a knoll or hill-side overlooking acres of beautifully tilled fields. As I saw these an uncontrollable desire came upon me to descend and investigate the locality. This desire was probably encouraged by an experience some fifteen years ago related me by my father when he and my mother visited the Chateau of Combourg, the ancestral home of Chateaubriand. From the descriptions of the place, they had expected to witness an old weatherbeaten castle, devoid of all modernity. What was their surprise however on arriving to find the chateau in excellent preservation, repaired and re-furnished in the most modern manner, even to the installation of a steam-heating and electric lighting plants. This is the case with many chateaus in France today. And the reason is not far to seek.—The millionaires,—both foreign

and native, invest in these estates, (which are invariably located in the most arable and fertile lands in France) and the investment from land rents alone will usually return them four or five per cent on the money. The owner can therefore possess an ancestral home with ample tillable ground for his needs and still have an income from the property. Such is rarely the case in this country, where many estates that we see in the Berkshires and elsewhere cost the owners thousands of dollars a year for maintenance.

Our route to Paris lay through Rennes, Laval, Le Mans, Chartres and Versailles. At five o'clock we approached Chartres whose noble cathedral looms high above all the buildings of the town. I had visited this church so famous for its stained glass windows many years ago in company with my brother Fred, and still remember the disappointment we experienced at seeing three of the windows which had recently been cleaned and repaired. After cleaning these windows were undoubtedly inferior in color to the others, yet they were made approximately at the same time, thus the accumulated dust of centuries having been removed the crudity of their coloring became apparent and we were forced to conclude that it was the dust of time that had softened their harsh tones and not the hand of man. I venture to predict that the art critics

will have to review their opinions of this glass, and that it will eventually take a less exalted position in the history of the art.

Not long after leaving Chartres we passed St. Cyr, the West Point of France and at six o'clock the Palace of Versailles and its beautiful gardens came in view, an half hour later we arrived at the Gare Montparnasse, and were soon rolling along in a taxicab to our destination, the Hotel Continental.



Paris .

La Madeleine

PARIS.

Who can describe with justice the City above all others in Europe that allures the peoples of all climes and nationalities? Certainly not I. Yet with the exception of London and Lyons no city other than my native town New York is better known to me. How many times I have visited Paris I do not know. I only know that it always retains its charm, and that now after a lapse of ten years I experienced the same enthusiasm that I did upon my first visit in 1883.

Those who have read the memoirs of an Englishman in Paris, will remember what a Mecca Paris was in the sixties to the artist, philosopher and literateur. It is no less so today, notwithstanding the growth in wealth and art of Rome, Vienna, Berlin and London. Whilst each of these cities may justly claim a certain individual supremacy, Paris alone remains the peer of all. Yet it is smaller than London and little larger than Vienna, Berlin or Rome. I think New York may justly boast of a larger population and greater wealth, but its most ardent admirers cannot favorably compare it with Paris. There are many reasons for this, but the most important is, that

Paris, like the other great capitals of Europe, is not only the commercial but also the political center of the nation. We have chosen to keep our political center apart from our commercial capital. Consequently diplomatic and governmental life is only enjoyed in Washington and that during the session of Congress. However it is not impossible that this separation will produce in time a governmental capital more unique than any of those in Europe. But it is futile to predict. Suffice it, Paris at present justly holds the palm for the beauty and importance of its public buildings, for its spacious and well-maintained parks, and for its well-arranged and handsome boulevards. As for its treasures in science and art, it will be years before any city will be able to produce schools or academies, art galleries or museums comparable to those of Paris. These are the shrines of all peoples and all nationalities are welcomed to them.

Nine or ten days in Paris is not enough to see it well, yet that was the time we had allotted for it. There are so many attractions and the life is so different from that of either London or New York, that one should live there for a season of three months at least in order to leisurely enjoy and profit by the vacation. Unfortunately that has never been possible for me and my experiences therefore are like those of most tourists who spend two

weeks there and then pass on. It was during the Exhibition of 1900 that I last visited Paris, and the contrast of the gaiety of that season and the present was most marked. The beautiful buildings which covered the Champs de Mars have all disappeared. The Palaces of Nations which bordered the Seine and the brilliant cafes which were such an attraction, no longer exist and there is nothing left but the lap of the river against the quay to mark the scenes of past gaiety. The Pont Alexandre III and the Palace des Beaux Arts still stand the sole monument of an exhibition that covered acres on acres of ground. Such is the change that has converted this part of Paris from fairy land into a hum drum city. However the other quarters, the Champs Elysees, the Place de l'Opera and the boulevards are as gay as ever. I have often delighted to sit upon the terrace overlooking the Place de la Carrousel at night and watch the traffic pass through its maze of lights and monuments, and then when weary would walk up the Boulevard de la Madeleine, to the Boulevard des Capucines and thence to the Place de l'Opera. At this point is situated the famous Cafe de la Paix. Here I would rest a while to watch the traffic and then pass down the Rue de la Paix to my hotel. On one of my visits to this celebrated cafe, I chanced to arrive after the opera and found the place thronged with

the elite of the town. The scene was a brilliant one and I was obliged to take a table at the back of one of the rooms of the interior. From this vantage point I could watch the gay scene. Everywhere about me were ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, chatting and laughing whilst they sipped their chocolate or ate their ices. Not far from me were a group of French people, two ladies and two gentlemen, intently listening to a gentleman who had joined them. All were quite oblivious of my presence and this gave me an opportunity to study the groups and note the costumes of the ladies. They were evidently ladies of good families and the gentlemen were also men of distinction. They had just come from the Opera and were enjoying some refreshments before returning home. The ladies were perhaps twenty-five or thirty years of age, and had it not been for their beautiful Greek costumes and the striking manner in which their hair was dressed, I think they would have been considered quite plain. As they were decked out however, they were most striking in appearance and naturally attracted considerable attention. Although their faces were rouged and powdered they wore no jewelry whatever, both were smoking a gold tipped cigarette and were quite oblivious of the eyes that were watching them. When the elderly gentleman had finished his discourse they arose, put on

their opera cloaks and the party departed in private equipage. Now the line of demarkation between the demi mondaine and the lady of fashion is becoming so slight in Paris today, that only the initiated can discern the difference. It is very pathetic to see good women essaying the wiles of Circe when the simplicity of Psyche would be more attractive. But such are the times, and the fear of being unfashionable drives the frivolous to the other extreme.

During the summer season the theatres have little to attract us. I witnessed L'Oiseau de Feu at the opera, a ballet or pantomime beautifully performed by the Russian Ballet. The story it had to tell was nonsense, yet there was not an empty seat in the house. I am at a loss to account for such a failure, for the French rival the world in productions of this kind, nevertheless such was the fact and we charged the experience up to profit and loss.

I visited only one other theatre during my stay in Paris, and that was the new Port St. Martin, where "Chanticler" was still being performed to fair audiences. My impressions of this drama are not such as would encourage its presentation here. Briefly it is a brilliant idea expanded by tiresome speeches in blank verse into a play of five acts. It has its moments of action

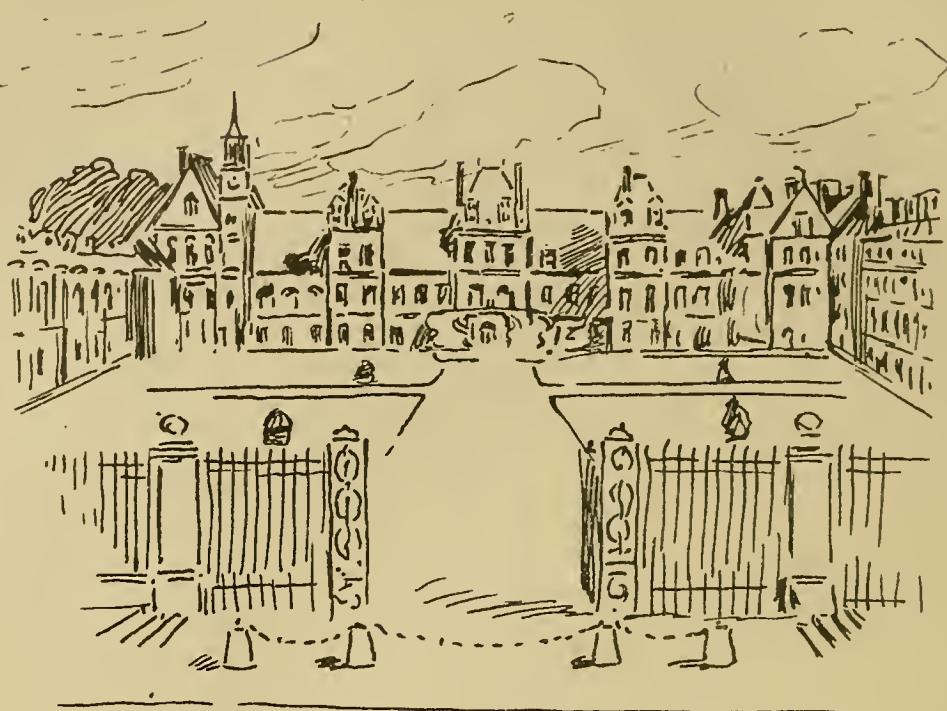
but the plot is too simple to construct such a structure upon. Furthermore who can sympathize with chickens, dogs and rabbits. The idea was fanciful and if it had been compressed into an hour and a half instead of three and a half hours the result would have been better and no one would have been disappointed. Rostand will have to try again if he wishes to surpass Aristophanese.

The Salon which was formerly held in an immense building on the Champs de Mars is now exhibited in the Palace des Beaux Arts. I had the good fortune to visit it before it closed and spent a most interesting afternoon there. Perhaps my appreciation of the fine arts has increased in the past ten years. I hope so. In any case the pictures exhibited were with one or two exceptions inferior to former salons. The sculpture on the other hand I found superior to that of many previous exhibitions. Some of the statues altho small, were masterpieces notwithstanding. The influence of the New Thought in many of these groups was very easily discernible, and most of the work conveyed a worthy idea. That was not the case with the vast majority of paintings which were nudes badly painted and absolutely devoid of any lofty conception. If it is true that the life of a people is mirrored in their art, then surely France is passing through a sad crisis. I am inclined to believe however

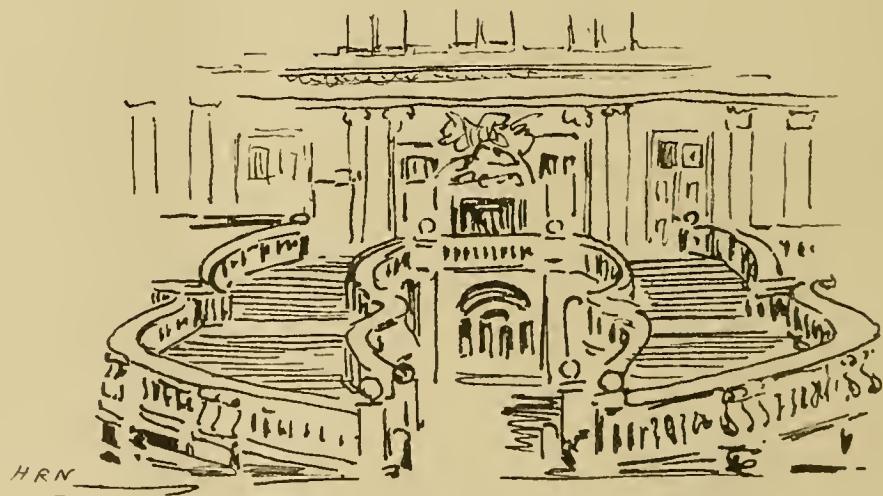
that the past Salon does not fairly represent French art, for there were few works there by the masters I have known and the ateliers of Paris must let their students try their wings. To this end each strives to paint a picture that will be acceptable to the jury, and in their anxiety to please they suppress themselves. It is essential that a student should acquire the technique of his art, but that once attained it remains for the artist to have a message. Few of these exhibits had any and the canvasses I saw held forth but little hope.

To record the charming days I spent in Paris with my friends would fill a volume. They were eager to see the best and enjoy the treat to its full, but among the most enjoyable was the day we spent together in the Louvre amid such a wealth of art as has rarely been gathered together before. While each of the countries of Europe has many examples of its native masters, this gallery combines some of the best of all schools, and now that I have visited all the great galleries in Europe I appreciate how rich it is in treasure. To describe the masterpieces alone would require volumes. I leave that for others. Suffice it: the latest addition to the collection, a series of large decorations by Rubens depicting the principal historic events in the reign of Catharine de Medici, is perhaps the most unique exhibition of its

kind in the world. These paintings display a breadth of composition, a wealth of color and such infinite detail, that they rank among the best of this master's works. They are exhibited in a room especially designed for them, and are framed in the walls in a most artistic manner in oak and gold. It would be quite useless to guess the sum which has been expended upon this room, but it must have been many thousand dollars. Such is the tribute the French pay to art.



Fontainebleau.
Le Palais. — La Cour des Adieux.



L'Escalier du Fer à Cheval.

FONTAINBLEU

After a week of sight seeing one becomes weary. Then it is wise to get back to nature and seek the open. We therefore determined to spend a day at Fontainbleu where I knew the charm of its forests would delight by contrast. Going by train we were I believe the only guests who descended at the Hotel de France that morning. The weather had been rainy when we started but as we drove up to the hotel the clouds rolled by and the sun came forth to greet us. It was a welcome sight, for the past week had been a rainy one. Being anxious to drive through the forest, we therefore ordered our luncheon and after arranging for a carriage, started to visit the chateau directly opposite the hotel. Like many other palaces the impression one derives from the exterior is not impressive. But once within, the spaciousness and wealth of the apartments amazes one. Fontainbleu, the favorite home of Francis I. has been the country seat of many other sovereigns but it was Napoleon I. who rebuilt and enlarged it to its present proportions. Here it was that he loved to retire from the cares of state, and here it was that he signed his abdication and bade farewell to his army.

I confess to little interest in history, especially the history that records only wars, and the more remote

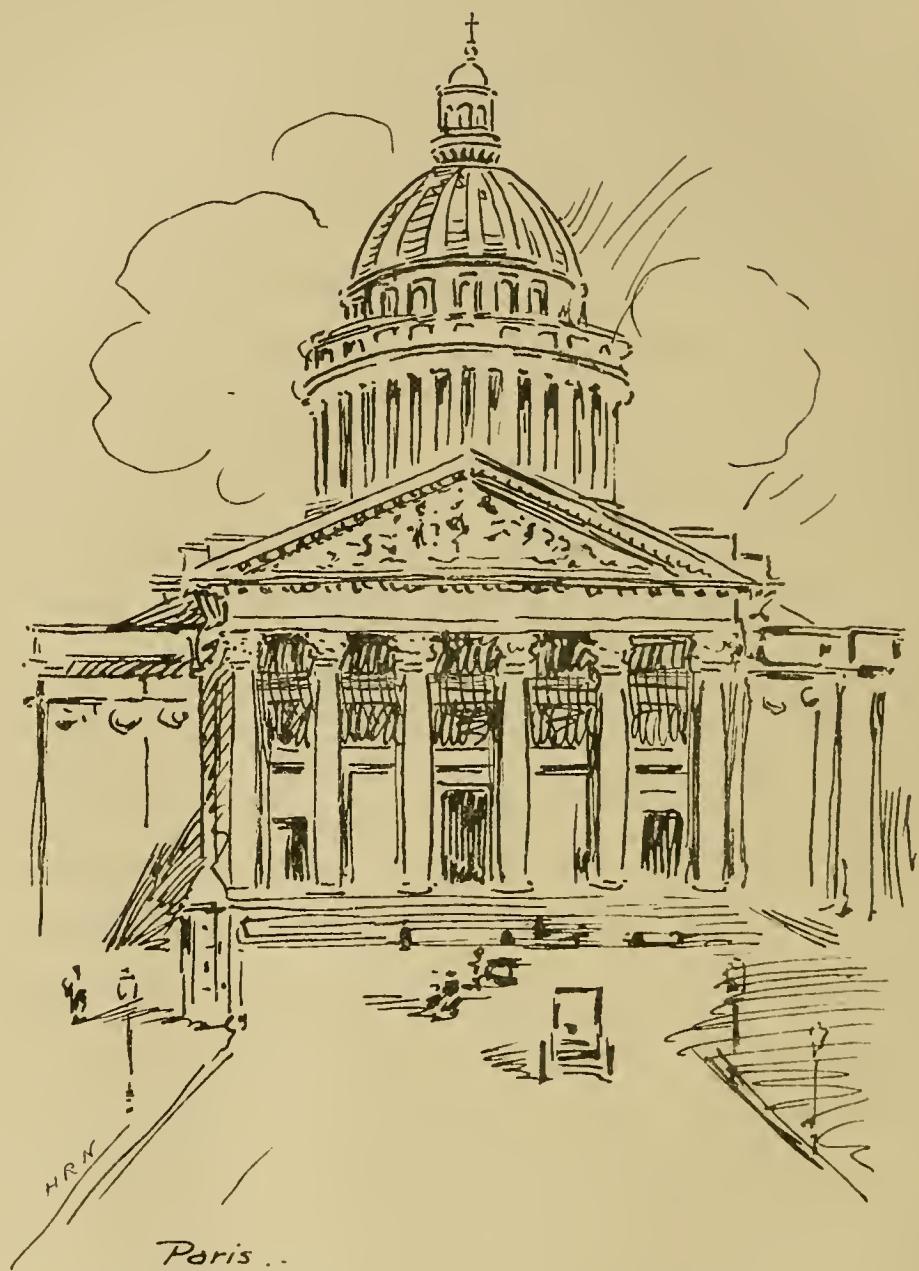
these events the less they appeal to me. But in the case of Napoleon we have a personality whom if alive today would find himself in accord with our greatest living Empire builders. War with him was a means, not an end. But alas! we cannot call upon the gods of war, without paying their tribute in human lives, and eventually the people revolt at the sacrifice and the end for which all was spent is lost.

Napoleon desired France to become the greatest country in the world, yet his dreams of Empire vanished with him, and since then, no one has arisen to lead France to the proud position he desired her to attain. However what he failed to achieve by force will be accomplished by a sway of universal justice and the day may not be distant when another dreamer shall arise and light the path toward Universal Peace and Brotherhood. Such were my meditations as I wandered through the Palace of Fontainbleu, and saw the many regal apartments, the large and interesting library, the chapel, and - last but not least the tiny suite where Napoleon slept and worked alternately while he conceived his plans of conquest, and developed the stupendous public works which to this day remain a monument to his genius.

The Gardens which surround the palace are extremely interesting to one who likes the formal beautification

of nature. For my part simple rolling fields of wheat with here and there a clump of fruit trees, and boxwood hedges enclosing a mass of hardy perennials please me better than these elaborate formal gardens, with their trees and hedges trimmed in such fantastic shapes. But it is in the forest of Fontainbleu that one may revel in the glories of nature. This forest is fourteen miles in diameter and covers an immense area for a preserve within only thirty miles of Paris. All about it are fertile farms and prosperous villages, yet for centuries its noble trees have been permitted to remain undisturbed until today the forest has attained its majority in years and beauty. I noted one famous beech tree which is known to be four hundred years old, this patriarch stands aloft among a grove of similar trees all of which are but one hundred years or so its junior. The first impression of such a forest is truly inspiring, and it is not difficult to understand why a band of nature-loving artists settled in the village of Barbazon near by and founded that wonderful school of landscape painting which has since been known as the Barbizon School. Cazin, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Dupre, Jaque, Rousseau, Millet and Troyon. These were the men who made Fontainbleu famous and their works will live when the forest they loved so much has fallen in decay.

It took fully two hours to drive through the forest and then we only saw the principal points of interest. One part however interested me greatly. It was a valley of rocks a mile or more long. At first I was not inclined to venture in this maze of rocks and gorse and heather, but an old peasant pointed out the path to me and alone I entered the valley which I discovered to be the bed of an extinct lake. The drive through the woodland had been cool and damp, but the moment I set foot in this lowland the temperature rose twenty degrees, all about me were towering rocks and caves with only here and there a stretch of white sand to contrast with their sombre colorings. The scene was most desolate and would have been uninteresting had not nature adorned every earthy nook with purple heather, and a myriad of wild flowers that exhaled their perfume on the balmy air. I gathered some of the heather and would gladly have remained a while to enjoy the solitude, had not a threatening shower warned me to return. This I did and soon regained my friends. A half hour later we were at the Railway station and had bid good-bye to Fontainbleu and its noble forest, the most historic and beautiful in all France.



Paris ..
Le Panthéon.

FAREWELL TO PARIS.

It is incredible how quickly time flies when new scenes continually arrest the attention. In this respect Paris more than any city in the world offers such infinite variety that it is a perpetual kaleidoscope. But our nine days were nearing their end. It was with real regret that we noted this, for now our ways lay in different directions. Our young college professor had bought a circular ticket before leaving New York and his tour took him through Germany to Naples where two months later he embarked for home. I was sorry when he left us for he was a charming companion, bright and intelligent, and inspired us by his keen desire to see and learn the most that could be acquired in so short a time. Our friends the lawyer and his wife, decided to take an auto trip in the Chateaux district of Tours, and invited us to accompany them. This I would gladly have done had the two young men accompanying me acceded to the suggestion, but they preferred to see the most of Europe in the time at their command and the weather being rainy and cold I did not oppose their wish, for I knew from experience that when rain prevails in the north one can often find good weather a day's travel to the east or south. We therefore selected a tour that took us through Switzerland

and Germany to Vienna, thence north to Berlin, then west to Amsterdam, thence to London. Although the route chosen was not unknown to me I felt certain that I should find it interesting after a lapse of so many years.

To the young men accompanying me everything was new and the route they selected could not have been better chosen had they laid out an educational tour. I doubt, however, if they appreciated the extent of it until later. Distances are not great upon a map, but they become stern realities when we have to make them.

It took several days to conclude our arrangements. This finished, we bade good bye to our friends and on the morning of the Twelfth of July took the Geneva express from the Gare de Lyon. This train and the Oriental and Nice expresses are the best trains in France. They are composed of large cars somewhat like the Pullmans of this country, but with the corridor on the side. These cars are divided into staterooms or compartments accommodating either two or four persons which to me is preferable to the open Pullman coach. Our train had a dining car attached and the meals served were as good as one could desire. At night it is an imposing sight to see one of these fine trains pull into a station with its electric headlight blazing the way and its coaches brilliantly lighted by tiny incandescent lamps, then after a

short delay a shrill screech of the whistle announces its departure and it is off again to its destination. It is not always easy to find an unoccupied compartment on these express trains, but we were fortunate in this respect and in fact our luck seemed to follow us on the remainder of the trip. Perhaps this was because we were a party of three (three being a lucky number) or it may have been because we waited patiently for the guard to place us, and on the principle that patience is rewarded he always gave us a compartment to ourselves.

Once upon our way I was able to settle myself comfortably in our compartment and reflect upon the many incidents that had passed. And as is often the case the mind having gratified its wish, began to look toward the future and revel in anticipation. This is the natural sequence, and explains why travel makes us forget our troubles. We reason from the past to the present and from the present to the future. Yet the future is known to God alone. We may realize our anticipations nine times out of ten, but on the tenth time some unexpected incident occurs and changes all. This is the element of the unexpected in which there is often a share of fate. Such was my thought as we were speeding along at the rate of eighty kilometers an hour. Then I asked myself the question: "Why this haste?" And the answer came,

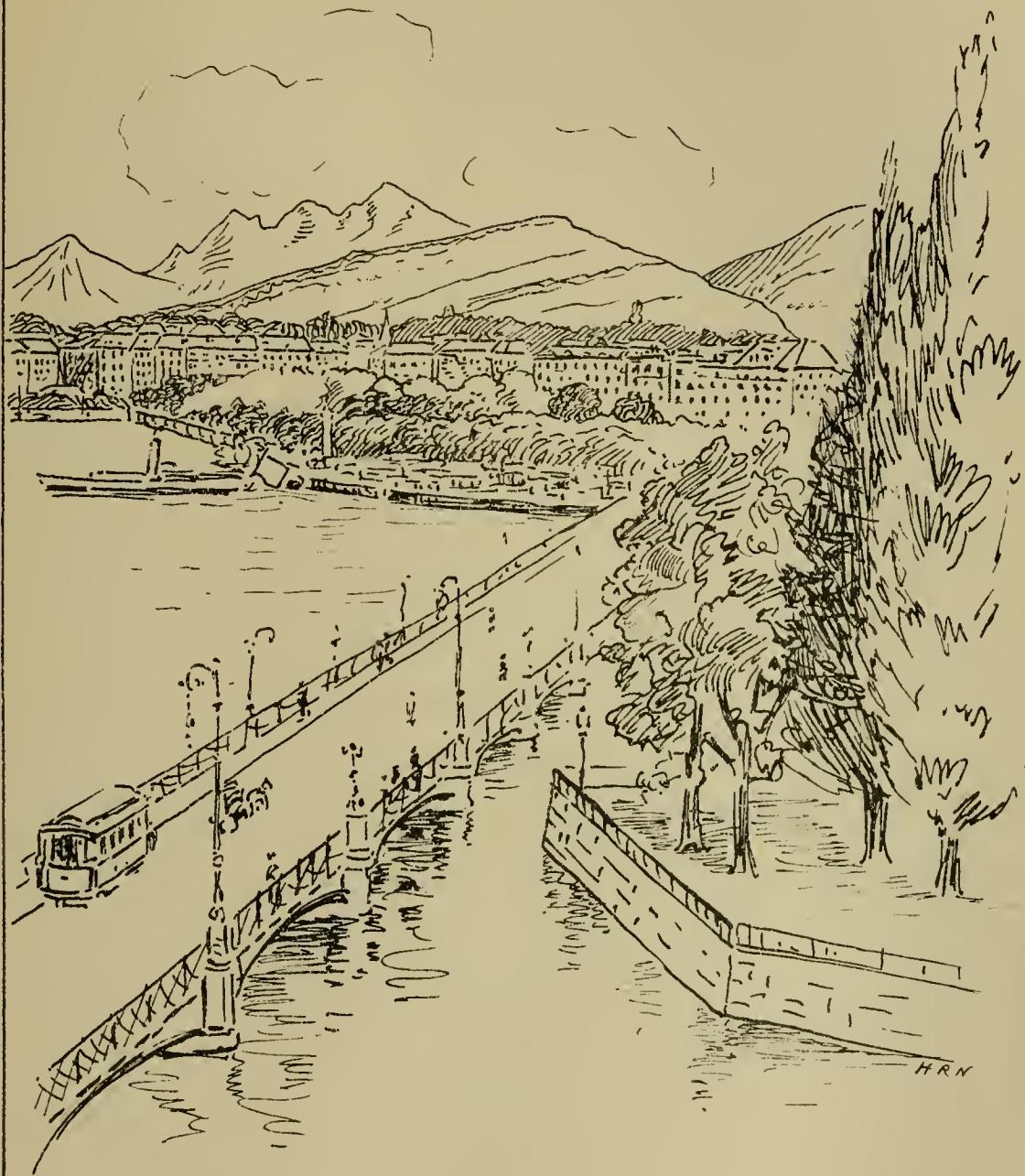
to reach our destination that we may revel in new scenes and increase our store of knowledge, for that which we learn from our experiences in life, is retained in the storehouse of the mind, when what we have learned from books has passed away. This resolved, the fatal question of all preponed itself. But how can one expect to learn much of Europe in forty-five days (that was the time we had allotted to reach London)? And the answer that was forthcoming was, it was almost impossible to do so. The best that one can hope to do is to obtain a rapid "coup d'oeil" and return later when time is not the master. The truth is that we usually travel under the sway of some compulsion. This may be self-imposed or it may be the result of circumstances, and happy indeed is he who can go where he listeth and return when he desires. Europe is such a store house of interest that years would not suffice to know its treasures. Furthermore the variance of customs, manners and thought of the different nationalities are so great that it would require volumes to record them. It is therefore only possible to mention such fleeting impressions as the trip made upon myself, and with such I must be content.

While these meditations were flitting through my brain, I looked out of the window and saw that we were passing through the garden of France. Everywhere about us

were beautiful fields of grain, vineyards and orchards. Through the window came the odor of new mown hay and with it the sunshine so long deferred, to make all merry. Our route lay through Dijon and Macon to Bourg, a famous old town not far from Lyons. When I thought how near I was to the town in which I had spent so many happy days, I confess my conscience pricked me for not returning there to greet my old friends, but alas! it was not to be for the present at least. Some day I hope to return and repay them roundly for the many kindnesses they extended to me during the fourteen years I was in business with them. But of that anon! - At the moment we were rolling along toward a village called Culoz. This is a railway junction not far from Lake Bourget, at which point passengers for Aix les Bains descend whilst our train continues on to the frontier of Switzerland. At six o'clock we entered the mountain pass that leads to the frontier station of Bellegarde where it is usual to pass the customs. Fortunately our baggage was registered through and an hour later just as the sun was setting the city and the beautiful lake loomed up in the distance. Arriving at the station we had little delay in securing our baggage and in a few moments were driven to the Hotel National, where we were heartily welcomed by the landlord.

GENEVA.

I confess to a secret admiration for the Swiss. A nation that has retained its solidarity for over five hundred years amidst a lot of powerful monarchies must have some sterling qualities. And these, Patriotism, Courage and Intelligence. From my observation the Swiss have all these virtues and the additional ones of enterprise, thrift and sobriety. A class of hardy mountain-eers they thrive where other people would perish. Their realm towers above blue lakes and touches the clouds with its snow capped peaks. Its valleys everywhere are cultivated and the hillsides flourish with vineyards, grain and clover. Above the cultivated land rise forests of spruce, pine and beech, then higher still protrude a barrier of granite rocks whose lofty summits are crowned with eternal snows. It is natural, therefore, that such a rugged environment should breed a hardy race, and in this conflict of man with nature for a sustenance, intelligence and endurance are absolutely necessary. I believe that Chesterton has said that intellectually the Swiss are nowhere. They are merely peasants, shop keepers and hotel proprietors. But the land which has produced a Rousseau and a Calvin and was able to protect and encourage such geniuses as Voltaire and Wagner cannot be



Genève

classed as unintellectual. Many of the brainiest men of all countries sought refuge here when revolution rent Europe in twain and their influence still endures. If it is true as Napoleon asserted, that the more languages one can speak, the more is he a man, then the Swiss take the palm. French is the language most favored, but German and English are now as current, and it is quite a common occurrence to find those who speak Italian as well. I have witnessed a meeting of Franc-tireurs (sharp shooters) conducted successively in these four languages, where every one present understood the language of the others. I doubt if this could occur anywhere else in the world.

The city of Geneva is a very imposing and important one. It is situated at the foot of Lake Leman whose waters are about 1100 feet above sea level. The city is divided into two parts by the river Rhone, which finds its source in the lake and its rapid current is spanned by many imposing bridges. In the distance rise the Alps from whose snow-capped peaks Mount Blanc looms up majestically. On the opposite side are the Jura mountains and from the quay one may see the beautiful blue water of the lake reaching out to touch the shores of Montreux, Ville Neuve and Bouvret many miles away. The city claims a population of 115,000 inhabitants and as is well known has been for years the centre of the watch-making industry

in Europe. To this day the finest watches and chronometers are still made there and it is likely to hold this reputation for years to come. Owing to its industries and also its superb location and climate Geneva has grown greatly in the past decade. It can boast of a University, a superb Library, founded by Calvin, containing 150,000 volumes; a school of Chemistry, one of Business, another of Fine Arts and a Conservatory of Music. The town has many rich inhabitants and is much frequented by English and American families who prefer to educate their children here. During the winter season they enjoy the opera and their Opera House is the prettiest I have seen in any city, Paris excepted. At stated seasons a touring company of the Comedy Francaise of Paris also gives a repertoire of their plays and the critical knowledge of the audiences convinces me that the best is not too good for the residents. I regret to say that recently a Casino has been built on the riva not far from the National Hotel. It is a splendid affair, but, like all these institutions now so common in Europe, is a menace to society for the reason that gambling is permitted. While the limit here is only five francs on the turn of the wheel, the game nevertheless lures many thoughtless people who become fascinated by the hazard and Aix or Monte Carlo soon denude them of their savings.

Fortunately such a fine hotel as the National has so many attractions of its own that one may be quite content to spend the evenings there. Located on the riva it is within a stone's throw of the lake, and is hidden from the driveway that follows the shore by a pretty park in which there are the rarest of trees and flowers .. one of the beeches and also a noble cedar of Lebanon there I am sure were one hundred years old, the others had been planted not less than fifty years ago and were in their prime. An imposing terrace overlooks the driveway and the lake, and at night when the table d'hote is over the guests sit in this natural bower sipping their coffee whilst the orchestra of the hotel lure them into dreamland with its entrancing music. The contrast between this pretty scene and the confusion of a great city like Paris may well be imagined.

There are many interesting buildings and monuments in Geneva, but time only permitted me to view the Cathedral of St. Peter which crowns a hill in the old part of the town. This site is historic having had a pagan temple dedicated to Apollo built there in the year 170 A.D. The present church is now the shrine of faithful Protestants and its interior is very imposing. I cannot conclude my notes on Geneva without mentioning the superb monument recently erected to Charles II. of Brunswick who

left his whole fortune to the city. This monument or mausoleum is designed after the tomb of Can Signorio della Scala's tomb at Verona, Italy, and cost more than a million francs. It is located on the riva not far from the Casino where its Gothic design contrasts strongly with the modern Ecole des Beaux Arts architecture which surrounds it. It is a worthy monument to a great and good man and as such must inspire everyone who sees it.

LAKE LÉMAN

It was a beautiful morning on the fifteenth of July when we went on board the Steamer Lausanne for a trip up the lake to our next resting place, Montreux. Arriving an half hour before the departure of the boat I had an opportunity to inspect this superb vessel, which but recently had made her maiden trip, and represents the latest development of lake navigation. I confess to great interest in yachts and yachting, not because it is a fashionable sport, but because it is the most hardy and manly of them all and takes one out into the open with nature. It gave me a thrill of pleasure therefore to look at the Lausanne as she lay alongside the quay, the blue waters of the lake sportively lapping her freshly painted hull, and, as I noted her graceful sheer, the rake of her mast and smoke stack, I recognized at once that she had been designed by a yachtsman. She was perhaps 300 feet long by 55 feet wide and like all European lake steamers that are propelled by paddle wheels, has little or no overhang to the main deck except near the paddle boxes. The cabins extended aft two thirds the length of the vessel. This gives a promenade deck above

about 200 feet long broken only by the pilot house, chart room and stairway. It is on this deck the first class passengers congregate and here they may dine if they desire, whilst an excellent orchestra beguiles the hours away. If one is weary or sad I know of no more delightful antidote than a trip on one of these steamers. During the season they are frequented by tourists of all nationalities, among whom I have often noted many Russians of noble families as well as English, and Americans who delight in this means of transportation. Our steamer, an express boat, was reputed to be one of the swiftest of the line, being propelled by compound inclined reciprocating engines which pushed her through the water at 16 knots an hour. Not long therefore, after we departed that I noted the castle of Nyon standing out majestically upon an elevation on the Swiss shore. The country hereabouts is very fertile and of a rolling character that adapts it to cultivation. From Nyon our course lay across the lake to Thonon les Bains, where I saw the old feudal castle of Vufflens located above the town of Morges on the opposite shore, situated amid verdant fields and noble forests.

Thonon les Bains is situated on le cote Savoyard of the lake is a pretty town and has a population of 6000. Among its buildings are many fine hotels and the town is

the Sous prefecture of Haute Savoy.

Evian Les Bains is located about five miles further up the lake on the same side, and is now a renowned watering resort. It is here that the celebrated Evian spring was discovered in the seventeenth century, and as it is now the most popular table water in Europe, the revenue derived from its sale must be enormous.

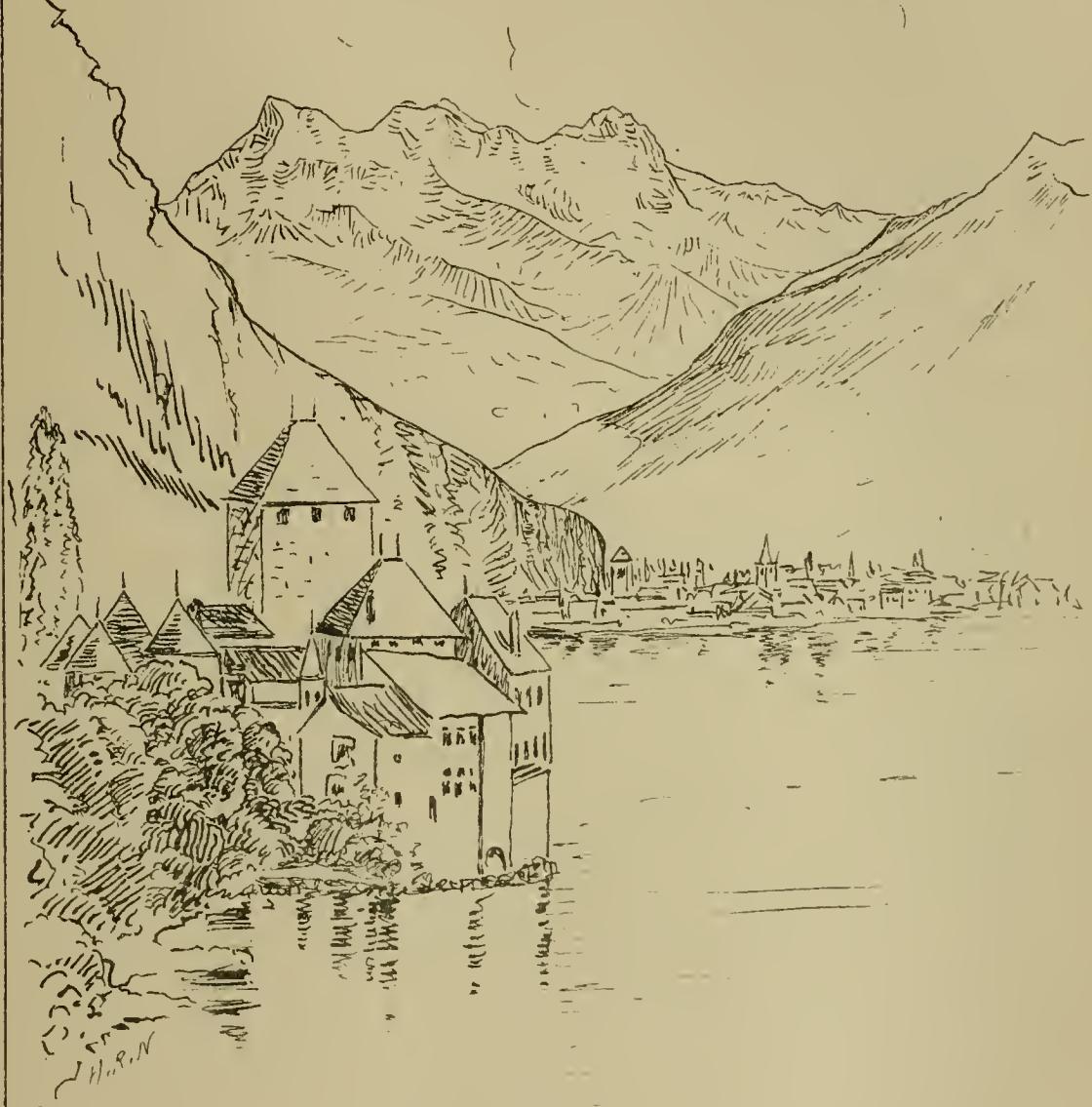
From Evian les Bains we recrossed the lake to Ouchy which is the port of Lausanne, one of the fairest residential towns of Switzerland. At present it is the most important of the chain of towns called the Bernes Riviera which extend up the lake as far as Territet. Being a university town it has acquired a good reputation for its schools and colleges, and many English and American families live there throughout the year. It supports a theatre, and during the winter a symphony orchestra give weekly classical concerts to its people. The next town of importance is that of Vevey, five miles north. This is a very aristocratic resort and in character much resembles Lausanne.

MONTREUX

After many stops at smaller towns we reached our destination, Montreux, at two o'clock, and were quickly driven to the Palace Hotel, the best hostelry in the place. This Bernese riviera is little but a chain of hotels and pensions located upon the mountain side overlooking the lake with the Alps in the distance. Les Dents du Midi being at the head of the lake and plainly visible from this shore.

Being built on the hill side our hotel was a most imposing bit of architecture, and rose up from the main thoroughfare many stories, the first two stories being off set so that a terrace 75 ft. wide by 200 feet long occupied the roof, whilst the lower part is given to stores and shops of all kind.

As it happened we arrived at a time when many tourist parties were frequenting this resort. All was therefore movement and gaiety, and at dinner time the magnificent dining hall was filled to its capacity and the waiters, of which there seemed to be an army, were kept busy attending the guests. At present the hotels generally throughout Europe have discarded the large tables



Chillon

seating often 150 or more, for many small ones accommodating parties of two, four or eight persons. This has certain advantages but the spirit and sociability of the old régime has departed. I regret this for I have made many good friends under the old system, and to one traveling alone this is very agreeable. However certain of the old forms are still retained. The waiters under the supervision of the maitre de l'hotel are still called to the serving room as each course is prepared and pass out into the dining hall at a given signal. The effect of this is very imposing and they seem extremely proud of the attention they attract. When the dessert is served an electric gong announces the conclusion of the service; then the doors are thrown open and the strains of an orchestra upon the terrace, lures the guests there for their coffee and segars. It was quite late that evening when our party finished dinner and when we arrived upon the terrace, I was amazed to find it lighted by thousands of electric lamps of all colors, clustered about in the foliage and upon electroliers. The orchestra occupied a dias not far from the exit of the dining hall and as we passed out the bewitching strains of Le Valse Bleue made us feel the merriment that pervaded the assemblage. It happened that we were obliged to seek a table at the extreme end of the terrace, from which vantage point we

could look upon the entrancing scene. The sun had set, but the twilight still lingered and the cumulous clouds which during the day, had hung about the mountain peaks now floated high above them and reflected a gentle radiance upon the peaceful waters of the lake. The soft south wind which had blown all day, had died away; not even a breath was stirring, and like spectators at the opera we sat awaiting the next denouement. For a while my attention was attracted to three beautiful Italian girls seated at a table near me. They were evidently sisters and were in a merry mood, their mother having left them alone for a moment, thinking of course her dears were quite safe in such a throng of foreigners. How little she knew her pets may be imagined by an incident that happened a moment later. I had finished my coffee and was lighting my cigarette when a piece of paper formed like a dart, fell at my feet. I paid no attention to it, but an intuition told me that it was intended for the young ladies. My natural impulse was to pick it up and hand it to them. But prudence reminded me of the man who made a million dollars by attending to his own business, and I desisted. I kept my eye open to windward however and a moment later saw a young Frenchman make another dart and write something upon it. Watching me intently he threw the missive over my head

and landed it upon the table of the trio, where it was instantly seized and read. Then the young ladies put their heads together in consultation and not long after I saw them enter the grand salon where the young gallant had preceded them. Doubtless they found some mutual friend to introduce him to their mother who quite unconscious of what had happened would present them to her loving daughters. Thus are we often deceived by our own.

It was twelve o'clock when the orchestra played its final number and the guests departed. Instantly on the stroke of the hour the electric lights were extinguished and as my friends retired I sat alone beneath the canopy of heaven and watched the moon rise slowly on the horizon. For a while I was lost in meditation when a waiter approached me and advised me to enter the hotel, warning me of the morning chill which often settles down from the mountains at an early hour. I paid little attention to his advice but continued in my reverie until one p.m. when I sought my bed. Two days later I was taken ill with the grippe, the result of this indiscretion. Such are the vagaries of Swiss climate.

Montreux has become a favorite winter resort within recent years owing to the excellence of its hotels and its temperate climate. Fifty years ago there were but three little villages here surrounded by renowned

vineyards. Today the shores and mountain sides are occupied by many handsome buildings extending each year further and further up the mountain. There are good reasons why this town and its neighboring villages extending from Trerritet to Lausanne should be called the Vaudoise Riviera. The conditions which favor the growth of the grape, favor also the people of temperate climes, and as the mountains on this side of the lake are exposed to the southern sun, and their height is so great that the northern wintery blasts pass directly over them the climate is very temperate. It is said that one may pick roses in Montreux in the morning and coast on the snow-clad mountain-sides above in the afternoon. However fanciful this may be, exotic plants like the palm and pomegranate flourish here the year round.

The many villages and towns composing this Vaudoise Riviera are all connected by a shore road upon which there is an electric tram running at short interval, but the communication by boat is much to be preferred. We visited the Castle of Chillon on our first day and were delighted to see this historic monument so well cared for by the state. Its location on the lake is ideal, and its history interesting, but it is due to the poet Byron, whose tale of the Prisoner of Chillon has immortalized the site, that the castle has become renowned. Such is



Les dents du Midi.

the power of words to stimulate the imagination.

CAUX.

If the Swiss are great mountain climbers, they are also great engineers. Today their railways like their intrepid mountaineers climb the most daring peaks. It is certainly a curious sensation to enter the electric train that mounts from Montreux to Caux and feel it leave the level and mount up, up, up through narrow corkscrew tunnels of limestone rock, then up, through fields and vineyard until the timber line is reached, and at last reach the terrace of Caux 3,300 feet above the lake. By what mighty power this is accomplished God alone can explain. I looked at the trolley wire and then at the sturdy little electric locomotive with its train of cars, and decided that the strength of the trolley wire could not support the traction strain of the cars even on a ten percent grade, yet here was a train weighing many, many tons, mounting grades of twenty and thirty per cent with the greatest ease. Surely this is a modern miracle; but alas! so common has become the use of electricity, that we no longer marvel at its wonders and rarely contemplate the maker of all things who has endowed us with such

priceless gifts. It would be difficult to describe the sensation the view from the terrace of Caux created in me. At first it was a feeling of awe, as I looked down from the giddy height upon the placid lake where steamers like the Lausanne were but specks upon its mirrored surface. But as I raised my eyes and let them wander over the ranges of the Alps, which like an undulating sea swept the horizon I began to appreciate that I had ascended an Olympus and was in the realm of the gods. A thrill of exultation swept over me as I gazed upon this mighty panorama, then as our thoughts are often diverted from meditation to action by some trivial incident, I happened to turn about and look up at the foreboding cliffs of the Rocher de Naye 3000 feet above, and an uncontrollable desire came upon me to make the ascent; yet my saner judgment warned me not to attempt it, for there is an exhilaration in these altitudes that spurs one on to venturesome feats only to meet with fatigue and disappointment afterward. It is because of its stimulating climate that Caux has become such a favorite resort for those suffering from pulmonary diseases. Many come here during the season and while many are cured, the white plague doubtless claims its victims in the majority of cases.

I was greatly interested in the Toboggan Garage of

the hotels situated in Caux. This is a very large building with many shelves for storing the sleighs. There were over 350 stored there when I visited it, the majority of these being large bob-sledges, capable of carrying 6 or 8 persons with the most approved steering gear and brakes. A glance at this array of sleighs gave me a better idea of Caux as a winter resort than reams of advertising could have done. Some day I hope I may return and experience this exhilarating sport, which in my youth held such a lure for me. After a cup of tea and another look at the beautiful panorama we descended to Montreux.

As it was late when we arrived at the Hotel and as we had decided to continue our journey on the morrow as far as Interlaken, I retired early to bed. I cannot now recall how long I lay in slumber land, I only remember that when I awoke the church bells were tolling and the sun came peeping through my casement window. It was Sunday the 17th of July, a day made for peace and prayer, yet we were to continue traveling as though pursued by Nemesis. I knew we were justified however for time hath fleeting wings and our journey was a long one. After paying our bill, which was the smallest we had yet received, we sent our baggage forward by Grande Vitesse and took an electric trolley road for the journey over the

Zweizimmen pass to Interlaken.

THE SWEIZIMMEN PASS.

Arriving at the station we found our train of tiny cars made up and awaiting the signal to depart. Five coaches composed the train with a most coquettish little dining car attached in the rear. The route lay half way up the mountain to Caux then skirted the mountain side until finally at an altitude of 3000 feet we entered the Zweizimmen Pass, where a surprise was in store for us; Altho I had never crossed this pass, yet it was, and still is, a highway to Interlaken, and I was therefore unprepared for the extraordinary change in scene which one meets in such a short journey. All about us lay rocky peaks jutting up from verdant fields of clover. Above these meadows, rise forests of spruce and fir, with here and there a mass of snow which had been drifted by the winter winds into the rocky valleys which compose the summits. There was endless quantities of snow everywhere in sight, yet, (and this is the curious anomaly), the air was as balmy as a summer day could be. Up and down this tortuous pass lay farmhouses, barns and chalets, with a village dotted here and there for variety.

Innumerable pensions (boarding houses) were visible at every station and all were, or at least appeared to be well filled.

I cannot imagine a more delightful or less expensive country in which to spend a vacation, for here you are in the home of the mountaineers the people who have made Switzerland great, not by arts of war, but by the arts of peace.

It took several hours to cross this pass, for our train did not proceed at more than ten miles an hour, and often went so slowly that one could have descended without difficulty. I was content, however, for the scene was new to me and I would gladly have remained there had that been possible. But alas, we were ticketed through and Interlaken was our destination.

INTERLAKEN

Interlaken is situated upon a narrow strip of land between Lake Thun and Lake Brienz. In olden times it was customary to go from Geneva to Berne and from Berne to Thun. This was the old coach route and is now the highway for the railway. From Thun village one then proceeded by boat to Interlaken, but our route over the Zweizimmen proved shorter and took us through the village of that name, to Spies, the terminus of the electric road. Here we changed to the Geneva Berne Railway and reached Interlaken by skirting the Lake of Thun.

At three o'clock on Sunday afternoon we arrived and were driven to the Hotel Victoria, one of the oldest and best hotels in the place. The journey over the mountains had been interesting, but a feeling of lassitude now came upon me and after a bath I retired early to bed. That night I dreamt of ghosts and goblins and all manner of uncanny things, and awaked the next morning in a high fever, to find that the "grippe devil" had me in his grasp. I would not mention this incident, for the grippe is such an ordinary occurrence now-a-days as to be commonplace, but this same thing had happened to me on a former



Interlaken

visit here, and I mention it in crder to warn others from the vagaries of Swiss climate. Owing to its proximity to the great mountain ranges, where snows eternally fall, Interlaken is inundated throughout the summer by frequent rains. I have often watched it snowing on the Jungfrau and raining in Interlaken, while on the opposite side of the valley the sun would be brightly shining, Indeed I remember on my last trip paying a visit to the Grindelwald glacier and returning drenched to the skin, for which indiscretion I paid by a severe cold that laid me up for a week. Fortunately I had reached the village of Thun that day and found an excellent hotel there, called the Thunerhof where I was extremely comfortable, with medical advice at hand, but it is not pleasant to have one's vacation interrupted in this way and I advise others to be careful and avoid such experiences.

For the next two days I was confined to my room, but true to his promise the fine little house physician whose name I have forgotten, had by the use of sedatives and anti-pyritics, so reduced my fever that on the third day I was able to proceed. Consequently I saw little of Interlaken, and the trip we had planned to Eisengletscher was abandoned.

Eigengletcher is the last station of the new Jungfrau railway which will, when completed, be the most wonderful

scenic railway in the world. It is quite impossible for one who has never visited this country to imagine the daring of this engineering feat. I can only suggest it, Imagine then - a mountain peak rising majestically from a range of smaller ones, to a height of 12,500 feet, the entire range covered with heavy snows and glaciers centuries old. Amid them all the Jungfrau towers as a monarch of the forest looms above the saplings beneath its limbs; so near at hand it seems that if one had an aeroplane he might alight upon its summit in a few moments' flight; some day I expect this will be accomplished; at present there is only one way to do so. One must proceed from Eisengletcher, (the present terminus of the Jungfrau-cogroad), across numberless glaciers and valleys filled with snow and ice until some "arrete" or crest of protruding rocks is found, then as a chamois leaps from rock to rock the mountain climbers crawl from point to point until they reach the solid snows upon the summit.

Every year some one is lost in these ascents, and by a curious fatality our present visit was to be made memorable by the most shocking accident that has ever occurred in this vicinity. A party of nine men had gathered at Eisengletcher awaiting a favorable moment to venture upon the glacier. For three days they had been storm-bound. Wrestling under the restraint, the party decided to make

the attempt on the fourth day, the weather then having cleared. In the party there were two Englishmen and seven of the hardiest Swiss guides. They had set out and had just preceded upon the glacier, when an avalanche of snow fell from above crushing and burying them in its mad descent. It is supposed that the vibration caused by the tramping of the party upon the glacier had loosened the snows above them and brought the mass crashing down to become their tomb. Be that as it may, only two were recovered alive, and these poor fellows (two of the guides) were maimed for life. Such is the price that the Jungfrau exacts from those who brave its summit. With this slight suggestion of the dangers of the Jungfrau, I think one can better understand what a colossal engineering feat the new electric road will be. It is estimated that it will require three years more to complete the tunnels that lead under the glaciers to where the perpendicular peak ascends. When this is finished and an electric elevator installed in a well, in the heart of the peak, one may then mount to the very pinnacle of the Jungfrau and in pride and awe contemplate the mastery of man over nature.

Interlaken is so well known that a description of it is hardly necessary. It is a town of about 15,000 inhabitants all of whom appear to be interested directly or

indirectly in the vast tourist travel that passes through their village. Having grown up about a highway that connected the two lakes, the town is therefore very long and narrow. It has many handsome hotels and shops of all kinds built along the thoroughfare, and a Casino to lure the idle tourist. Directly in front of the Victoria Hotel, there is an open park, from which site one may look in wonder at the Jungfrau, while listening to the strains of distant music. This is fascinating for a while, and to one who never knew the town of old, its present modernity may prove very attractive. But to me the simplicity of the old regime was far to be preferred. In those stage coach days, the hotels were smaller and more sociable, nor was one then obliged to don evening dress for dinner, moreover the repast was then served by pretty Swiss maidens decked out in their native costumes, and the orchestra of native players rendered the folk songs of their country. Today all that is changed, the waiters wear dress suits so that one cannot distinguish them from the guests, and the orchestra chooses its selections according to the nationality of its patrons. The last number I remember hearing was called "Love Me And The World Is Mine", a beautiful song artistically rendered, but oh! how futile this, to the lonely wanderer who more than half ill must listen to a melody that

reminds him of friends far away, at home and has no relation whatever to the environment he is in.

LAKE BRIENZ

A thunder storm was threatening when we took our baggage on board the steamer for Brienz, which is the station for the Brunig Pass Railway. Arriving on board at eleven o'clock in the morning on July the 20th, we were shortly afterward comfortably settled at luncheon in the salon of the steamer, when a crash of thunder announced the coming storm. A moment later it became as dark as night and before we had fairly got underway the rain descended in torrents. For the next hour our little boat plowed through the most vicious thunder storm I have ever witnessed in these parts. After a little while we drew in to a tiny dock built upon a ledge of rocks that lifted themselves up precipitously from out the lake. Thinking that the Captain was unwilling to proceed in the storm, I asked why we had stopped at such a God-forsaken place and was told that about a hundred feet above there was a fine hotel built upon a plateau of the ledge. In vain I tried to see the building, which the torrents of rain shut out from view. But that it is there I am

certain, though I imagine the patrons, like the Chamois, must be very nimble to get about.

Lake Brienz is remarkable for the precipitous cliffs by which it is surrounded. It is in effect, a rift in the mountain chain, whose chasm has been filled by the waters of melting snows. Although not large it is extremely picturesque, and like our Lake George, has been a highway for travelers from ancient times.

It was twelve o'clock when he had finished luncheon and I was quietly enjoying a segar when a toot of the whistle announced our approach to Brienz, the head of the Lake. As the rain had ceased I went out upon the deck and behld a transformation scene the like of which I have never witnessed before. The air being literally saturated with moisture a heavy fog hung over the lake like a mighty pall. Very, very slowly this mist ascended until it reached only a few feet above the smoke stack of our steamer, there it seemed to rest for a while until we, the audience, could scan the shores and get our bearings. For a while our boat proceeded thus slowly along a cliff of lime stone rocks rising perpendicularly from the lake, when, in an instant, a glow of the mist, converted the cliffs of neutral gray, into lapus-lasuli, one of the rarest forms of blue. The light seemed so mystical and unreal that I was at a loss

to account for it, but like my friends, who also witnessed the effect, we were too much occupied in admiring its beauty to analyze the cause. A little further on a raging cataract came tearing down the cliffs, its blue waters turning to snow white foam as they rushed into the lake. The contrast of this white water with the blue of the cliffs was most beautiful. But this was only a trifle in comparison with what was still to come. As it had been many years since I had been here, I could not remember the location of Brienz. However my curiosity was satisfied a few moments later when the curtain of fog which had been hanging overhead gradually lifted and displayed a beautiful valley many miles in length extending far beyond Meiringen to the great Alp chain that forms the barrier between Switzerland and Italy. And Brienz, tiny little Brienz, lay peacefully before us not half a mile away. Surely, Switzerland is a land of theatrical surprises. An artist's paradise it has always been, and, not until electric signs shall have disfigured its mountain sides and noisy factories replaced its thriving farms, will its pastoral charm and prestine grandeur have passed away. God grant that day may never come.

THE BRUNIG PASS.

In olden time the trip from Erienz to Lucerne was made by diligence. I can remember well the days when the stately and picturesque vehicle drawn by eight powerful horses was in use and it seems but yesterday that I made my first trip, an all day journey then, but incomparably more attractive than the present one by cog road. Our journey over the pass took us past Lake Sarnen to the village of Sarnen, from thence to Alpnachstad the head of Lake Lucerne where if one wishes they may take the boat to Lucerne. We preferred however to continue on by rail, and in a half hour or more reached Lucerne at four o'clock in the afternoon. After a short delay we were driven up to the Palace Hotel, a new and stately building located at the extreme end of the promenade, where comfortable rooms were furnished us and quite content we determined here to await our friends the lawyer and his wife who were to pass through Lucerne on their way down the Rhine.



Luzern

LUCERNE

Because of its strategic position, lying in the heart of a picturesque country approachable from all points North, East, South and West, Lucerne has become the Metropolis of the European tourist. From Lake Constance and Zurich, from Basel and Olten, from Geneva and Berne, Railways converge at this point, whilst the lake steamers bring tourists from the Lake Cantons and the St. Gothard Railway piercing the Alps transports its quota of travelers from the Italian lakes and points further south. It is here that the tourists of all nationalities congregate during the summer, and it is therefore the most likely place to meet friends or acquaintances who are traveling abroad.

Although Lucerne is a much smaller town than Geneva or Zurich its summer population is large and its transient trade enormous. The hotels and shops consequently do a thriving business, and the banking and exchange done here would surprise one who has never before visited such resort. I had occasion to make a draft on my letter of credit the day after I arrived, and although I reached the bank at 9.30 in the morning the establishment was

crowded to the doors. Some were purchasing letters of credits, others were making drafts on their credits and others still, exchanging foreign money for Swiss, French, German, Austrian or Italian. It was the busiest banking house I had seen on my trip and the experience gave me an excellent object lesson in the importance of foreign travel as a means of exchange.

Lucerne is too well known to require a lengthy description from me I will therefore only mention that originally it was a fishing village and that only fifty years ago its advantages for tourists became known, since which time the town has grown until today it may boast of the most beautiful hotels in Europe. The town has no manufactures to mar it, and its streets and parks are so well maintained that they are a delight to the stranger. It is therefore, essentially a pleasure resort from which one may make innumerable excursions and where during the season one may also have the advantage of ample society. Like Geneva the town is divided into two parts by a river. The name of this river is the Russe, and is crossed diagonally by a very famous wooden bridge called the Kapellbrücke. This bridge was built in the year 1333 when all the houses of the town were built of wood, the town being then called the wooden stork's nest. In the middle of the

river and at the side of the bridge stands an octagonal tower called the Wasserturm, said to have been the ancient treasury of the town and is still the store house of its municipal archives. This tower is only one of many similar towers, which with the ancient wall formed the fortifications of the town. I think the most prominent building as one approaches the town from the lake is the Hofkirche of St. Leodegar which stands upon a slight plateau above the town, its graceful towers forming a landmark visible for many miles. This is the principal Catholic Church of the town and it is well worth a visit. I know of no more deceiving structure than this. Its simple lines are those of a village church but its proportions those of a cathedral. Indeed it is not until one mounts the steps approaching the facade and then looks up at the delicate tapering spires that an idea of its great size can be obtained. If one has a love for music it is very interesting to attend the afternoon concerts which are given here, and listen to the grand organ, which is one of the oldest and most famous instruments in Europe. But enough of general information; there is something vastly more important than this. And he who has not learned it, will never write entertainingly of any country.

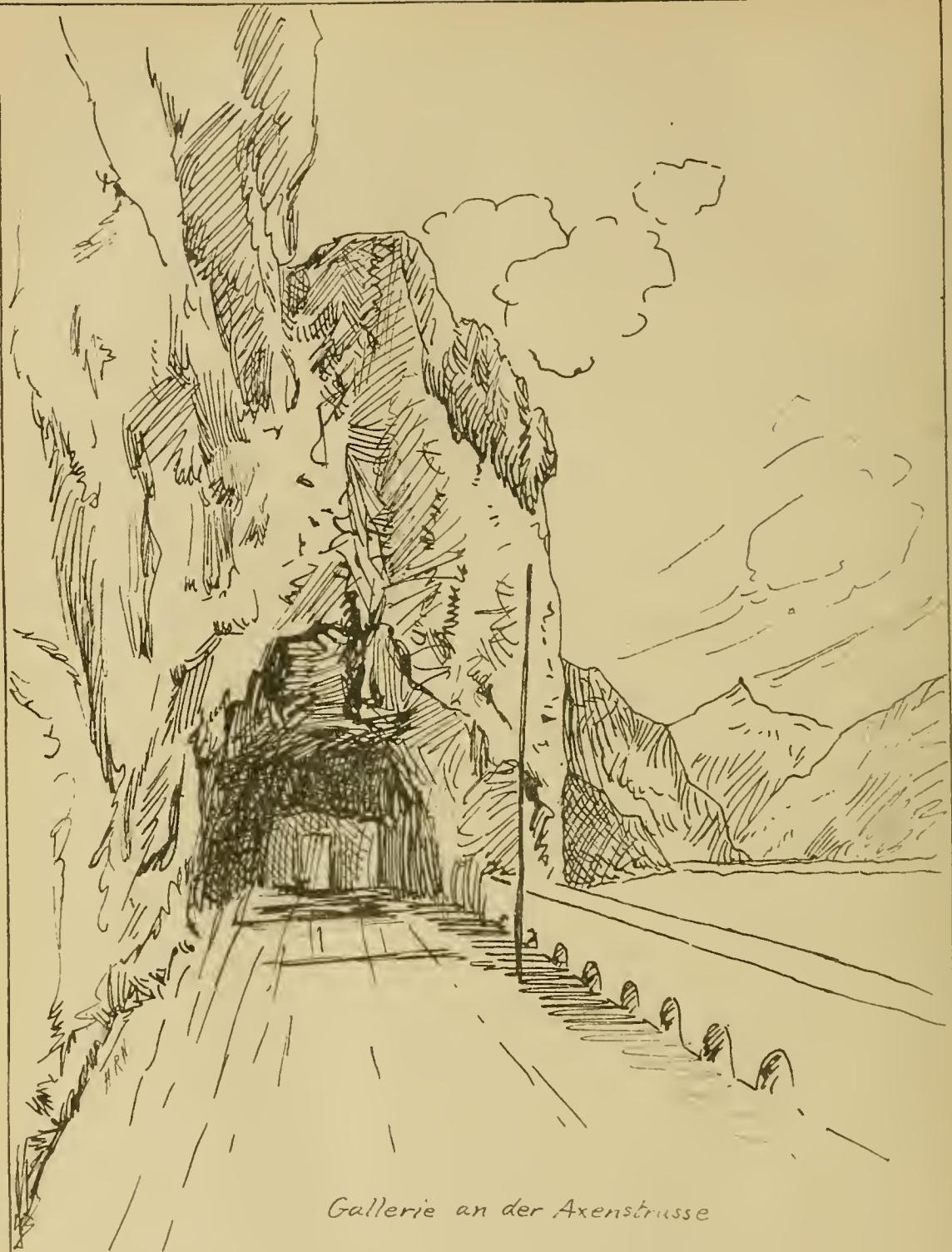
Character is the flower of a nation as it is also

of the individual and it is in this study that we discover the greatest pleasure in travel. Desiring therefore to find a place not frequented by tourists, I wandered one evening in a part of the town remote from the riva and its splendid hotels and had reached a summer garden near the walls, when hearing the lively strains of an orchestra, I entered. To my surprise I found the place crowded. It was necessary for me to cross the open court and seek a table at the opposite side from the entrance. As I passed table after table, I noted that all were either Germans or native Swiss, who, according to their custom, come to such resorts to sip their coffee or drink their beer and listen to the music. The waitresses were all young girls attired in the costumes of their cantons, each having some distinctive note of individuality. The young girl who attended the table at which I had seated myself was dressed in the typical black velvet bodice of the Swiss, laced fore and aft, and wore a stunning apron of blue brocaded silk. Her hair was simply dressed and tied with a black silk ribbon which was gathered in a large bow upon the top of her head. When she approached I addressed her in French and ordered a glass of beer, which she brought in a tall fluted glass. I knew from her accent that she was not from the French cantons, and this was confirmed a moment later when she addressed a gentleman at an

adjoining table in German. I then determined to see if she could speak English, and ordering another glass of beer addressed her in my native tongue. Immediately her face brightened and she made bold to reply, but alas! her vocabulary soon deserted her. After a somewhat futile effort she continued in French and being called elsewhere excused herself in as graceful a manner as if she had been a lady born. Well a cynic may say, what of it. She was only a waitress and in a beer garden at that. True, my gentle cynic, she was a waitress and a pretty one too. But let me tell you this, - she was well educated, her manners were not those of one aping a lady, but were the result of inborn gentleness and goodness, the certain result of character. Oh, you may laugh if you wish, but character is an open book to some. To others it is the darkness of a Stygian night; for they can only imagine the traits they hope to discover. Therefore when they see a pretty girl employed as a waitress in a public garden, they conclude that the management has selected her to attract custom. The ignorance of English and Americans on this subject is amazing. Did they but know the truth they would understand that the waitresses in such a place are often the patron's daughters or relatives and their conduct gives the place its caste, so that one may not fear to bring

his wife, his children or his sweetheart there. I wish it were possible for such beer gardens to exist in this country, but I fear that is not likely to be, until our people have greatly changed in character and in their Puritanical attitude toward the consumption of light alcoholic beverages.

It was late that night when I returned to my hotel but I slept soundly and on the following morning determined to make the ascent of Mount Pilatus. On a previous visit I had mounted the Righi, and descended the same day without having seen much of the surrounding country. On another occasion I had climbed Mt. Pilatus only to be caught in a snow storm that made me hover around a red hot stove in midsummer. As this was my third attempt to reach a mountain peak where I could look upon the great Alpian chain, I felt that my perseverance would be rewarded.



Gallerie an der Axenstrasse

MOUNT PILATUS.

It was a beautiful summer morning on the 22nd of July when the young college boys who, with myself, were making the tour of Europe, went aboard the boat that was to take us to Alpnachstadt, from which point the Mt. Pilatus road ascends. Once out upon the lake I had an opportunity to look back at Lucerne, bathed in sunshine. Back of the town the rolling land displayed many beautiful villas set amid verdant fields and woodland. On the lake front or riva, which for a mile is a beautiful promenade shaded by thrifty chestnut trees, I could see our hotel set amid pretty gardens and adjoining it the new National Hotel and Casino with its summer garden and annexes, and further on the Kurplatz with its famous Sweitzerhof, so well known to our countrymen. The sites of these buildings are ideal. And this because they look out directly on the lake as far as Viznau where the Righi, the Burgenstock and Mount Pilatus loom up in the middle distance; whilst the great Alp chain with its snow capped peaks from the background to this noble panorama. If one has ample time innumerable excursions can be made to these extremely interesting points. In

fact one could spend a month in this locality and enjoy every moment of the time.

On our way the steamer stopped at Buochs, Kehrsiten and Stanssand, which towns are on the Vierwald, the main arm of Lake Lucerne; then after passing through a drawbridge we entered a lagoon at the head of which lay the village of Alpnachstad. After a short delay we disembarked with the other passengers, a hundred or more nearly all of whom were, like ourselves, intent upon making the ascent of Mt. Pilatus.

And now a word about the railway that is to take us up to the summit. Although the Mt. Pilatus road was built in 1889, it remains to the present, the most remarkable mountain road in the world. In many respects it is a more original conception than the Jungfrau road now being constructed, and this for the reason that its course follows the exterior of the precipitous cliffs that form the peak, while its roadway is literally cut out of the solid rock. Furthermore, the system of propulsion is that of steam and the ascent is accomplished without recourse to cables or elevators. Briefly the Mt. Pilatus railway is a cogroad a mile in length with an average gradient of 38 in. 100 feet. Its roadbed is of solid masonry upon which the traction rails and the central cograil are bolted. The central rail, has the

cogs placed upon the side so that the two powerful cog-wheels of the locomotive may interlock in the spurs, the axles of these wheels therefore are vertical to the plane of the car, and are actuated by a powerful pair of engines which under a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch push the car, of which they are a part, up the incline. Now in ascending there is little or no danger as long as the locomotive is able to push the load; but in descending the case is quite different, for friction breaks could not possibly hold the weight upon the steep gradients. A much more powerful system is therefore necessary. This is accomplished by converting the engine into an air compressor, and as the car descends it forces the engines to revolve in the opposite direction from that in which they operated under steam. The cylinders thereby create a powerful compression of air; which upon being released permits the car to descend by gravity. Such in brief is the principle, which when explained to me gave me perfect confidence in the system.

When we arrived at the station, which is located on the side of the mountain near the boat landing, I saw six cars each with its locomotive in the rear, puffing, wheezing and snorting, like a lot of restless chargers ready to be off. It took some time before our car, the last one, was started. When it got away I looked up at

the others which had preceded us and saw five little giants pushing and puffing as though they were living things that enjoyed the vigorous exercise. That there was a mighty power behind us was made evident by the jolting we were receiving, this was not due to the speed, but to the thrust of the engines, which produced a most disagreeable vibration, so that an hour and a half later when we reached the summit we were glad to get off and steady our nerves. Our route lay through fields of clover, then up through forests of beech, and further on through woodlands of spruce and fir. Beyond this were stunted cedars and heather, and then nothing but bare and barren cliffs with here and there a valley filled with snow. The utter desolateness of these rocky peaks cannot be imagined; one must have been there to full realize what a mighty mass nature has fashioned and from them survey this barren grandeur.

At one o'clock we arrived at the Pilatus Kulm, an hotel built under the Esel peak upon its southwestern side, from which point one may look down an immense ravine upon the lake and surrounding country. Luncheon being announced, we did not linger on the terrace but proceeded to care for the inner man. An hour later I started out alone. I had not proceeded far however before a certain lassitude overcame me, as though I had

been walking very fast, this I knew to be due to the altitude, and I am told is caused by the rarity of the air which accelerates the action of the heart. In time one becomes accustomed to the change but it often requires weeks to get fully acclimated. This was made evident to me as I passed a young Swiss who utterly exhausted, was sitting on the pathway, to rest, before entering the hotel. He had climbed up from the Lake, a distance of over 5000 feet since breakfast time. Upon his back was his knapsack, and at his side a flask, whilst in his hand he carried a stout hickory staff with a sharp iron point. He wore the typical costume of the Swiss mountaineer, a cloth of an olive green color with a hat to match. His shoes were shod with soft iron nails, so that they would not slip on the smooth rocks, and on the whole he was a most picturesque character, but a somewhat sorry one at that moment. I would gladly have interviewed him, but time was pressing and I wished to make a tour of the peak. This can now be done by means of an excellent path which has been hewn out of the solid rocks. This path traverses many small tunnels in which openings are cut so that one may look down the precipitous cliffs without danger, the effect being as though one were imprisoned in the mountain, yet permitted to look upon a promised land. Below me lay farms and fields and woodlands extending for

miles till the eye lost them in the ascending mountain ranges. The Lake of Zug, a lake of considerable size, appeared no larger than a pond, while the lake of the Four Cantons seemed to be only a part of the landscape and small in comparison. Upon it Lucerne lay peacefully before me many miles away. Had it been possible to reach there by air ship, I think I should have been tempted to have taken the trip, but as that was impossible I satisfied myself by passing around the Esel so as to obtain a view of the great Alp chain. A few moments walk brought me to a seat hewn out of the rock, from which point, I could contemplate for the first time in my life the beauty and grandeur of this great mountain range. At that moment the sun had passed the zenith and the air was as clear as crystal. The safety of my position eliminated any sense of danger and as my eye sought the middle distance, and then the horizon scanning a radius of several hundred miles, I felt as though I had been transported to the realm of the gods. Before me lay the Matterhorn, its snow-capped peaks shimmering in the noonday sun; to the right the Jungfrau raised its towering head; whilst in the distance on my left lay the St. Gothard, whose pass and tunnel form a highway into Italy. Innumerable peaks and spurs connected these great Alpian patriarchs, which like their peers,

were decked in snows and glaciers centuries old. So massive and so numerous were these snowy crests that one might well have fancied them a mighty ocean whose Titanic waves had been congealed and left as monuments for man to contemplate in awe and deep humility. But, alas! how futile are words to describe this scene; Man is an atom amid such majestic surroundings; yet, his life is a reflection of his environment. What wonder then, that the Swiss have produced a great race: for it is a fact that amid this grandness of nature there has been born in them a love of country and loyalty of state that are akin to worship.

I cannot tell how long I sat in contemplation of the wonderful panorama that lay before me. I only remember that I was awakened by the approach of a German lady who quite out of breath demanded of me the hour of day and the time of departure of our train. I looked at my watch and was amazed to note that it was after three o'clock; and fearing to be left on the summit all night, we hurried on together she speaking German while I replied in French. After a few moments' conversation in this fashion she asked me in excellent English if I was not a Londoner; to which I responded that I was a native of New York, although my father had been born in England. At this information she burst into a fit of laughter and

merrily replied: "Well, then, why do we not speak our native tongue, I too, am from New York." This was surely a ridiculous denouement, but it put us both in good humour. Suffice it, we arrived at the station in ample time to take the cogroad, and at five o'clock were on board the Lake Boat and on our way back to Lucerne.

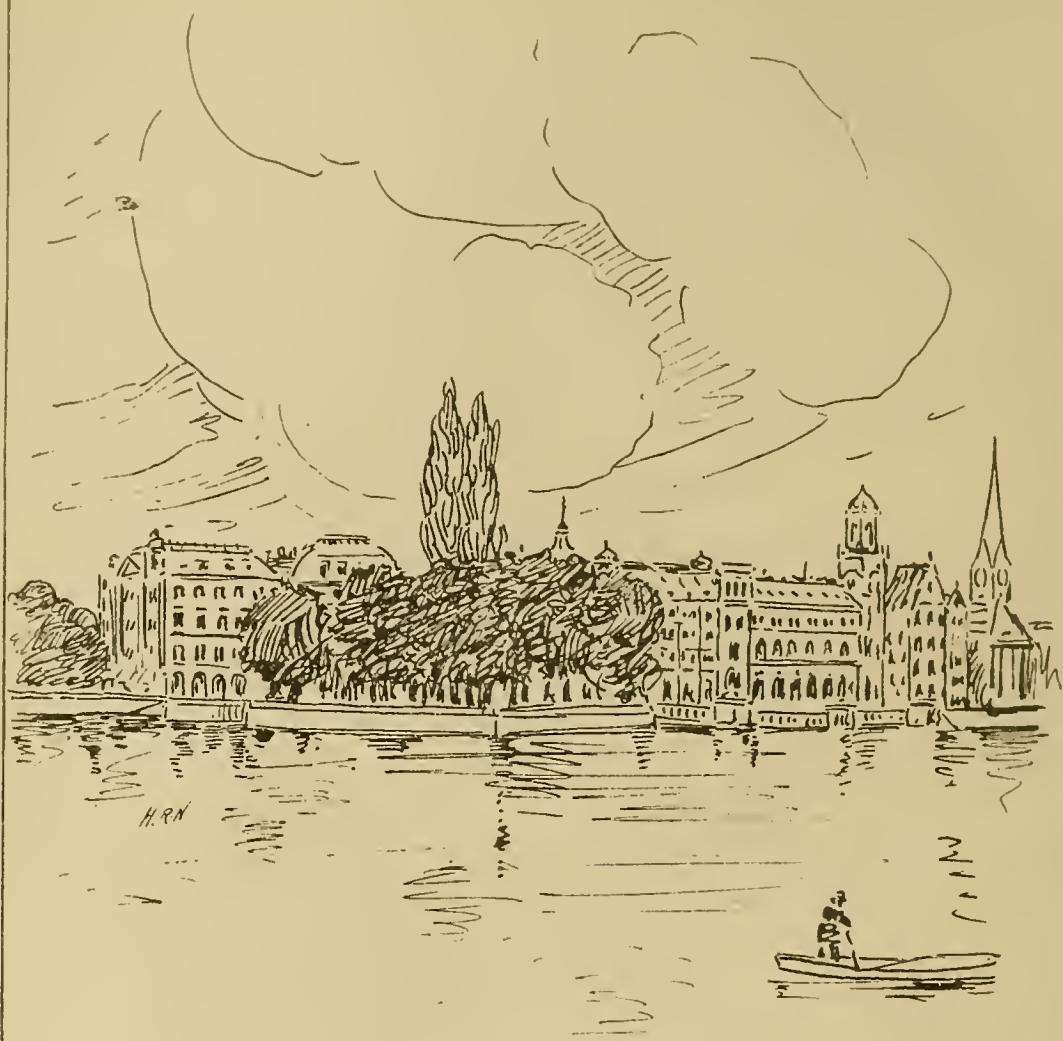
It was nearly six o'clock when we arrived at our hotel that evening, and the young men who had accompanied me were so tired from their climb up the Esel that they retired for an hour's sleep before dressing for dinner. I availed myself of this opportunity to enter the Lounge, a spacious salon with large plate glass windows, looking out upon the riva and the lake, and choosing a seat that commanded an excellent view of the snow capped mountains in the distance, ordered a cup of tea. The sun was setting at the time and as it passed over the mountains back of our hotel, it shot a ruddy glow, across the lake, tipping the snowy peaks in front of me, with rose, red and orange hues that made them seem a-flame. At the same instant a delicate blue mist seemed to arise from the lake and blend the scene in unity. I have often witnessed these effects upon the stage and believed them to be the tricks of the electrician, yet here was the same effect taking place in nature before my very eyes. It was not long before the fiery glow upon

the peaks vanished, and the mist at once seemed to be come more dense; this of course was due to contrast, the sun having set. At that moment a waiter approached and I requested him to close the large plate glass window. To my surprise he replied that it was already closed. Scarcely believing him, I advanced and found that he was correct. Then looking out upon the lake I saw everywhere that mysterious light which gave such a theatrical effect to the panorama. While I was standing thus in reverie, suddenly there flashed a light from off the Burgensteinock. Like Hesper, the evening star, it shot its rays through the enveloping mist and dazzled me with its splendor. Not having seen anything of the kind before, I made inquiries and learned that it was a powerful search light, recently placed there by means of which the Alps are scanned at night. The momentary flash which I had seen was but a preparatory attempt, and as the evening promised to be extremely clear I should be able later to witness it in operation. This was the case, and as I watched it later, I marveled that tiny, puny man had been able to produce a light so powerful that in truth it vied with nature.

From the view point of the lover of nature, it is certainly deplorable to see a picturesque country such as Switzerland become a showground for the tourist.

Cable railways, searchlights and sumptuous hotels do not compensate the mountaineer for the primitive simplicity of olden times, yet it should be remembered that Europe is today, the high-school of the world; a tour of the continent such as I am describing is educational and broadening in the best sense; therefore if it is necessary to build cable railways to obtain a proper conception of the majesty of nature, the purpose for which they are designed must justify their existence.

On the afternoon of July 23rd, our friends not having arrived from Geneva, we decided to proceed to Zurich, at which place we learned that the Passion Play at Oberammergau would take place on the morning of July 28th, and that in order to reach there in time it would be necessary to go a day in advance. This was unfortunate for it again forced us to travel on Sunday, and gave us but a short time for Zurich and Innsbruck.



Zürich

Blick auf Bauschänzli
und Fraumünster



ZURICH

As Zurich is a city of much interest and the commercial capital of Switzerland, I naturally desired to spend a couple of days there, and above all visit the Polytechnic which is famous the world over for having graduated the daring engineers who have built the great mountain roads and from the water falls, lighted every town worthy of the name within the state. Unfortunately, my stay being limited to a night's rest there, I can give only such information as I gathered "en passant". Briefly, Zurich is a town of 180,000 inhabitants located at the head of Lake Zurich, where the river Limmat finds its source. Like Geneva and Lucerne a river divides the town into two parts, and many handsome bridges cross the stream, while beautiful quays extend on both sides of the lake. It is on the lake side that some of the most beautiful villas of the wealthy residents of the city, are located. In fact there are so many fine estates on both sides of the lake that the whole form a sort of suburb of Zurich.

As Geneva is the center of the watch industry, St. Gallen that of lace manufacture, so Zurich has become the heart of the silk industry of Switzerland. Within recent

years their craftsmen have become very expert, and to-day their trade is very considerable.

Although Berne is the political capital of Switzerland, Zurich is its commercial center, notwithstanding the growth of Basel nearby. Being a town of wealth, it has encouraged the arts and sciences. Since my last visit the beautiful Tonhalle, where symphony concerts are frequently given, has been constructed on the quay not far from the famous Bauer au Lac Hotel. It would require much time to note the important buildings of which the National Museum and Polytechnic are justly famous. Sufficient it, the town is worth a visit not merely because of its buildings, ancient and modern, but also because of the great men of art and letters who have resided there from time to time. During the age of classic poetry Goethe, Kolpstock, Wieland, Kleist, visited the town, and it was here that Richard Wagner resided from 1849 to 1858, and wrote his famous operas, Die Meistersinger; Tristan and Isolde and parts of Siegfried. This fact alone should make the town interesting to those who love this great composer's works.

It was early Sunday morning when the maid of the Hotel Bellevue rapped upon my door and announced the hour; seven o'clock. Knowing that the Vienna express departed at ten, I arose and looked out upon the landscape

that lay before me. A pale blue haze enveloped everything; nevertheless I could distinguish the beautifully cultivated rolling hills that border the lake and make it so attractive, and as I stood admiring the scene, hesitating in my mind whether to remain in this pretty locality, or proceed to Innsbruck, the tympanums of my ears were nearly cracked by the tolling of a colossal bell near by. It must have been a powerful affair to have produced vibrations of such force as to rattle my casement window, yet that it was quite able to do. The deep growl of this old patriarch seemed to awaken other bell-ringers to activity, and in a jiffy every church in the town was belching forth noise enough to awaken the dead. There was neither rhythm, sequence nor harmony in it all, simply a mass of discordant sounds thrown upon the air in defiance of all the rules of art or etiquette. Then I wondered if this infernal racket was necessary to help one into heaven, and deciding that it was not, ordered the porter to bring my baggage down telling him that I wished to spend a quiet Sunday aboard the train. A grim smile swept over his face as he complied, and at ten o'clock we found ourselves aboard the Vienna express en route to Innsbruck, the most famous town in the Tyrol.

EN ROUTE TO THE TYROL.

I am not surprised that strangers are confused at the conformation of Switzerland. The mountains are so high and the valleys so tortuous that it is difficult to comprehend direction without an excellent detailed map. The Alps being the highest land in Europe, it is not surprising that the three great rivers of that country, the Rhine, the Rhone and the Danube, should find their sources there. The Rhine and the Rhone take their source in the great Alp chain which I looked upon from Mt. Pilatus.

The Rhone flowing into Lake Leman exits at Geneva then flows west to Lyons, where joining the Soane it proceeds southward past Valence, Avignon and Arles debouching into the Mediterranean not far from Marseilles.

The Rhine rises in the same vicinity but taking an opposite course flows into Lake Constance, passes out at its northern end, then turns westward to Basel, from which point it flows north past Strassbourg, Mainz, Cologne and enters the North Sea at Rotterdam, Holland.

If, therefore, these rivers were navigable their entire length, it would be possible, with only a short portage, to go from the North Sea to the Mediterranean,



- Innsbruck. -

by water. Unfortunately, the upper reaches of these rivers are so rapid that even transit by canoe is not practical.

The Danube, the greatest of the three rivers mentioned, rises near Lake Constance, flows westerly to Regensburg, Germany, then takes a south-easterly course past Linz, Vienna, Buda Pesth and Belgrade and finally enters the Black Sea not far from the Russian frontier, where is located the important town of Odessa.

Now it is quite safe to venture that not one American in a thousand has the least idea of the length or importance of these rivers. Yet the Rhone has a length of 550 miles, the Rhine of 950 miles, and the Danube courses 2000 miles before it reaches the Black Sea. I mention these facts to convince those who imagine it possible to make a flying trip of the Continent in thirty days. Assuredly one may cover the distance in that time but the journey would be one of almost continuous travel. Furthermore, one passes many frontiers and connections delay the traveler greatly. As an example of these difficulties, my experience in the summer of 1891 may be illuminating. In the month of June '91, I found myself in Naples, with a return ticket from Glasgow to the North Cape. Not desiring to proceed to Scotland I determined to go north to Trondheim, Sweden and join the party there.

Imagine my surprise when I was told that it would take a week to make the journey, and as the expense of this trip was nearly as much as I had paid for the cruise, I forfeited half my passage money and gave it up. The truth is, Europe is a larger country than we imagine and the means of transportation, although good, are much slower than those of the United States.

It may be somewhat mollifying to know that Europeans are perhaps more ignorant of our country than we are of theirs. Few know much of our country's magnificent distances, its great lakes, or mighty mountains, and they often regard one as a romancer when he is simply stating the truth. I remember an incident of this kind which occurred to me when in Rome in the summer of '91. At table d'hôte the conversation drifted toward mountain climbing and mountain railways. The young Englishman who was holding the audience spellbound with his description of mountain climbing suddenly asked me the height of Pike's Peak, Colorado, and was amazed to learn that a cog road had been built to its summit. Now the altitude of Mt. Blanc 15,000 or more feet and Pike's Peak are nearly the same, but the conditions of latitude, direct elevation etc. are totally different and it does not follow that because a road has been built up one that it can be built on the other. This same gentleman

flatly denied that an ordinary railroad could cross the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of 11,000 feet. Yet I have crossed Marshall Pass on the Rio Grande Road at that altitude. Such is the ignorance of Europeans upon the conditions in our country.

But enough of these digressions. Suffice it, we found ourselves on the Vienna Express bowling along toward the village of Sargens, which we reached about eleven o'clock. Here our train was switched in a narrow valley and we proceeded backward up some very steep grades to the village of Feldkirch where the same manoeuvre was reversed and we then started off upon our long and tortuous journey to Innsbruck.

It is at Feldkirch that one may transfer to a line running North and reach Landau at the foot of Lake Constance. I commend this trip to all who have time enough at their command, for the country surrounding the lake is most beautiful and the climate delightful. Lake Constance is 42 miles long and has the distinction of being surrounded by five different states. These are Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, Switzerland and Austria. The locality has always been greatly favored by tourists and it was with regret that we were obliged to pass it by.

Luncheon being announced, we went forward into the dining car and during the service had the opportunity of

looking out upon the remarkable country through which we were passing. Although two locomotives were pulling our train we were proceeding at a relatively slow pace; our course lying up a valley between two large and precipitous ranges of mountains. So lofty were they, that it was difficult to look up at them in order to see their snow-capped peaks. The day having been a rainy one the mountain streams were raging cataracts, the mountain peaks covered with freshly fallen snow, and the fields and meadows of emerald green freshened by the summer rain. It was the time of harvest, and though a holiday the farmers were trying to dry their crop of clover upon curious sticks which permitted the air to blow through it while keeping it off the humid ground. Pathetic this, when compared with our farmers who sow and reap by machinery. But let us not sympathize too much; there are no poor in this country; on the contrary there is every evidence of prosperity, and the people are happier far than our western farmers, whose acres are counted by the hundreds or thousands.

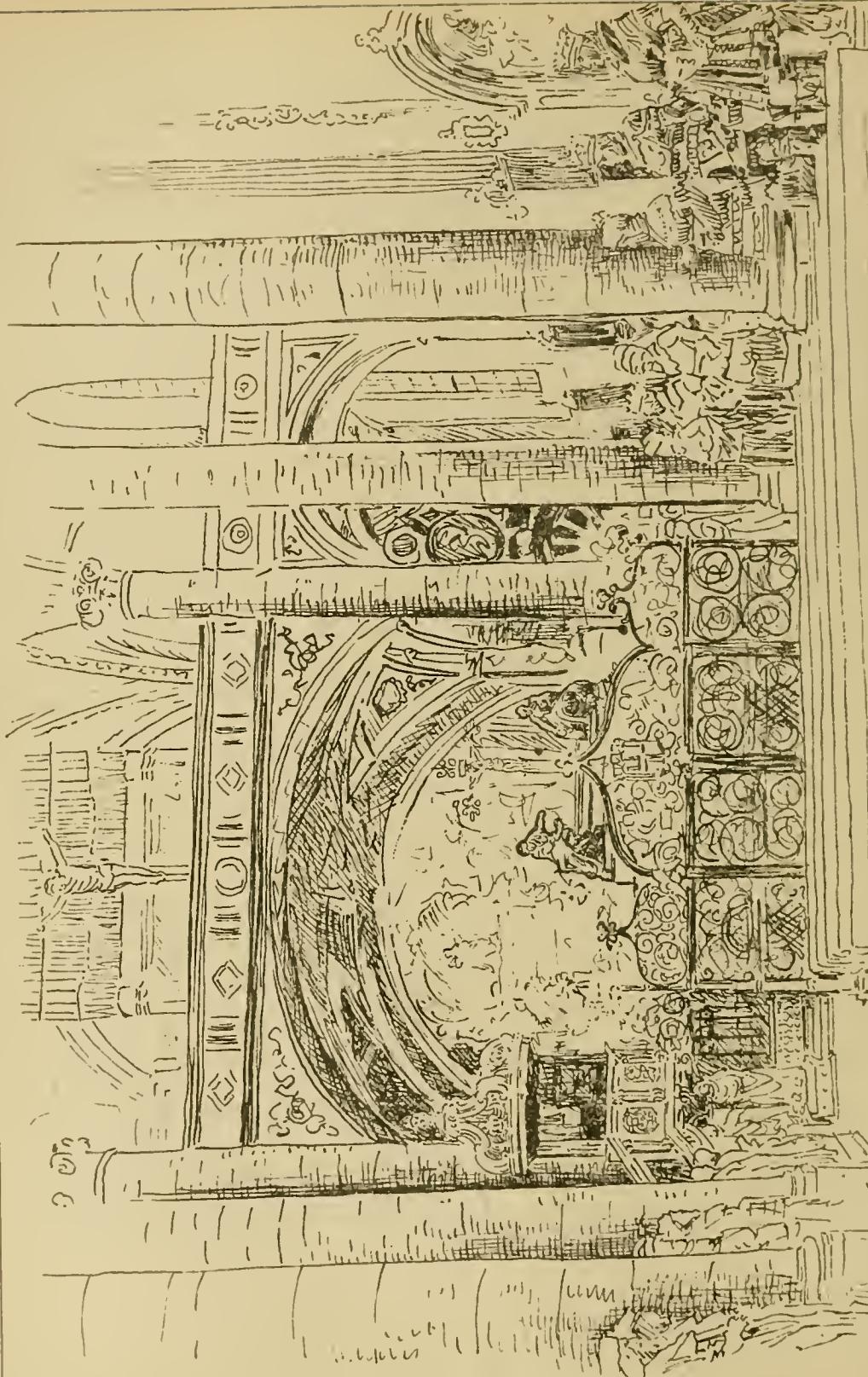
All the compliments I have paid the Swiss, can with equal justice be paid the Tyroleans, their brothers, and I cannot give a better idea of their courage, self-reliance and manhood, than to quote from Baodecker the story of Andreas Hofer, the George Washington of their

country.

"This extraordinary man was born in 1767, near the village of St. Leonhard in the Passeyer. A dealer in wines and horses at the age of 29, he began his public career as a leader of a corps of riflemen against the French, who were then invading Italy and encountered his men near Lago di Garda. In 1803 he assisted in a reorganization of the militia of his country and in 1808 took an active part in the rising against the Bavarians. During the year 1809 he was elected to the command of the Tyrolese, who under his generalship, achieved many victories. Later he accepted the civil and military governorship of the Tyrol with a residence at Schloss Tyrol, during which time he conducted the administration with characteristic simplicity and direction. After the peace of Vienna the Emperor of Austria himself exhorted the Tyrolese to submit to the foreign yoke of the French, but Hofer misled by false reports, led his troops against the enemy and was defeated, himself being obliged to flee for safety. His hiding place was eventually discovered however and on Jan. 20, 1810 he and his family were taken prisoners. He was conveyed to Mantova, tried by court marshal and notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the judges were opposed to his execution, was shot by the order of Napoleon on February 20, 1810".

Such was the career of this brave man.

As our progress through the valley had been very slow it was nearly three o'clock when we arrived at Landeck, the Austrian frontier. The journey to this point had been one of rare beauty, and now for the first time since leaving Zurich we had an opportunity to descend from the train and look up at the mighty mountains through which we had been traveling so many hours. It is a curious fact that one feels instinctively that they are in a different country, the moment they enter the station at Landeck. Of course the uniforms of the guards, the custom officials and the Gende Arms help to confirm this impression, but there is also a noticeable change in the employees themselves. They have a certain poise and dignity that attract attention, and conducted the passing of the customs with as much care as though we were people of great importance and station. It took fully an hour to examine all the baggage and put it back upon the train again, when this was accomplished the Chef de la Care, came out and standing at attention, gave the order to the Chef de train, who in turn, gave the signal to the engineer, and lo, we were again upon our way to Innsbruck.



Innsbruck.
Inneres der Hofkirche

INNSBRUCK

The approach to Innsbruck from Landeck is certainly very beautiful. The rain having cleared the atmosphere, the sun came out and not long after we left Telfs, the city loomed up in the distance. The valley through which we had been proceeding was the water course of the Inns River, a narrow but formidable stream, which separates the city of Innsbruck into two parts; on the right are high mountains, and on the left, tower the Tyrolean Alps to the height of over 10,000 feet. The noble and beautiful background that these make to the town cannot be imagined. Pictures give only a faint idea of it, and words are inadequate. It is therefore, like my view from Mt. Pilatus something that must be experienced to be appreciated. As our hotel, the Tyrol lay but a pistol shot from the depot we walked there and were disappointed to find it such a forboding looking establishment, as the great oaken doors were closed as though in fear of invasion; but once within we appreciated that we were in a comfortable and prosperous hotel. On being shown to my room, I noted that the hallways were heated by steam, and that each room had a large open fireplace as well. I

opened the casement windows, and observed they were made double, a sure indication of a cold climate. The altitude of the town being probably 3000 feet, the air is always crisp and cold, and it is only at midday that the temperature increases to the point which we term comfort.

It was quite half past seven o'clock when our party went into the table de hote. As I had not seen many persons about the hotel when we entered, I was surprised on entering the noble dining room to find it filled with guests. The tables were arranged in the old-fashioned way and seated at least two hundred persons. While waiting for the maitre de l'hotel to find us places at table, I took a glance at the room. It was perhaps one hundred feet long by seventy in width, with lofty ceilings, richly decorated. But the crowning glory of it all, was an immense window at the end, made in large sections that framed in the landscape. Imagine an opening filled with plate glass, forty feet wide by fifty feet in height, framing in the Alps with its chalets, forests, and snow-capped peaks, (not in miniature but in actual reality) and you can then get a slight idea of the beauty of the scene. At the moment I was looking at it, the sun was gilding the summits of the mountain with a soft rose tint, that formed a delicate contrast with the white snows and the sombre green of the firs below, and as I stood in

contemplation; I begun to appreciate how futile it is for the artist with canvas and pigments to attempt to portray such a marvelous and majestic scene. It cannot be done except in miniature and that is but a memory.

The dinner over the tolling of the church bells reminded us that it was Sunday, and weary from our journey we did not venture out of the hotel that evening, but retired early to bed.

The next day I arose early and learning that there was an exhibition at Munich decided to take the 1 P.M. train on to that point. This gave us but a half day in Innsbruck. I can therefore only give such information of the place as I obtained in that short time.

Briefly, Innsbruck is a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, and like Lucerne is the center of tourist travel from Italy to Germany during the summer season. Most tourists coming north from Italy take the route to Milan from thence through the Italian Lakes, then over the St. Gothard to Lucerne or other points north. Yet in doing this they miss one of the most beautiful scenic trips in Europe - the trip from Venice to Verona, thence to Bozen and then through the wonderful Dolmites to Innsbruck. This country of the Dolmites is truly the glory of Europe, and in order to be properly seen and appreciated, the trip should be made by means of a

mountain wagon starting either at Innsbruck or Botzen.

To a party of four the expense is not excessive, and the experience will be one to be remembered. Unfortunately we were unable to make this detour our Nemesis driving us toward Oberammergau.

Innsbruck is an extremely interesting city, and possess many broad and handsome streets, and several important buildings. The town being located on both sides of the Inn River, is consequently divided into two parts known as the old and new town. The new town is of course the most important and contains the principal places of interest. Of these the only one that I visited was the Franciscan Church, or Hofkirche as it is called. As this is the Westminster Abbey of the Tyrolese, a word about it will be of interest. Architecturally, the church is of no great importance, the exterior being sadly in need of repair and were it not for the superb monument of Maximilian I. which graces its interior the church would probably be little visited. This tomb however, is one of the best examples of the Renaissance period. It was constructed in 1563 and occupies the center of the nave of the church. In form it is that of a sarcophagus beautifully ornamented by many bas reliefs and small statues, the top surmounted by a bronze figure of Maximilian I in a kneeling position, facing the chancel of the church, and

the whole surrounded by a most beautiful and ornate iron grille. On the right and left of this tomb occupying the open spaces between the large columns that support the nave roof are twenty-eight colossal statues of the powerful royalties of the period. The marvelous detail of the costumes of these statues gives one a slight impression of the magnificence of the time. The list of these remarkable statues is as follows:

On the right are: 1. Clon's of France; 2. Philip I. of Spain son of Maximilian; 3, Emperor Randolph of Hapsburg; 4, Duke Albert the Wise; 5, Theodo Duke of Austria and Styria. 7, Theodobert, Duke of Burgundy; 8, Arthur King of England; 9, Archduke Segismund; 10, Bianca, Maria Sforza second wife of Maximilian; 11 Margaret their daughter; 12, Zimburga, wife of Duke Ernest; 13, Charles the Bold of Burgundy; 14, Philip le Bon, father of the last.

On the left are: 15, Johanna Queen of Philip I of Spain; 16, Ferdinand the Catholic, her father; 17, Cunigunde sister of Maximilian; 18, Elonora of Portugal mother of Maximilian; 19, Maria of Burgundy his first wife; 20, Elizabeth, wife of Albert I; 23, Frederick IV, Count of the Tyrol; 24, Leopold III; 25, Count Rudolph of Hapsburg, grandfather of the Emperor; 26, Leopold the Saint; 27, Emperor Frederick III, father of

Maximilian; 28, Emperor Albert II.

Such are the statues of the royal personages who surround this tomb, and as they are placed, the statues form a noble frame work for the sarcophagus, and the whole makes an array, which ranks this monument as one of the most interesting in Europe.

EN ROUTE TO MUNICH

Although we had spent but half a day in Innsbruck and would gladly have remained longer, nevertheless friends whom we had met advised us to hurry on to Munich and as circumstances afterward transpired it was well that we did so. Therefore at 1:30 p.m. we took the Munich Express and were soon out of the mountainous district of the Tyrol. As we approached Rosenheim, the frontier, the country became more rolling and fertile, and it was evident that we had descended into a different land. Our baggage being registered through we did not pass the customs here, but continued on to Munich which we reached about 4:30 in the afternoon. Our approach to the city convinced me of the importance of this town as a manufacturing center, which possibly explains why the present exhibition was held there. Be that as it may, on arriving at the Central Station I was amazed at the crowds of tourists rushing to and fro. Had I been transported in a dream to the World's Fair at Chicago, the rush and disorder could not have been worse. We finally pushed our way out to the open square where the hotel omnibuses align themselves, and seeking

that of The Bayreuther Hof went toward it. To our surprise the handsome electric bus stood there unattended, and no one seemed to know where the driver had gone. After a few moments delay he arrived and politely told us that their hotel was quite full and that it would be useless for us to go there. He was about to leave us when I recalled him and told him that we were traveling with Cock's Hotel Coupons, and having written in advance, it was his place to find us accommodations elsewhere. The argument proved effective and after an half hour's delay he returned telling us that he had secured accommodations at The Hotel Savoy, where we would at least have good food and a clean bed. We accepted and were driven to one of the most unique Bohemian resorts in the town. I was not sorry for this, for the dress and parade of first class hotels was beginning to pall on me, and the moment we descended at the hotel I knew that we had finally found a typical German hostelry. But of this anon.

At present we are concerned with reaching Oberammergau in time for the Passion Play. It was therefore decided that we should have our rooms reserved for our return and leave on the afternoon of July 27th for the play. This gave us a day in which to see Munich before leaving for Oberammergau.

OBERAMMERGAU.

As one of the principal reasons I had in visiting Europe this year was to witness the Passion Play, I shall attempt to describe, as amply as possible, the impression the event made on me. Of course I had read somewhat of the play and the performers, and I think I approached the sacred town with an open mind; if therefore my review of the event is not as laudatory as that of Wm. T. Stead, it may be because I did not understand enough German to make the play fully intelligible to me, or it may be that my standards of dramatic composition are too advanced, or still it may be that I am not one of the faithful. At any rate, whatever the cause, I shall attempt to be sincere in my criticism.

While the play is given by the people of the village, every ten years, in fulfillment of a vow, the thoroughly business-like manner in which the affair is conducted convinces me that the monetary consideration is not neglected. This is made evident by the disposition of the seats which are given to the householders of the town, and re-sold by them to such guests as take lodgings with them. It is therefore necessary in subscribing for seats

and agree to take two days board and lodging with one of the householders. This is readily accomplished through Thos. Cook and Son, who seem to have a control of the best houses, they being interested in some way with the enterprise. However in justice to them I must say that they advised me of the condition in advance, and the entertainment we received in the home of Herr Göbel, the King's Forester, was to me, the most delightful part of this trip.

It was 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, July 27th, when we boarded the special train for Oberammergau. How many other passengers there were in the pilgrimage it would be difficult to estimate but there must have been several thousand, as it took two immense sections to accommodate them, even then many were obliged to stand in the corridors, and on the whole the trip was a most uncomfortable one. Of the passengers more than fifty percent were Americans, and the majority of these women. If I had expected to encounter a band of pilgrims, in devout expectation going forth to a great religious ceremonial, my illusion was soon dispelled when I heard a lot of young women and men singing college songs to while away the weary progress of our train. With few exceptions, all seemed to regard the coming event as a dramatic performance for their entertainment, rather than a religious

ceremonial which it has heretofore been. But, as I have said before, I desired to approach the performance with an open mind and did not intend to allow the frivolous talk and actions of a few of my countrymen to sway my opinion.

Although it was but thirty-four miles from Munich to Oberammergau, it took two and a half hours to make the trip. In that time we had passed through rolling lands and had ascended several hundred feet to the village which is at an altitude of about 2500 feet, set amid pretty wooded hills. When we descended from the train the passengers in a mad rush made for a temporary wooden shed over which the name of Thos. Cook & Son was visible. There they exchanged their tickets for a billet of allotment upon the various householders. It took a long while to serve them all but in due time we received our allotment and taking two boys of the village as guides, proceeded to walk up the muddy highway to the village. As we passed through the town I observed that the houses were of the Chalet type built of stone cemented over, with their exteriors frescoed in most fantastic manner. The house of our friend Herr Göbel proved to be one of the best in the town and was located beside the village church. Our advent was evidently expected for at the door we were met by the patron and his wife who extended

us a most hearty welcome. The boys, who had in the meantime, carried our satchels up to the bedrooms we were to occupy, now requested their pay. I gave them each half a mark, which was promptly returned as inadequate. I then learned that nothing less than a mark was considered a tip, and preferring not to dispute the matter, paid it. Yet had we chosen, we could have taken a cab for our party for the same price. However one must get used to these impositions, unless they wish to have their entire trip spoiled by futile discussions.

I confess that I was most agreeable surprised upon entering the house, to find it so large and commodious. It was perhaps forty feet wide by eighty feet long, two and a half stories in height. The roof was of the flat chalet type, but the curious part of it was, that it covered both a barn and a house in one. A heavy wall of masonry separated the barn from that occupied as the home, and if it had not been for the neighing of the horses, I would not have known that anything of the kind was near by. It appears that this form of construction is made necessary by the rigorous winters which often cut the village off from the outside world for days at a time. Under these conditions the family and their herds being gathered under one roof with plenty of food garnered away may await a favorable time to venture out.

The interior of the house was most interesting. A large hallway divided the building, and on this the main floor, were the Forester's office, his wife's sitting room, a large dining room and the kitchen. A handsome staircase in carved oak led up to the floor above where there were several large and small rooms, all beautifully furnished and decorated. These, and in fact, the entire building, were lighted by the most approved electric lights. It was evident that the proprietor was a great hunter for Chamois horns and deer antlers in great numbers, decorated the halls and gave a most picturesque patriarchal effect. In the dining-room were several examples of fine carved oak furniture and a beautiful Black Cock, superbly mounted, stood at the head of the room, in a defiant attitude which seemed to say, "Look at me, I am the rarest and most beautiful game bird in the world."

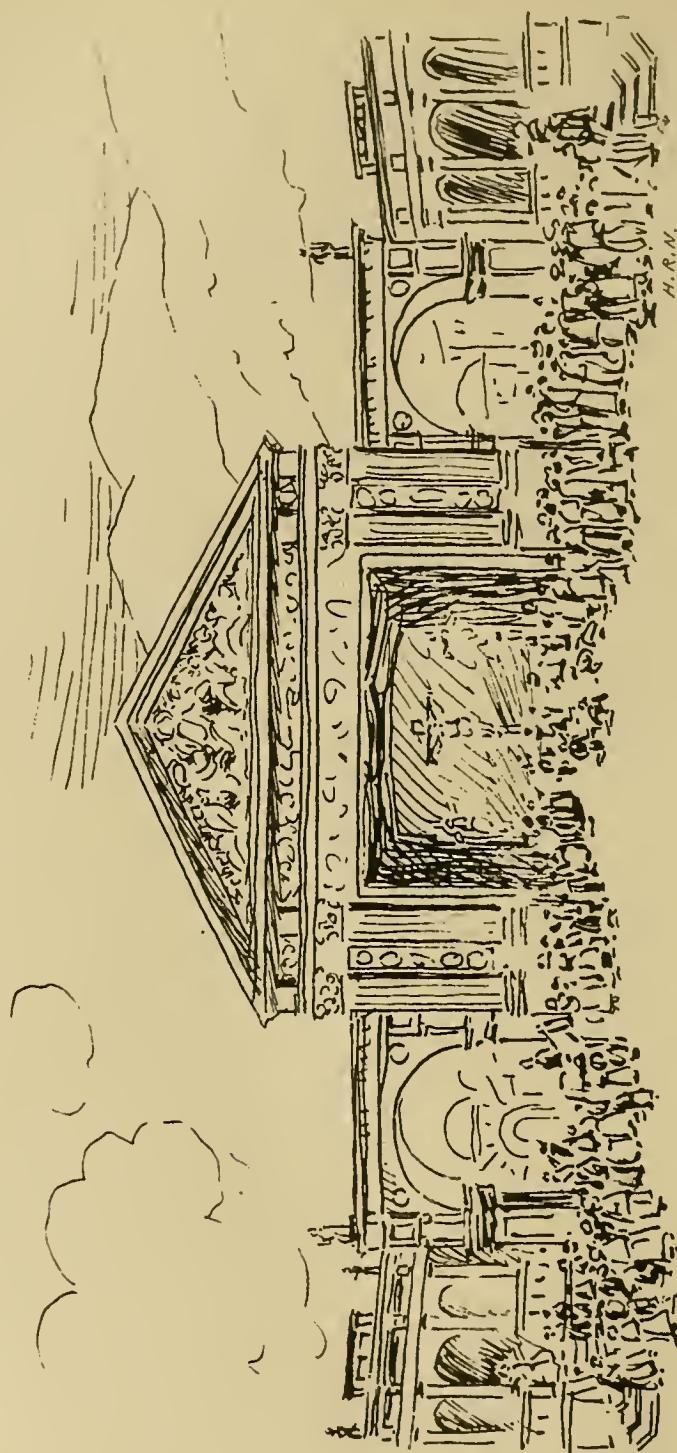
As for the proprietor Herr Göbel himself, he was a typical Tyrolean. A man of importance in his town, he not only looked but acted the part. He met us in his native costume - knee breeches, embroidered jacket and Robin Hood hat, which he politely doffed as we entered. A man of about 45 years of age, he stood six feet two inches in height, and being in the pink of health weighed probably 200 pounds. His beard and long hair lent a

picturesque setting to his genial face which seemed to say: "Gentlemen, my home is at your disposal, make yourselves happy." For a helpmate he had chosen a wife as healthy as himself. Simple, genial and competent, she wore her hair in braids and was dressed in a brown home-spun dress over which she wore a large black silk apron, the emblem of her office. Under her care were the cook and two house maids, who with her aid made the butter and cheese and cared for the house. These attendants wore large white aprons with straps over the shoulders the emblems of their office.

The King's Forester is next to the mayor of the village the most important personage in the town, for he controls the cutting and planting of the forests, and it is before him that all infringers of the game laws are brought for punishment. But it would take a book to describe the village and its very interesting inhabitants. Suffice it, they are mostly wood carvers and farmers; and during the season of the play every man, woman and child in the village is either directly or indirectly interested in the performance. As an example, I learned from the waitress of our house, a young girl of about eighteen, that she posed as one of the angels in the tableaux, of which there are a number interspersed between the acts. She seemed to be very proud of the minor part she essayed,

and told me that there were no less than four or five hundred performers, the majority of whom were quite content to be given an opportunity to appear among the multitude upon the stage. But do not let me anticipate the performance. It was quite six o'clock when I retired to my room for a few moments' repose before dinner. I must have fallen asleep, for about seven o'clock I was awakened by the distant voices of the villagers singing a solemn and dreary chant. Desiring to know the reason for this I arose and proceeded to the opposite side of the house, from whence the sound seemed to come, and looking out of the window saw in the church yard below, a priest and two acolytes standing at the head of an open grave. About the priest in a semi-circle were gathered a group of twenty or more peasants, in a kneeling posture, chanting the responses to the mass, - the last rites to the dead. It was a pathetic picture this, the men and women with their children at their side, all in deep sincerity rendering their prayer to God. I would have remained until the service ended, had not the dinner bell announced the hour for supper. I therefore descended at once and found the other guests about a dozen or more already seated at table. The waitress, of whom I have spoken, seemed to be perfectly capable of attending to the guests and proceeded by asking each what wine they would prefer,

handing them a written list of the vintages. When I glanced at this list I knew that our patron was a connoisseur of good wine, and forthwith ordered a bottle of Rhudersheimer. The wine was excellent but the dinner was even better, such superb cooking I had not tasted since leaving home. Briefly it consisted of Lintel soup, brock trout with butter sauce, roast lamb with vegetables cauliflower salade, nesslerode pudding, cheese, fruits and nuts. By the time coffee was served all the guests at table had become acquainted and we sat about sipping our coffee, and discussing the play until the late hour of nine o'clock when we all retired to bed.



Obernheim
Passion Stage

THE PASSION PLAY

So much has been written about this performance that is true and so much that is fanciful flattery, that it is difficult for one who has not witnessed the play to get a just appreciation of its real appeal. I shall therefore recount only as much as I saw and give my impression of the event rather than an analysis of the play.

It was six o'clock on the morning of July 28th when the maid rapped on my door, and told me that mass was already on at the church. I would gladly have gone to sleep again but the tolling of a great church bell near by, made that impossible. I therefore arose and while dressing watched the shepherds drive their flock to pasture; the cows and sheep were passing down the road in troops of ten or more at a time, their tintillating bells, making a merry roundelay in opposition to the solemnity of the church bourdon. I was soon out of doors and when the procession had passed, entered the church. To my surprise I found it crowded to the doors, pushing my way through the throng I reached a side aisle and saw a priest, a deacon and a sub-deacon with attendant acolytes performing the high mass at the high altar.

There were also four other priests at the four side altars all going through the same ceremony, each quite oblivious of the others - assuredly it was an imposing array and in justice I must add that the service was solemn and dignified. The church not being heated was as cold as a vault, and after passing my mite to the verger who collected the alms by means of a velvet bag tied to a fishing pole, I gladly returned to the open. Although it was midsummer the morning was as cold as autumn. A mist like steam was arising from the ground and there was a chill in the air that penetrated to the marrow of the bone. I was glad therefore to return to the house and get a cup of hot coffee to warm me and after a chat with my friends set out for the play house. Before leaving, Madame Göbel handed us each a cushion which we like the others, carried instead of a prayer book. As we passed through the village the sun came out and as we neared the theatre the crowd became so dense that we could proceed but slowly.

It took us some time to find our seats which were only a board bench with many numbers on the back. Finally getting located we watched the auditorium from our point of vantage. The whole audience seemed to be a sea of humanity, going and coming, talking and laughing as though they were to witness a comedy instead of a

tragedy. Such a babel of tongues I have never heard before, but among them all the Anglo-Saxon seemed to dominate. I stood for a moment in order to note the size of the auditorium which I was told was 47 meters long by 47 1/2 in width. In appearance the building has no architectural beauty whatever, resembling a skating rink, more than a theatre. The seats are placed in rows, and ascend step by step to the back, so that the last row is at a very great distance from the stage. The acoustics, nevertheless, are very good and I am told that one can hear quite distinctly in the last row. Measurements give one but a vague idea of this auditorium which seats 4000 people. That there was not an empty seat at the opening of the play speaks volumes for the enterprise, and it would be difficult to describe the spirit of expectancy that pervaded the throng. However, it is not the audience that we came to see but the play. The stage is an immense affair being 145 feet wide, and open to the weather, the scenery, like the Greek Theatre, permanent, but instead of being built in stone is constructed in wood and canvas frescoed to simulate stone and marble. This was a sad disappointment to me, for I know the great advantage of a dignified setting and this can only be obtained by using real material. The permanent set represented a series of colonnades and arches which lead up to

the central theatre, reserved for the tableaux and certain scenes of the play. This central theatre is quite modern in its appointments, having a curtain which may be raised and lowered, and the rapidity with which the scenes were changed would do justice to the best modern stage management.

It was quite eight o'clock when the orchestra opened with the prelude. After a few moments' silence was obtained and the play commenced, by the presentation of a tableau entitled the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. I confess the beauty of this tableau sent a thrill through me, and I looked forward to the next scene with great interest. Then followed the greeting of the Prologue, which was succeeded by another tableau entitled The Adoration of the Cross. All thus far has been preparatory to the first Act which opens with the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. In this act fully 400 people are upon the stage at once, and the hosannahs and shouts of triumph make a truly dramatic opening to the play. To give a full list of the acts and various scenes and tableaux would require many pages, I can therefore only give a summary of them and explain the action. Briefly the play is of 18 acts each of which is preceded by a speech from the prologue followed by a chorale of the chorus of thirty or more voices. Interspersed between

the various scenes of the play are twenty-two tableaux, all with few exception, being incidents from the old testament. Now it must be evident that a play of this length is a tremendous affair, comparable only to the old Greek tragedies. In its printed form it makes a book of 136 finely printed pages. And its presentation takes eight hours. Fortunately there is an entre act at midday of two hours which gives the audience a respite sufficient to eat a good luncheon in order to sustain them for the afternoon performance. As for myself, I was tired out by the end of the first half and had I not been induced to do so, I would not have returned to the theatre.

Although the play has many moments of dramatic action, the progress of events (happenings) is greatly retarded by the infernally long speeches of the Prologue and the dreary chants of the chorus. Music is always a delightful relief to intense dramatic action, but the chorals as sung, had the reverse effect notwithstanding the fact that the music was well composed and fairly well interpreted by an orchestra of twenty-eight instruments. Furthermore the introduction of numberless tableaux greatly retarded the action. As these with few exceptions had little or no relation whatever to the story of the Passion of Christ, their exclusion would have advanced

the action greatly. How many authors have from time to time had a hand in the writing and rewriting of the text, I do not know. However, dramatically, the play commences at the corrent point and the scene in which Christ drives the money changers from the temple starts cause and effect at once in action. From this point forward the scenes follow the story of the new testament with great fidelity concluding with a beautiful tableau of the ascension of Christ into Heaven.

Of the acting, declamation and stage management it is only possible to speak in terms of highest praise, and it is therefore not difficult to understand why the average observer becomes so enthusiastic about the performance. But aside from the remarkably successful casting of the play and the acting, the lighting of the stage was unequal to that of the modern theatre. I confess I was disappointed at this, for I had expected much of the open air setting, which in the Greek drama, gave it such a characteristic atmosphere. Doubtless the costumes and ensemble effects were vastly superior to those of the ancient drama, and many of the stage pictures were worthy of a painter. Nevertheless, the lagging of the dramatic action wearied the audience, and long before the entre act of midday was reached it was plain that the play was losing its grip upon the multitude.

After luncheon we returned to the theatre and at two o'clock precisely the play recommenced. When I entered the auditorium from the clear air without, the vitiated atmosphere within the theatre nearly choked me. It seems incredible that the place had not been ventilated during the entre act, nevertheless that was the case. Notwithstanding the fact that the second half of the play was by far the most dramatic, I noticed many about me yawning and attempting by various means to keep awake. As for myself, an uncontrollable desire to doze came upon me, and after an hour or so I fell asleep. This is a sad confession, but true nevertheless. Fortunately an entre act of a few moments gave me an opportunity to escape and I left the theatre, never to return again.

It was perhaps four o'clock in the afternoon when I left the theatre and being chilled to the bone sought a restaurant to get a cup of hot coffee. To my surprise there was no one about. I finally found a waiter asleep in the kitchen and after the refreshing influence of the coffee started off for a tramp into the country.

What highway I followed, I do not know, but the sun came out to cheer me and I had proceeded several miles up the valley to a place where a mountain stream ran lazily through a pretty meadow and was resting upon a mossy rock when I heard the merry laughter of children near by. There

were perhaps a dozen young children of from two to six years of age accompanied by a very pretty girl of twenty, who was playing the little mother, while the parents of the children were at the play. She had evidently brought them into this sunny valley to gather wild flowers.

Hither and thither the youngsters ran, gathering a flower here and another there, and when finally they had secured a handful, they would run toward their little mother and hand them to her receiving a loving embrace for their pains. It was a pretty sight and as I sat in contemplation, watching the love this young girl bestowed upon her little family, I smiled as I thought of those cynics who define love as the memory or anticipation of the gratification of sex. Such definitions are like those who make them false and earthly, and had any one with a heart, witnessed the beautiful scene I have described, they would have been obliged to admit that love is something greater, deeper, more beautiful than that, something far beyond the power of words to define. How long I remained in the sequestered spot, I do not remember, I only recall the mad honking of automobile horns as one after another in a wild race a dozen or more passed us en route for Munich. Slowly I took my way homeward and again at seven o'clock our little group gathered about the host's table. To my surprise, the conversation seemed

to lag, notwithstanding the excellent dinner the hostess had served. Of course eventually the talk drifted to the play, and the sum of the different opinions may be gathered in the terse statement of a friend when he said: "I would not have missed seeing it for a hundred dollars, but I would not take a thousand to see it again." This statement does not accord with the opinion of W. T. Stead, but it fairly represents the judgment of the average observer. The truth is the play is much too long, and the tragedy, although an illusion, is nerve racking at best. I was therefore not sorry to have missed the crucifixion, and would not have exchanged my walk in the hills for the tragic scenes, which have brought the actors the praises of Kings and Queens. That night we all retired early to rest. Fatigued by the strenuous events of the day, I remembered nothing until the next morning when I heard the stentorian voice of the town crier ordering the visitors out of town. I did not need a second call, but arose and awaking my companions, we descended to breakfast, paid our bill and bade farewell to Herr Gobel and his wife. On the way to the Railway station I passed the very picturesque house of Anton Lang, the Christus. Although it was an early hour, many of the tourists were frequenting his establishment buying souvenirs and conversing with the master. Such is fame! For my part I

regard with disdain the attitude of those people, who lionize, simple though talented peasants, simply because they have acted in the Passion Play. It is true that many of the performers are men and women of rare talent and good education, but it must be remembered that the very beautiful and dramatic speeches they declaim have been written by great and good men and the actors only interpret them to the audience. Regarded from the viewpoint dramatic art the play ranks favorably with the best ancient tragedies that have been performed within recent years. Its defects I have already mentioned, but there is one insurmountable obstacle which the art of man cannot overcome, and that is the impossibility of adequately portraying the character of Christ. I do not say this to disparage in any way, the excellent acting of Mr. Anton Lang, for I doubt if any modern actor could have done better, but as is well known to the practical dramatist, the borderland between illusion and reality is very frail. And if the audience cannot, through a previous conception of Christ's character, accept the illusion, the play misses its mark. However it does not follow that because this is my opinion that it will be the opinion of others. Each must decide for himself.

With this thought I boarded the train for Munich and after an uneventful ride we reached our Hotel, the Savoy,



München
Das neue Rathaus

in time for luncheon.

MUNICH.

Munich is situated on an extensive plateau on the banks of the Isar at an altitude of 1700 feet above the level of the sea. It is the third largest city in Germany having a population of 556,000 inhabitants, and being the capital of Bavaria, ranks high in wealth commerce and art.

After the Franco-Prussian war when Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and Bismarck welded the 22 discordant Dukedomes, Dutchies, Principalities and Palitanates, and the four Kingdoms of Prussia, Wurtemburg, Saxony and Bavaria into the Great German Empire, they builded better than they knew. Ever since that day the German star has been in the ascendant, until today the population of United Germany is estimated at 65,000,000, and the amount of their manufactures and exports are now quoted in billions. Unquestionably Germany is the most prosperous and progressive country in Europe, notwithstanding the wonderful advance of France and Austra-Hungary. I have not time to enter into the many causes that have operated so successfully to produce this result within a period of 40 years.

Suffice it, a wise and masterful administration of the laws, a protective tariff, and above all, a drastic revision of the educational system of the state, have all aided materially to this end. As an example of the present system of education a word about that of Munich must suffice. At present education is compulsory until the scholar has attained to 16 years of age. After that there are the continuing schools where all the trades and arts are taught. The completeness of the curriculum of these schools is amazing and includes every trade and art from hair-dressing to house building and engineering. A three years course in one of these schools puts the student at the age of 21 in the productive class where he may at once become a bread winner. It is therefore not surprising that the German Craftsman of today are the best trained men in the world. As for the popularity of these Municipal Schools the following figures will be illuminating. The present municipal schools educate 70,000 students per annum, whilst the total membership of the private schools of Munich only amount to 300 scholars. From this it will be seen what an important part the educational system of the state plays in the life of the people.

Architecturally, Munich is a curious combination of the old and the new. Many successive dynasties have

added their mite toward the beautification of the city. But it was during the reign of Ludwig I, the son of Maximilian I: who died in 1868, that the city attained to its present dignity. A magnificent patron of art King Ludwig I caused the city to be embellished with most of the handsome churches and palatial secular edifices which are now the chief boast of the Bavarian Capital. In its treasures of art, Munich has accumulated so much that is rare and interesting, that today the city is ranked artistically first in the Empire. I confess this statement greatly surprised me, for I had already seen the collections of Dresden and Berlin and could hardly believe that a town of the size of Munich could have accumulated so much treasure. The statement however is quite correct, and I doubt if two weeks would suffice to visit the galleries, museums, technical schools, palaces and important churches which grace the city. For my part I only saw the galleries of ancient and modern art, and the beautiful New National Museum. This latter is built in the new part of the city and is located upon a beautiful boulevard as fine as any in Paris. It would be difficult to describe the wealth of rare objects gathered within this mass of buildings, but some idea of the extent of the collection can be obtained when one is told that it takes three hours or

more to walk through the various rooms. I had made a rapid survey of the lower floors and becoming weary was about to return to the hotel when, a sign at a stairway near the top floor of the building, attracted my attention. Ever curious, I mounted the stairway and found myself in a vast series of rooms, containing many models of crypts. These crypts are all miniature models of the visit of the Magi to the Christ Child at Bethlehem and are mounted and lighted artificially in such a clever manner that they give one the impression of looking upon a tableau or landscape. Some of them were evidently modeled by artists of rare ability and the wealth of detail, beautiful grouping and coloring, rendered an illusion that was truly surprising. The collection was indeed a surprise to me for I had never seen anything of the kind before.

It would require much time to give a list of the principal monuments and public buildings of the city. However, the new Rathaus or City Hall, is especially worthy of mention. This beautiful building is in the Gothic style so dear to the Germans, and is something to be proud of. It is nearly as large as the Hotel de Ville of Paris and to my mind much more beautiful. But enough of the city and its buildings; in the last analyses it is the people who have produced these that interest most.

And to see the inhabitants one must either meet them in their homes, or else find them at the resorts they frequent. I therefore took one of my friends and drove to the Exhibition of Decorative Arts located in a pretty park about a mile from Karl Platz, the centre of the town. It was a beautiful afternoon and my enthusiasm knew no bounds when I entered the gate and looked upon the groups of buildings which compose this unique exhibition. All was L'Art Nouveau. Buildings, Cafes, Kiosks and the thousand and one minor details of landscape which lend such charm to architecture. A stringed orchestra was playing a lively waltz when we entered, and seated about in little groups were the elite of the city, taking their afternoon coffee and cakes, as is their custom. It was surely a pretty sight and as I watched the family groups, and noted the many little courtesies they extended to one another, I began to understand why we crude Americans enjoy the society of our foreign neighbors. At night time the exhibition grounds were lighted by thousands of electric lights hidden among the trees and shrubs. Whilst in a large open court a military band attracted many by the excellent selections it played. A variety theatre and other attractions were included in the group of buildings which on the whole were the best examples of L'Art Nouveau Architecture I saw during my

trip abroad.

It was nearly the hour of table d'hoté when we returned to our hotel to find it thronged with American tourists. The patron told me that he seated and fed two hundred in the dining-room that evening, and I can well believe it from the babel of voices that nearly drowned the Gypsy orchestra while the courses were being served.

As we came out of the dining room we heard the strains of another orchestra near by, and passing through a glazed door on the right found ourselves in an immense cafe thronged with people of the town. This cafe was a part of our hotel and was conducted by the same proprietor Herr Bauer. A part of the large room was given over to six billiard tables which were all in active operation. Another section was reserved as a restaurant, while the main part of the establishment was filled with tables where innumerable parties were seated, drinking their beer or eating refreshments. An orchestra, composed of two first violins, a cello and a double bass, a piano, a flute and a reed organ, occupied a platform to the right of the main entrance. These artists played a remarkable variety of music, and the dash with which they essayed the Viennese waltzes completely won me. While I stood watching the Bohemian crowd the proprietor came up to me and noting my interest asked me how many people I



Munich.

Hofbräuhaus

imagined were in the room at that time. I replied about two hundred. "No", he said, "there are more than that, for we have already served four hundred. Whenever there is an empty table it will find some one ready waiting for it. You see, our place is popular." Indeed it was, and as I now look back at the scene, I marvel at the food and drink that was consumed that night. Love, laughter and good cheer were the inspiration that drew them there. And although the beer flowed like water, and the frankfurters and sauerkraut vanished like dew before a summer sun, yet there was no disorder or intoxication. Could the same be said of a similar establishment in this country? I doubt it.

Munich being the home of the celebrated brew of that name I desired to see the Hofbrau house before leaving town. We chose however to visit the Deutches Theatre instead. Here was another establishment as thoroughly Bohemian as our hotel and cafe. Imagine a large theatre in which the orchestra, the balconies and boxes are furnished with tables seating four, six or eight persons. Conceive if you can the establishment filled with men and women eating and drinking and smoking whilst a vaudeville entertainment is in progress on the stage, and you may have some faint idea of the picture. I think our party were the only foreigners present that night, for when the

cntral act occurred we seemed to be quite out of it, among the throng of army officers and gaily dressed ladies who promenaded the foyer.

But alas! Our days in Munich were drawing to a close. Sunday, July the 31st had arrived, already half our vacation had passed and on the morrow we were to take the express to Vienna.

EN ROUTE TO VIENNA.

It was a beautiful morning when we awoke the next day, and after our coffee and rolls, we paid our bill and bade goodbye to Herr Bauer. Arriving at the depot I was surprised to find such a crowd awaiting the train. It seemed impossible that a single train could accommodate them. Yet I am not aware that any were left behind. By nine o'clock the express drew slowly out of the station and with a sigh of regret we bade farewell to Munich.

It is regrettable that modern journalism seems to thrive on sensationalism. When a writer's story is lacking in this quality, the editor deplores the invention of the author, and nine times out of ten the mss is returned with thanks. Now it is not difficult to fill a narrative such as I am writing, with adventures that never occurred, and jokes that never were cracked. But with such methods I have no patience whatever. Sincerity is the essence of all real art, and the best writers never descend to deception in order to entertain. I am therefore recounting my experiences as they occurred, not as they might have happened.

Our route to Vienna lay through Rosenheim to Salzberg,

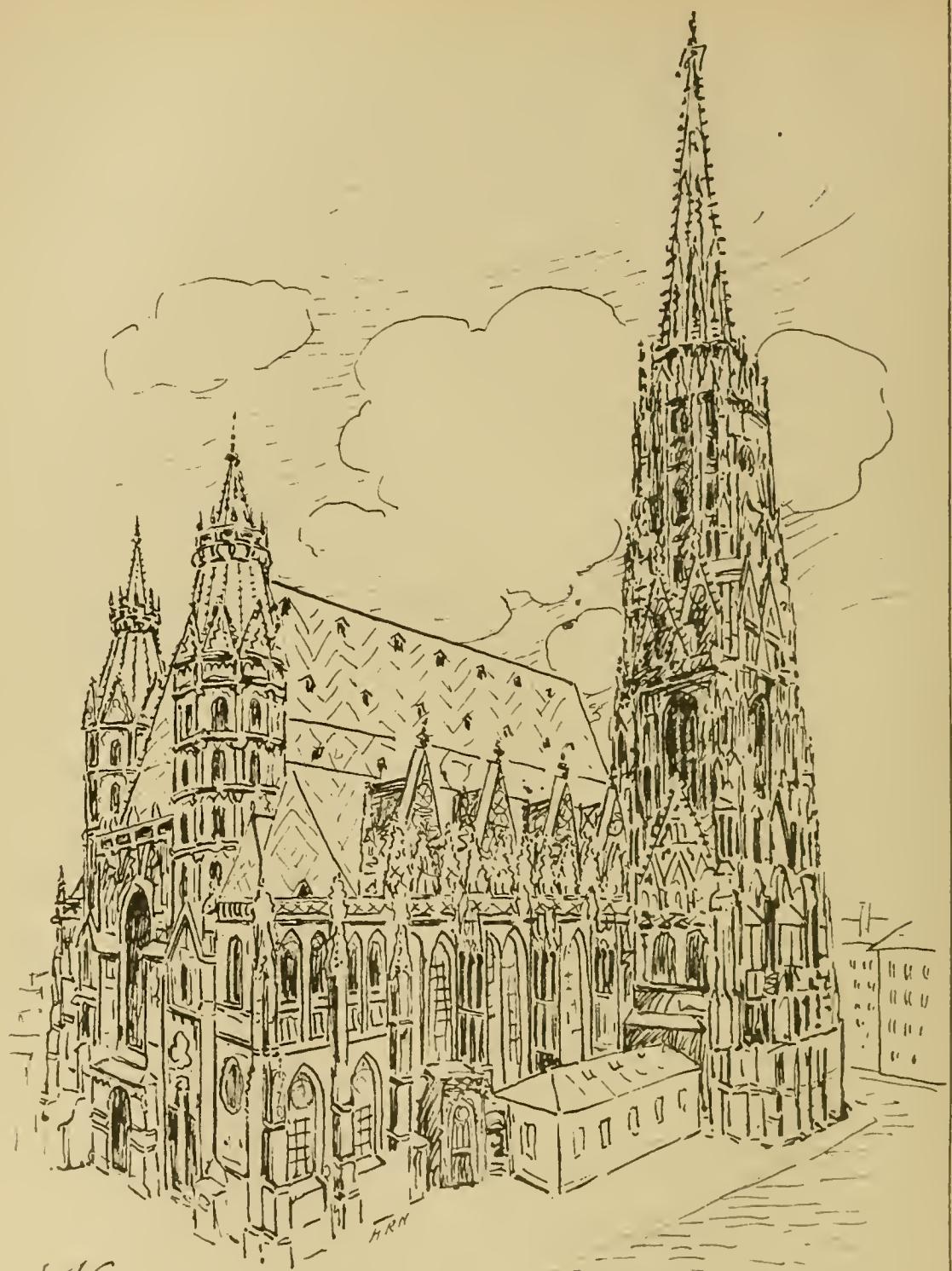
the Austrian frontier. It was about twelve o'clock when we arrived in the beautiful new station of Salzberg and I would gladly have broken our journey there had out time permitted. But fortunately we decided to proceed. Therefore, I went to the Customs to pass our baggage, while the young men accompanying me attempted to get something to eat. An hour is usually allowed the passengers to pass the customs and get their luncheon. Had we been allowed twice that time it would not have sufficed so great was the crowd at the station. Already a half hour had passed and our trunks had not been brought into the examining room. Becoming nervous at the delay I returned to the platform and found them laying beneath a mass of baggage mountain high. In vain I appealed to the porters to get them out and carry them to the examining room. My appeal was useless, either they did not understand or did not wish to. Fortunately an Interpreter appeared upon the scene and I explained my predicament to him, passing him a mark at the same time. The effect of this little courtesy was electrical. In a jiffy our trunks were pulled from out the mass of baggage and brought before the examiners who passed them in short order, and a few moments later we and our trunks were enroute to Vienna.

The country about Salzberg is open rolling land

beautifully tilled. At every turn are to be seen handsome farmhouses and imposing barns indicating a wealthy peasantry. As we proceeded toward the town of Wols the land became richer and more fertile. From thence it slopes gradually, until it reaches the valley of the Danube upon which is located the City of Linz. This town is the most important in this section of the country and does a flourishing trade; being located on the Danube it has daily communication with points north and South by water, and excursionists can proceed from this point to Vienna by steamer if they prefer. We chose to continue on, and as we neared the river were not sorry we had decided to do so. So much poetic exaggeration has been written about the beautiful Blue Danube that our expectations ran high. Certainly the first view of the river was disappointing. Through miles of flat meadow land a muddy clay-colored stream wound its way toward some rolling hills in the distance. Not a boat was visible and it was hours before we passed a steamer upward bound. The country bordering both sides of the river has been so denuded of forests that during the rainy season the river rises with marvelous rapidity and floods along its course are of such frequent occurrence as to be commonplace.

The route of our railway followed approximately that

of the river and gave us a fair impression of the surrounding country, which is as fertile as any in France or Spain. About 6:30 p.m. we spied upon a high hill overlooking the Danube, Kloster Newburg - a most imposing mass of buildings comparable only to some of the great monasteries in Spain. As this celebrated monastery is only about thirty miles from Vienna our journey was soon at an end. At 7:30 p.m. we entered the City Station and 8:30 p.m. precisely twelve hours from the time of our departure at Munich, we found ourselves at the Hotel Bristol on the Ring Straaser, completely wearied by our day's journey.



Vienna.
Stefanskirche

VIENNA

It is quite impossible to give a description of Vienna in a few paragraphs, and the same remark is equally applicable to Paris, Berlin or London. All these cities are so large and have such a wealth of interest that voluminous guide books are necessary to record them.

The present year being the Diamond Jubilee of the accession to the throne of Emperor Joseph I. much attention has been attracted to Vienna. A reign of sixty years is a remarkable one at best, but when we compare the city of sixty years ago with the Vienna of today the Austrians have good reason to be proud of their capital. Today it is a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants, with a commerce that has grown at a tremendous pace. Located upon flat meadow lands bordering the Danube the city was frequently inundated by floods until the present Danube canal was built. At present the town has grown up to the canal upon the borders of which are built many handsome business houses, hotels and apartments.

The climate of Vienna is approximately that of New York. Its altitude above the sea 436 feet, giving it a

slight advantage over our city. Nevertheless during the summer the temperatures run as high as New York, and the warm reception we received while there, discouraged us from going south to Buda Pesth.

The Official Guide says "It was not until the Imperial edict of 1857, that the city began to attain to its present dignity. The old city walls and glacis were then destroyed and in their place was built the present Ring, which the Viennese claim to be the most beautiful street in the world." I do not wish to dispute them, for it is certainly a noble and dignified thoroughfare unlike that of any other city. But once off it we find ourselves in a typical modern city, lacking in the character of older towns. However, there is one exception; I refer to the Maria Theresien Platz which is entered from the Ring and is justly the noblest square in Europe. The size of this square is enormous. In the center of an open park stands a colossal bronze monument erected to the memory of Maria Theresa; beautifully surrounded by gardens. On the right of this square is the Museum of Historic Art and on the left the Museum of Natural History, whilst at the end are other public buildings forming a group most imposing and artistic. All the buildings are designed in the classic style so dear to Christopher Wren, and their interiors were quite as beautiful as the

architecture of their exteriors.

The Rathhaus is also a very beautiful building of Gothic design and the Hofburg Theatre and the Hofoper - or Opera House, are justly famous. In point of historic interest however, the Stefans Kirche, or Church of St. Steven, is the most important edifice in Vienna. It dates from the year 1300 and was so long in building that it was not completed until the year 1510. The total length of this edifice is 118 yards and the height of the nave 89 feet. The extraordinary lofty nave, with its 18 massive supporting columns, gives this church its rare distinction. I remember entering it late one afternoon as the sun was setting. There was no light in the church except that which filtered through the tall lancet windows. Groping my way about I finally found a pew and sat for a moment in reverie. A priest was reciting mass at one of the side altars, the monotonous drawl of his voice, broken every now and then by the tinkling bell of the acolyte producing a most dramatic effect. I can well understand why this building has been so often mentioned by tourist, when greater buildings have been forgotten. There is a dramatic effect produced by its proportions and lighting, which completely transports one on entering for the first time. The architecture of pointed Gothic is good but not as beautiful as other cathedrals I have seen,

while its roof of black and red tiles is as ugly and discordant a combination as one can imagine. The tower, however, rises to the extraordinary height of 435 feet from the ground.

But why attempt to give even a suggestion of the architecture of Vienna. It is too large a task and photographs speak through the eye with more enduring effect than words can ever hope to do.

Desiring to see the city and enjoy an afternoon in the open, we ordered a carriage and drove to Schoenbrunn, the residence so intimately associated with Empress Maria Theresa. This castle is at present occupied by the Emperor Joseph I, and it is here that the great receptions of state are held. Although the Hofburg in the City has also seen many brave events during his reign, the castle is interesting because of its beautiful location, and the gorgeous decoration of many of the salons. These are kept in excellent preservation and lighted by electric lamps, yet strange to say the ancient porcelain stoves are still used to heat the various rooms. The gardens are beautifully maintained and on the whole it is a castle worthy of an Emperor.

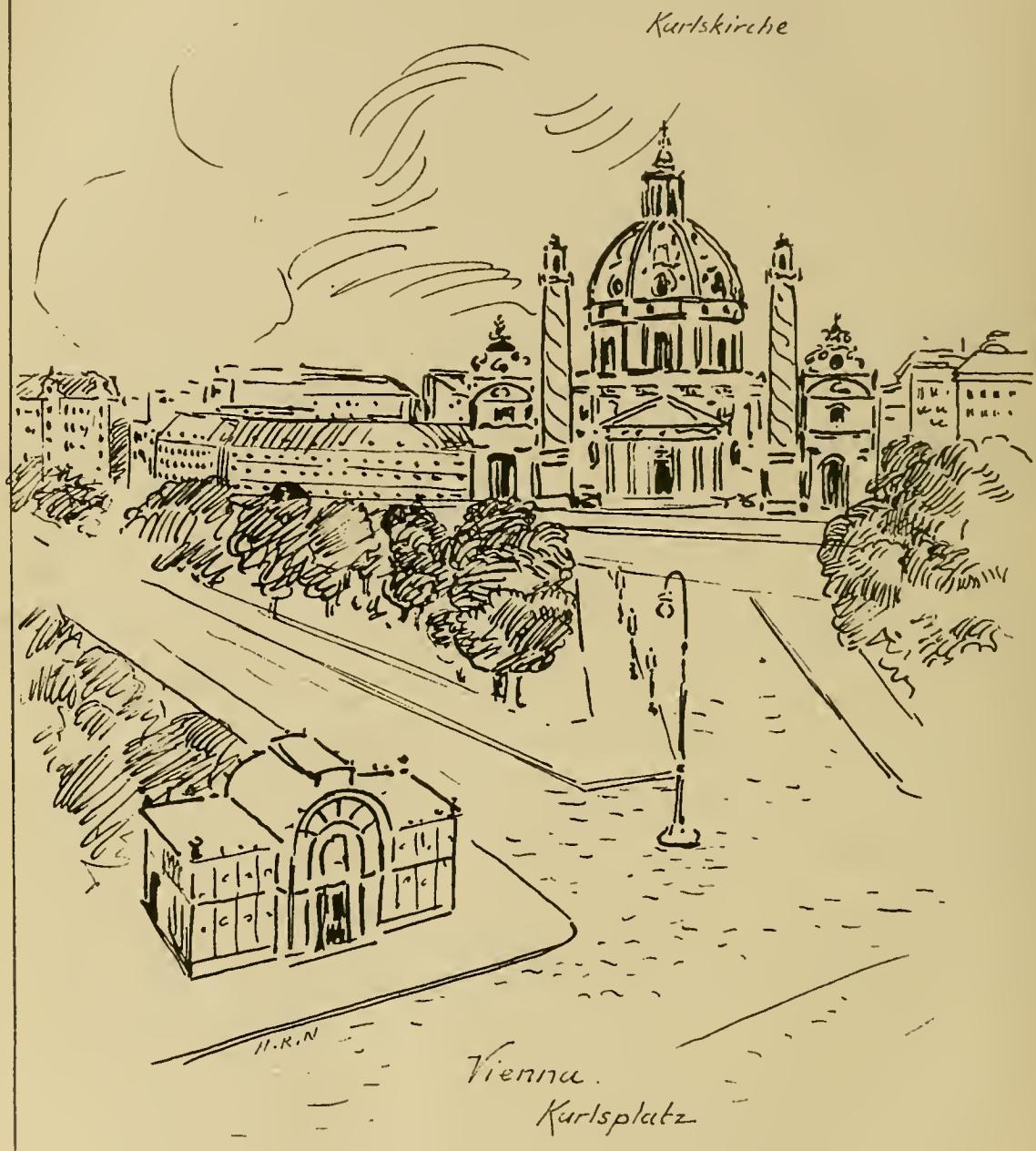
From Schoenbrunn we drove to the Exhibition grounds on the opposite side of the city passing through many uninteresting and dirty streets. Finally after an hour's

drive the coachman stopped before a cafe in the Tier Garden and we got out for our afternoon coffee and cakes. A large military band occupied one side of the garden, while a Gypsy orchestra held forth in an opposite kiosk. As we entered, the Gypsy band was playing the Blue Danube Waltz. The strains of which made me laugh when I contemplated its age. Nevertheless the audience seemed to enjoy it as much as if it had only been written a year ago.

The Viennese are a gay and light hearted people. "In the days when Metternich suppressed free thought, Strauss and Lanner revived the drooping spirit of the people by their vivacious waltzes and set all feet tripping to their seductive strains. Thus while mouths were gagged, the populace gave vent to their feelings in the dance." While the Viennese waltz is known the world over, it is not generally known that the great composers Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Bruckner and Brahms lived and worked here, and their works are intimately associated with the gay Viennese.

Although Vienna has been the home of the Secession Movement in art and architecture, the only exhibition of these artists I saw was in Munich. As for their L'Art Nouveau Architecture there are but few examples to be seen in Vienna, although the most celebrated Secessionists are either Viennese or have been trained there.

One often hears enthusiastic admirers of Vienna comparing it with Paris. Aside from the similarity of its architecture the comparison is absurd. One might as well compare Philadelphia with New York. Both are large cities, but there is more enterprise, commerce and activity in Gotham in a day than takes place in Philadelphia in a month. The night before we left I took a walk a mile or so up the brilliantly lighted Ring in the hope of seeing some movement such as one sees on the boulevards in Paris. Although it was only ten o'clock at night, the thoroughfare was deserted. I therefore returned to the opera and passed up Kärntner Strasser, the Broadway of the City. On this thoroughfare and those radiating from it, are located the beautiful shops of the city. To my amazement, I did not pass a dozen persons in my walk of a mile or more through this brilliantly lighted district. Where were the people? At the Tier Gardens and Exhibition, my friends replied. Perhaps! But in Paris one would not have to ask this question for the boulevards are the life of the city.



BOHEMIA

August the third had arrived and with enthusiasm anew we boarded the train for Prague, the capital of Bohemia.

The correct designation of that vast territory which we call Austria, is the Austra-Hungarian Empire. The Official Guide says, "It is divided into two distinct and nearly independent groups of provinces, each group having a government of its own, while the central government of the whole empire is maintained in Vienna. The provinces differ much in nationality, race, language and religion, of which about one fourth are Germans, a sixth Magyars of Hungary, and the remainder Slaves, Jews, Gypsies and Greeks. To the South lies the Kingdom of Hungary, with its beautiful capital, Buda Pesth, five hours ride from Vienna, whilst the Kingdom of Bohemia adjoins the German boundary on the north-west of the Empire. Its superb capital, Prague, lying north of Vienna, seven hours ride."

Our course lay due north through Znaim and Inglau to Kolin, from thence to Prague. It is difficult to describe the beauty and richness of the territory through which we passed on this journey. The land is not flat like the

plains of Castielle in Spain, but of vast rolling areas, nearly devoid of trees, divided into farms of immense acreage. The size of these farms and the great yield of grain which they produce, I confess surprised me. I had never seen the like except in the far west and was unprepared to pass through a land in Europe where patent harvesters and steam thrashers were in as active operation as in our own country, yet these are the surprises that await one and show the advantage of even a hurried trip through Europe.

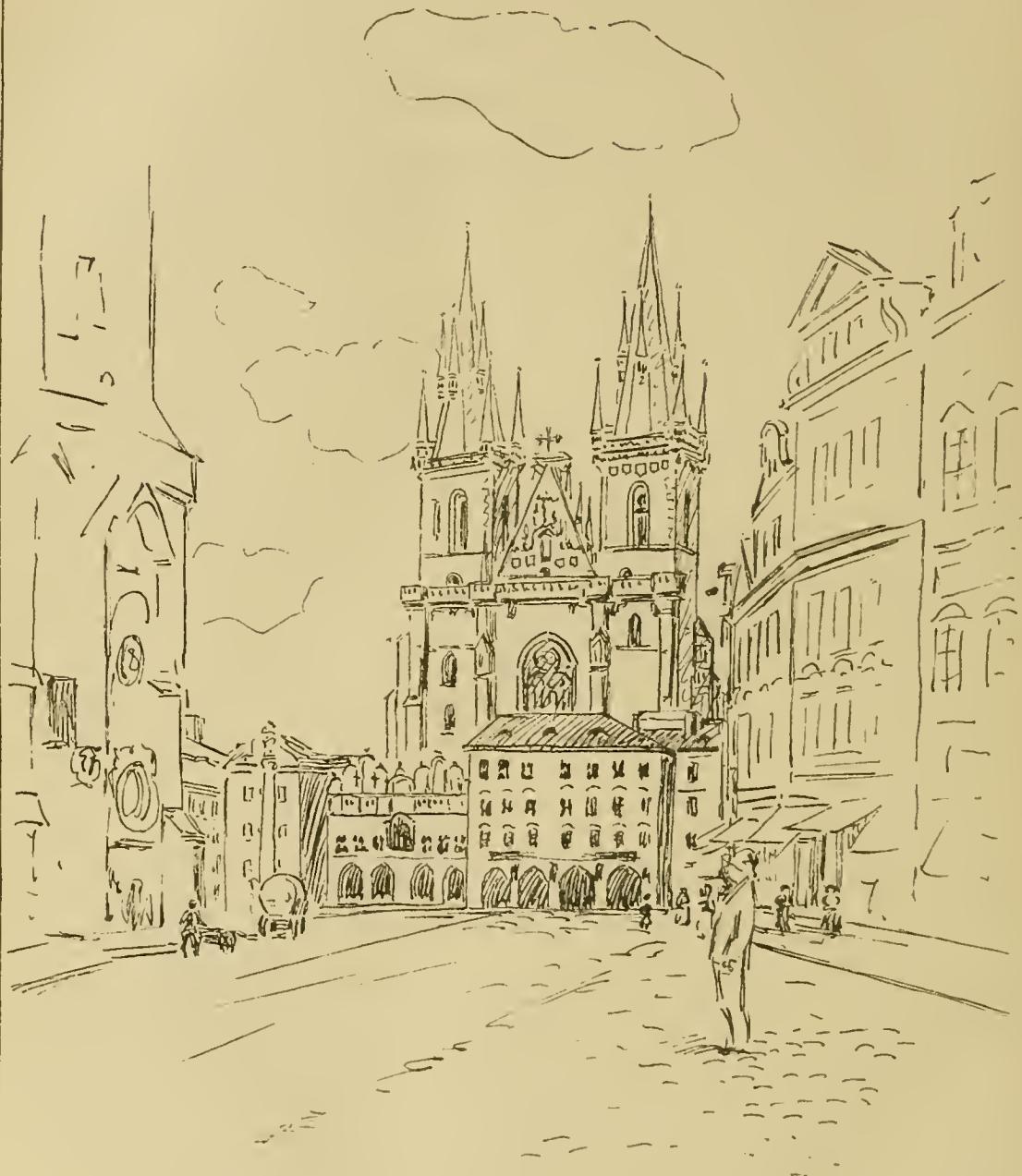
The day had been overcast when we started, but by midday the rain had ceased and sun came out to gladden us, and with the sun came forth the harvesters to reap and garner their grain. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, were peasants working like beavers to secure the golden harvest. Fields of wheat, rye, oats and barley, with here and there a small section of flax, were visible everywhere. All these, except the meadows, which bordered the streams, were of many shades from burnished gold to sombre brown, relieved by the verdant green of the clover reserved for the pasture of the herds. As our train progressed through this El Dorado of the farmer, I wondered how many generations had tilled that soil to produce the beautiful fields. And then when I would look upon a farm house with its many barns and other buildings,

often forming a colony in themselves, I knew that they dated back to the old patriarchal times when the farm house was the center of many industries such as the spinning and weaving of flax and wool, and when the crafts such as smithy, masonry and carpentering were practiced within the farmer's home. Many of these arts, such as wine making, cheese making, embroidery and lace making, are still in vogue among the farmers and their wives, but the introduction of machinery has had its effects upon these people as upon others, so that one must go far to see the perfection to which the old regime attained.

Our train progressed but slowly among the foot hills and rolling knolls which like the waves of a mighty ocean seemed to sweep the landscape. Often on looking out of the window I could see the tracks of our railway, miles away, crawling like a mighty snake, irregularly to a point in the distance. Then after a while I would espy a church spire far away, and a half hour later our train would pass, not through a tiny Alpine village, but through a large and prosperous town, as modern as our own and usually much more beautiful than those on our western plains. Such towns were Znaim, Inglau and Kolin. If one wishes to see the Bohemian in his native home he should stop at one of these towns, and drive into the

surrounding country.

It was nearly five o'clock when we arrived at Prague. Although somewhat weary from our long day's journey, we were glad that we had made it, for from this point forward, we were nearing home, and that is always something agreeable to contemplate.



Die Týnkirche
Prague

PRAGUE.

Like Rome, Prague is built upon seven hills from which fact it has derived the name of Rome of the North. "A city of 250,000 inhabitants, it is a place of real historical interest and has innumerable evidences of the great wealth and power of the Kingdom." Goethe, Humboldt, George Brandes and others have written enthusiastically about the town and it is surprising our American tourists so frequently pass it by.

From the Guide of Prague I quote the following: "The Kingdom of Bohemia is counted the most precious jewel in the crown of Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It was during the Fifth Century A.D. that Cech with his tribes of Slaves invaded the land which they have dominated ever since." They still retain many of the Slav characteristics, and the kingdom is often called the land of the Cechs. To us their language is unintelligible, and the Russian characters in which it is written and printed does not help us to understand it.

Our hotel "The Arch Duke Stephan," was fortunately located on Venceslance Place, the most important square in the town, graced on both sides with imposing buildings and dominated from an elevation above by the beautiful

Museum of Bohemia. In the afternoon I walked up past the museum and seeing a pretty park lying further up on the hillside, decided to climb there to obtain a view of the city. Though late, the park was thronged with nurse maids and children enjoying themselves in all manner of games while many army officers sat about ogling the maids and laughing at the children. Perhaps I enjoyed the fun as much as they did - at any rate, it was quite late when I returned to the hotel, and entering the cafe called for a cup of coffee. The room was crowded to its utmost, and reeked with the odor of beer and tobacco smoke. At last here was a real Bohemian crowd for me, laughing, joking, playing chess and checkers whilst they smoked their pipes and drank their beer, little they cared for the morrow and were enjoying life for the day. Among the group were many ladies enjoying the spirit of good cheer with the men in a manner truly Bohemian. Compare this scene with the alleged Bohemian resorts of our city and the comparison will not be in our favor. We have not yet passed the barbaric age when intoxication is considered a disgrace. The real Bohemian has. Once a gentleman, always a gentleman is his motto, and the man who does not live up to that standard, soon discovers that his acquaintance is undesirable to his friends. Such is social ostracism.



Burg Karlstein

Prague

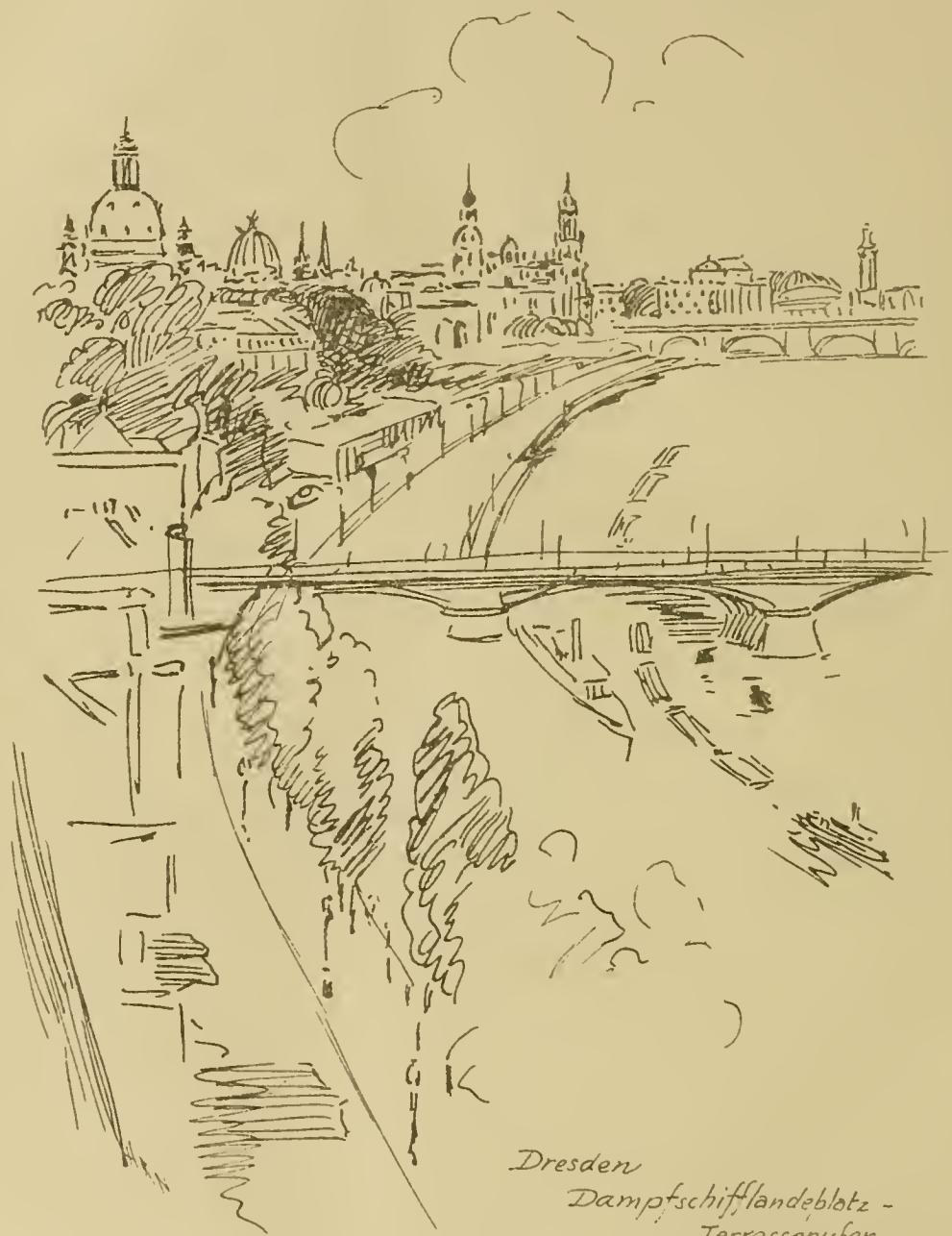
It would seem almost hopeless to get an idea of a city nine miles in circumference in a morning's drive. Nevertheless, the principal banks and commercial houses of Prague are located in the heart of the town and a drive through the main streets gives one a glimpse of the great wealth centered there. How many banks and trust companies we passed, I do not know. But I noted the Equitable Insurance Company of New York and several other institutions of this kind among the number. All the buildings were substantially built and many of them of modern architectural design. In the residential part of the city innumerable new and beautiful modern apartments were being built, giving evidence of the rapid growth of the city. But to the tourist the older parts of the town are the most interesting. Most imposing is the Cathedral with its large open square and market. And the quais which border the River Ultava which form a pretty promenade for the people and give one a view of the Castle and Cathedral of St. Vitus on the opposite side of the stream. Many handsome bridges cross the Ultava, the most historic being the Charles Bridge with a Gothic tower and gateway at each end.

To describe the Cathedral of St. Vitus would require many pages and serve but little purpose. The Castle and the Cathedral have seen the vicissitudes of many wars

and the work of restoration is progressing so slowly that it may be a century before it is completed. As a group of medieval architecture the buildings are justly famous and students of architecture will do well to visit them.

It was a long drive up a steep hill to the Cathedral, and it was therefore nearly midday when we returned. But I stole a few minutes to go through the National Museum, before luncheon. It is a beautiful building with interesting collections of all kinds. Most gratifying to me was the series of twenty or more tableaux of the peasants of Bohemia in the native costumes of their provinces, surrounded by examples of the products of their industry. These included the arts of spinning and weaving, pottery making, embroidery and lace work and many other crafts for which the peasantry have become famous.

But our flying visit to Prague is at an end. A hurried luncheon and we were soon on our way to the Railway that was to take us to Dresden.



Dresden
Dampfschifflandeplatz -
Terrassenufer

DRESDEN.

Not long after leaving Prague our course led into the valley of the Elbe. At its source it is a narrow stream following a serpentine course through rolling hills until attaining volume and velocity, it becomes a stream of importance, rushing like the Rhine through rock-bound shores, then through the mountain ranges known as the Saxon Switzerland.

The journey by rail although picturesque does not give one the same impression that a trip by steamer would do; and if one has the time the boat trip will well repay for the day's delay. But ours being a flying educational trip, rather than a summer outing for pleasure only, we continued on by rail and at four o'clock reached Bordenbach, the German frontier. We were not long delayed here, but one of our passengers had a hot discussion with the Custom officials before his trunk was passed by them. Fortunately, he being a German, was able to fight for his rights and eventually won.

The incident reminded me of an episode that occurred to a fellow passenger when in 1891 we were traveling from Paris to Bayreuth to hear the Wagner operas. We had

taken the night train direct and my companion, a young Frenchman, who had been very entertaining on the trip, requested the guard to pass his baggage for him when we reached the frontier. The guard, however, declined and at 2 p.m. we were ushered out into a dimly lighted station to await our trunks. Mine was one of the first to arrive and after a slight examination by the official was passed and taken back to the train. I retired to my bed and was momentarily awaiting my "companion de voyage", when to my surprise the train drew out of the depot without him. I asked the guard what had become of the Frenchman and was told that he had failed to declare a five pound box of chocolate caramels, which he was taking to some friends. I laughed at this and could scarcely credit the incident, but was assured that his offense was a very grave one and that ten to one he would have to spend the night at the station and pay a fine besides. Such is fate! For my part, I never have had any difficulty in passing any frontier in Europe and I have passed the most of them - some many times. Yet friends of mine have had very different tales to relate. I can only account for this by the fact that I travel only with such clothing as is necessary and never purchase anything en route that is liable to duty. I am thus quite within my rights and when the official demands my declaration can

give it with the conviction that I must be sustained. Now these officials are almost without exception excellent judges of human nature and seem to know by intuition the people who wish to evade the law. Consequently those who are too clever eventually find themselves in their net, and few indeed deserve any sympathy.

As Dresden is so well known to Americans I shall only relate a few incidents and proceed on our journey. It had been nineteen years since my last visit, and I was therefore not surprised to see the city nearly doubled in size. Today it is a town as large as Munich covering many square miles on both sides of the Elbe. Being the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, it has always held a high place in commerce, art and letters. The resident American colony, I was told, often amounted to forty or fifty thousand per annum and as these people come to study and reside for months at a time, the revenue to the town from this source must be very considerable.

Located on the Elbe and occupying the old palace of the King of Saxony, are the art galleries and museums of Dresden. This art collection is justly famous and contains some examples of ancient art of priceless value. Nevertheless, the collection is small compared to that of the Louvre in Paris. But the art objects collected in the museum called the Green Vault, I think will compare

favorably with that of the Musee Cluney. The extraordinary collection of silver and gold, bronze and enamels that are gathered in these small rooms defy description. Among them all perhaps the crown jewels of Saxony attract most attention. These seem ever to be a source of wonder, but I confess to little interest in them, for the reason that the stones selected are so large that they appear unnatural. I recall one necklace of thirty or more diamonds, the smallest of which would weigh many carats, the total producing a chain of several pounds weight. Such cumbersome jewelry is neither beautiful nor practical, but it has that sordid quality, intrinsic worth, which seems to be a sufficient excuse for its existence.

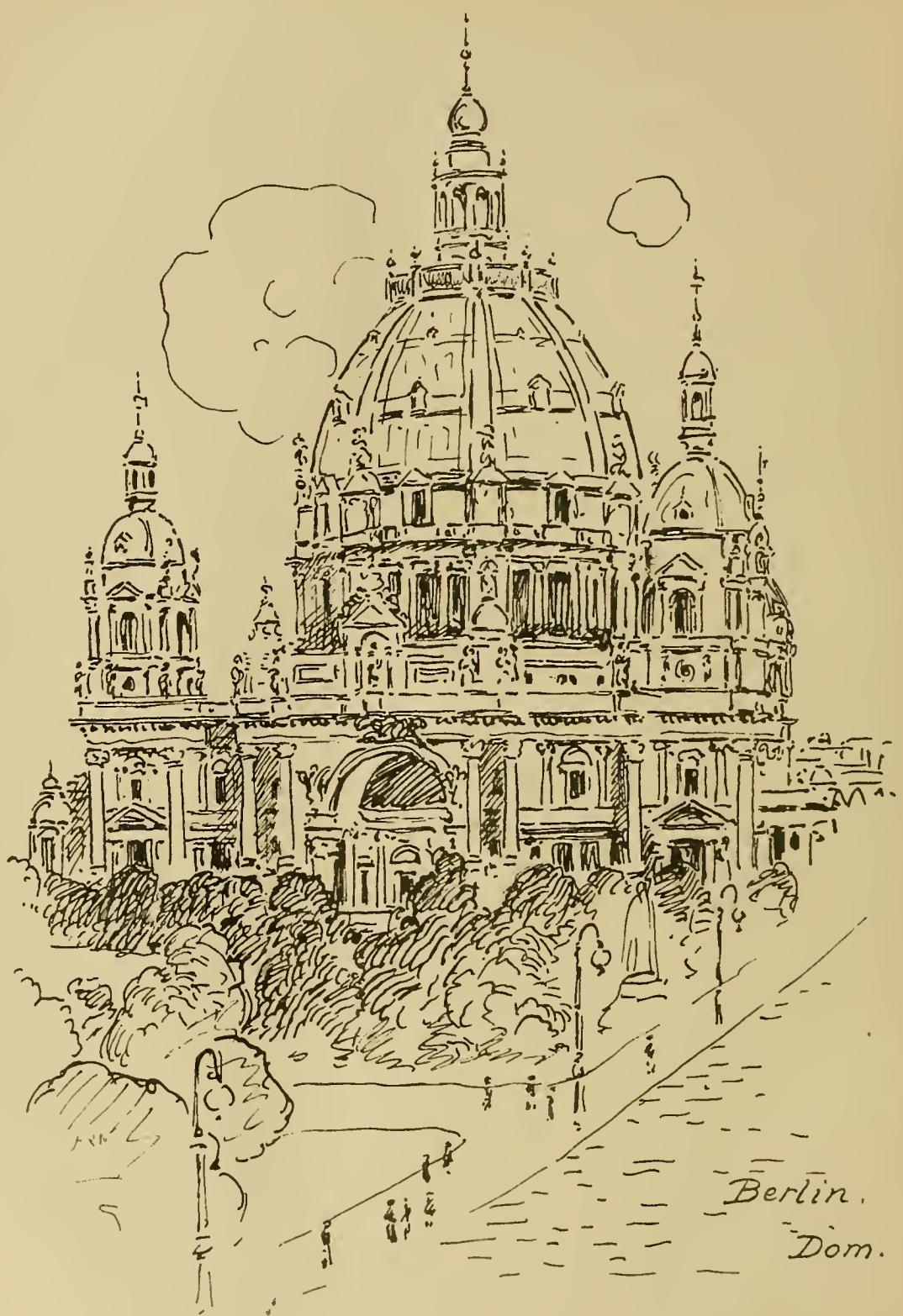
On a bright summer afternoon it is very pleasant to walk down the quay to the Belvedere, a high terrace overlooking the Elbe, and listen to the orchestra hidden there among the mulberry trees. This is the rendezvous of the elite of the town who come here for their coffee and cakes in the afternoon, and often remain to dine in the open. The view up and down the river from this point is very pretty. Directly opposite lies the new city with its many beautiful public buildings, parks and open squares. The growth of the city in this direction is surprising, but to my taste the residential quarter of the old town

where the English and American colonies reside is to be preferred. In this quarter are to be found the schools and academies and the fine shops and hotels are near at hand.

It would be difficult to mention the important buildings in Dresden, there are so many; but the new Rathhaus or City Hall, is one of the finest examples of the sane modern German architecture I saw while abroad. Covering a very large area, its facade facing a pretty park, it looms up with its red tiled roof and lofty tower to a great height and it would seem that its interior might accommodate a veritable army of officials.

Our hotel, dignified by the title of "The Palace", happened to be located beside the Central station said to be the largest in Germany. While I have no complaint to make against the hotel, the tremendous amount of traffic passing through this station, made the location undesirable and we therefore decided to go on to Berlin on Monday, the 9th of August. In the meantime, Sunday had arrived and as this is always a quiet day in Dresden, we asked the porter if it was not possible to hear some good music before leaving. "Oh yes," he replied, "I will secure the tickets." When we went to pay for them, imagine our surprise to find them for Strauss's opera "The Gypsy Baron". Sunday Opera is therefore quite permissible

while Sunday shop-keeping is not. However, desiring to see the performance, we were driven to the new opera house on the opposite side of the city, and to our surprise, found it crowded with the elite of the town. The array of army officers and beautifully gowned woman made an attractive sight, and one could not ask for a better production. On the whole, the experience was well worth while. The Germans understand the art of living. They are not an irreligious people, but they see no harm, after having been to church in the morning, to go to the opera in the evening.



Berlin.
Dom.

BERLIN.

It was about midday of August 9th, when we arrived in Berlin. If I had been surprised at the growth of Dresden since my last visit, I was amazed at the change in Berlin. The tremendous growth of the city, and the increase of its manufactories seem almost incredible. And then again, its beautification in public buildings, parks and monuments, makes the city today a capital worthy to rank with Vienna or Paris.

Lying upon a sandy plane of great extent, through which runs the river Spree, there has been built a city now housing 3,000,000 inhabitants. The capital of the German Empire, it is also the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia, and is the residence of the German Emperor and the seat of the Imperial Government. Likewise, it is the centre of the railway system of Germany and is today perhaps the greatest manufacturing town in Continental Europe. A slight conception of its size may be imagined when it is known that the present city covers an area of 25 square miles, its municipal revenues amounting to over \$40,000,000 per annum. This is of course smaller than London or New York. Nevertheless Berlin occupies

third place among the cities of Europe, and it is already a beautiful capital of which the Germans may justly be proud.

On a former visit I had spent a week in Berlin and had visited the principal galleries and museums and had enjoyed a delightful day at Potsdam with its memories of Frederick the Great. At that time the Unter den Linden was paved with huge granite blocks, after the fashion of Vienna of today. The Beautiful Cathedral or Dom was still incompletely built and the Reichstag only half finished. Today these noble buildings and many others grace the city and are in active use, while the beautiful Siegess Allee with its thirty-two monuments of the German conquerors, make a promenade unequalled by any other city of the world.

It is difficult, on arriving in Berlin, to comprehend its vast extent and unless one takes an auto and makes a tour of the city, he will return with only a vague impression. However, the heart of the town lies in the vicinity of the Kaiser's Palace about which are gathered the art galleries, museums and the beautiful new cathedral. The commercial centre of the town is the Frederick Strasse and the streets radiating from it. On these are located the prominent shops and cafes; whilst the Unter den Linden is given up mainly to the clubs, hotels and stores

of the first order.

Our hotel, the Bristol, being located on the Unter den Linden proved to be a beautiful establishment and well maintained. Arranged with two open courts, the entire main floor is given to restaurants, cafes, reading rooms etc., while the upper floors are reserved for bed rooms and suites of apartments. During the evening many private dinner parties are given here and its cuisine is justly famous. In order to tempt the appetite of the guests it is the custom of hotels of the first order in Germany to have a table set near the entrance of the restaurant, with the masterpieces of the chef's art. These are very artistically arranged surrounded by the rare fruits of the country. I have often watched a "bon viveur" stand surveying the display while the tempting dishes made his mouth water. Then he would enter the restaurant and order a dinner fit for a prince and sit for an hour or more alone in his glory listening to the music of the orchestra. A selfish sort of enjoyment this - yet gourmand though he be, he would doubtless resent the insinuation and ridicule temperate people as fools.

If I were asked to name the most beautiful building in Berlin I should unquestionably mention the New Cathedral, or Dom. This noble building is in effect a votive

church, the entire crypt being given up to the tombs (87 in number) of Hohenzollern family. Located on the Lustgarten amid many beautiful buildings its central dome (374 feet high) is a distinguishing feature from any part of the city. In style the building is of Italian Renaissance. Its dimensions being: length 344 feet; breadth 246 feet; height to cornice 102 feet; to foot of lantern 246 feet. The main auditorium lies beneath the central dome and forms a most beautiful interior. Surrounding the central dome are four small ones which separate the main church from these chapels. One of the chapels is known as the Memorial Church and contains many beautiful tombs including that of Prince Bismark. The cost of this superb cathedral is said to have been 10,500,000 marks. While it cannot compare in size with St. Paul's, London, it is nevertheless one of the finest churches of classic style, built within the century.

Opposite the Emperor's Palace in the Schloss Platz, is erected the National Monument to Emperor William I. As this is one of the most costly monuments in Europe and of quite recent date, I cannot neglect mentioning it and quote from Baedecker: The sculpture is by Begas and was unveiled in 1897. On the pedestal, 66 feet high, rises the colossal equestrian figure, 30 feet in height, of Emperor William I. in bronze. The charger upon which

he is mounted, is being led by a graceful figure of Peace. At the four corners of the base are Victories, and on the two principal sides are colossal seated figures of Peace and War. At the four corners of the base are four noble lions amid trophies of weapons and banners. A stone colonnade with coupled Ionic columns extends on three sides of the platform, the attic being adorned with other sculptures - too numerous to mention." As an example of modern sculpture this monument ranks high and I confess to great admiration in witnessing it for the first time. Its cost is said to have been \$1,000,000. Such is the tribute the nation has paid to their beloved sovereign.

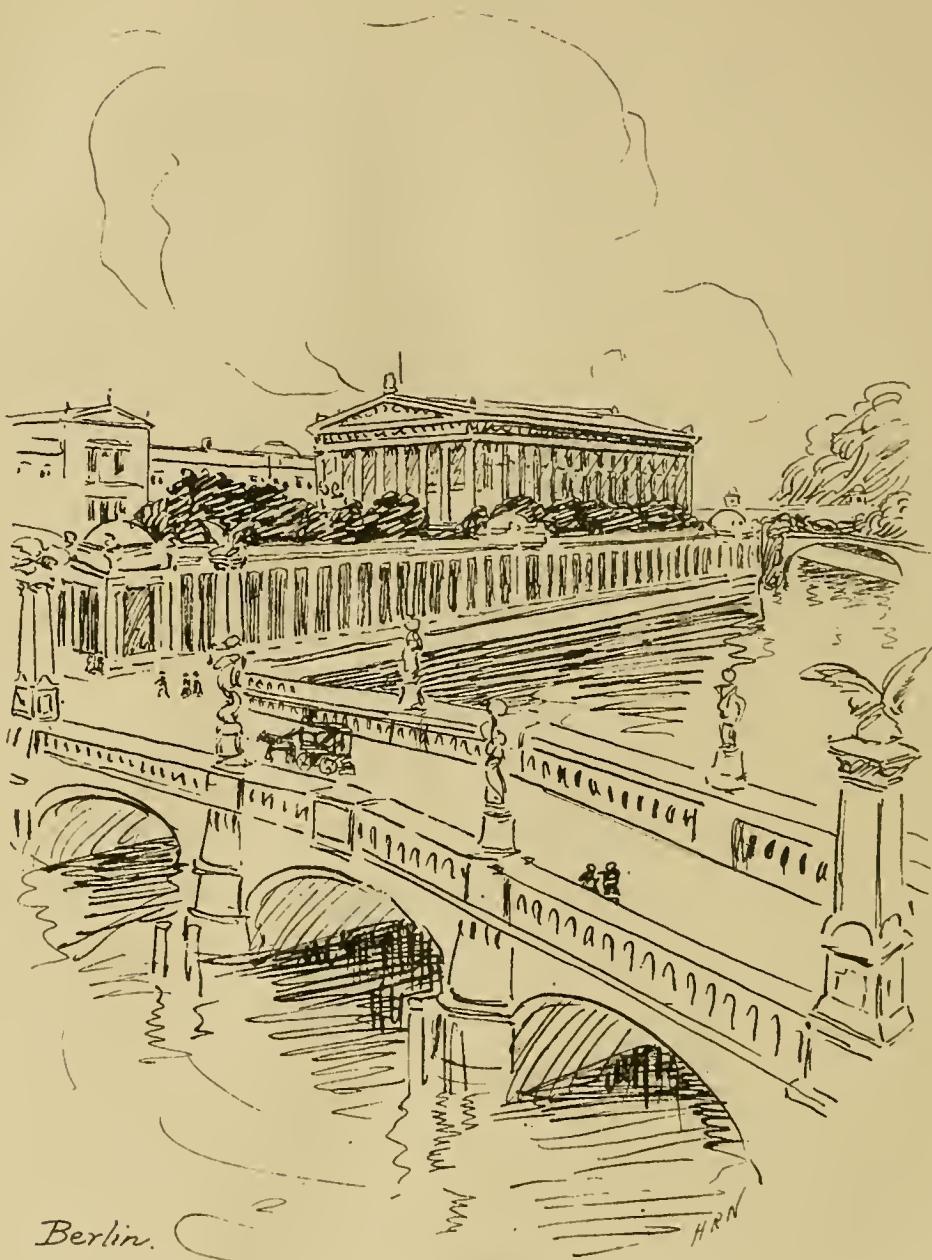
To give my impression of the museums and art galleries, the Emperor's palace and stables, and the many attractions of this imposing city, would take much time and serve little purpose. These things must be seen to be appreciated for even photographs only vaguely suggest them.

When the Emperor and his family leave town for the summer, the elite follow and the city is then relatively quiet until they return, which is usually at the opening of the Reichstag in the autumn. The summer is therefore, a poor season to visit Berlin. However on my last trip I was more fortunate, at that time a review of many army

corps was ordered to take place on the plain at the outskirts of the city. By a special permit our carriage was allowed to draw up with the foreign attachees and I saw the Kaiser and Kaiserin accompanied by a staff of officers review the troops. In their excursions up and down the Kaiser passed very near us so that we saw the war lord in his glory. Regiment after regiment passed in review. Cavalry, artillery, chasseurs, cuirasseurs, and soldiers of the Line, with their attendant wagons and ambulances, made an array the like of which I had never seen before. In all 70,000 men passed in review that day, wearied with it all, I left the scene dazed at the magnitude of the event.

Although taxridden by her army and navy, Germany holds to her course of militarism claiming it to be the only way to retain peace. But the present course must eventually give way to a more sane policy. Mutual disarmament will come with time and the millions that are spent for war will some day be disbursed for nobler ends. Europe cannot continue to drain her resources, and this must be the result unless some form of mutual disarmament takes place.

The personality of the Emperor is too well known to require comment; a man of strong personality, broad intelligence and initiative, fate has placed him in a



Berlin.

Nationalgallerie
mit Friedrichsbrücke

position where he has been able to achieve great results in a relatively short time. While he has made some enemies he has made more friends and his people are loyal to him and love him. This is the best evidence that he is a wise and good sovereign. As for the other members of the royal family, all are loved by the people and the interest they take in them is evidenced by the photographs of the members which are sold during a season. A very popular photograph is that of the tiny Prince Louis "Ferdinand von Prussen" running through a daisy field. This genuine glimpse of a little tot who may some day attain to great power is very interesting and those who have seen him must surely love him.

It would be interesting to give an idea of the summer life in Berlin, where the open air parks and restaurants make the city as attractive as Paris. But again, our Nemesis pursues and on the night of August the 12th, we secured our sleeping car accommodations for Amsterdam. Although our stay in Berlin had been short it had been very interesting, notwithstanding the fact that socially, the city was dead. However, the great influx of tourists and the immense movement of business, keeps the city as lively as New York, and it is this similarity that makes the Gothamite feel at home.

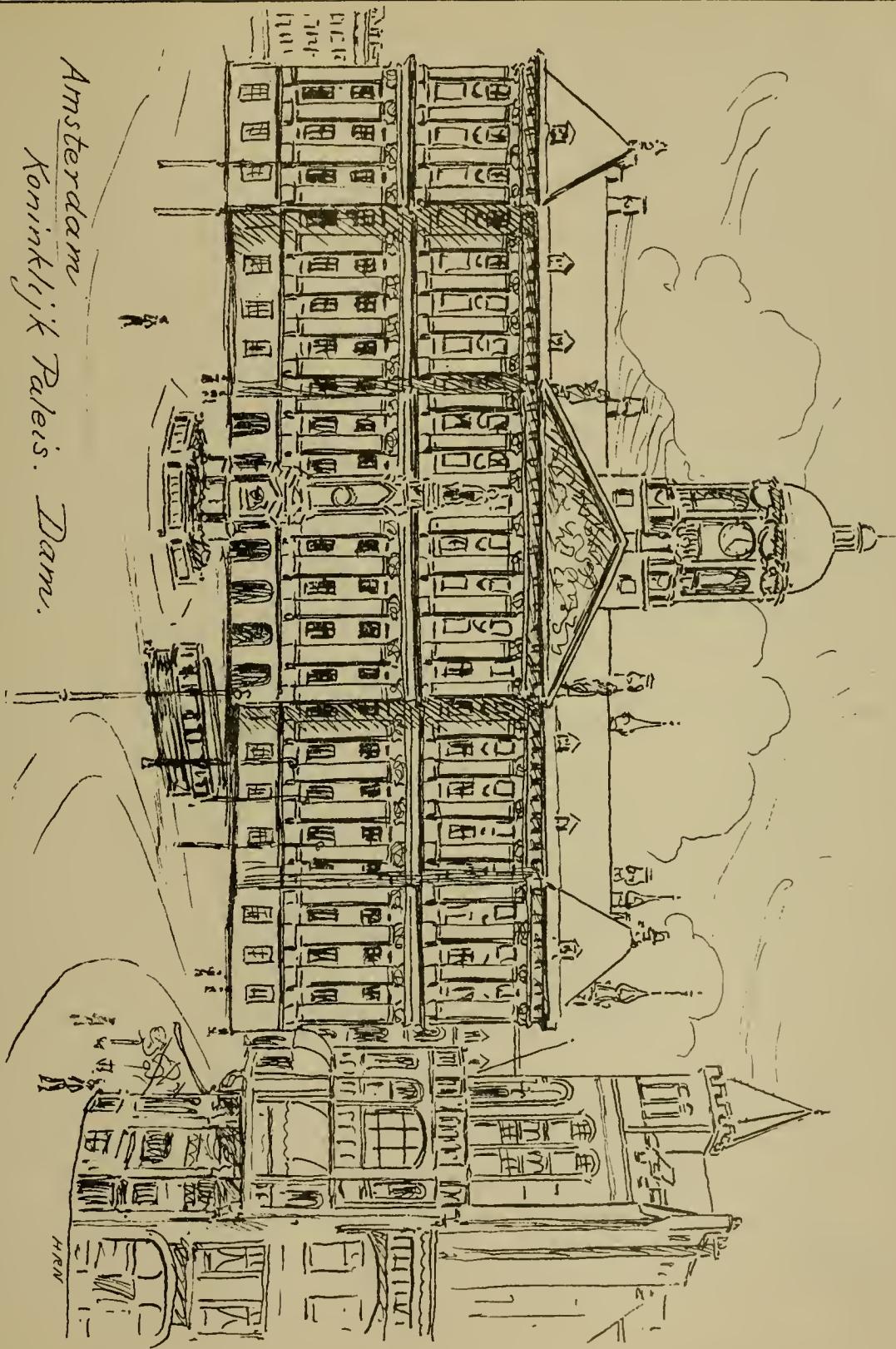
AMSTERDAM

From Berlin to Amsterdam is a twelve-hour ride on an express train. There being little advantage in making this trip by daylight, we gladly crawled into our bunks, hoping to sleep the dreary hours away. Alas, the night was an oppressive one, and being obliged to keep our windows open, we could sleep but little for the noise, the dust and cinders that filled our mouths and eyes. Fortunately, a shower at midnight cleared the air and shortly after we left Hanover I fell into a doze and remember little until the guard called me at 6 a.m. Then I arose tumbled into my clothing and when the train drew into Salzbergen, the Dutch frontier, got out with the other sleepy passengers to pass our baggage.

As this was the seventh time I had passed a custom house since leaving New York, the procedure was becoming monotonous yet I, an American, had no right to complain for I knew the attitude of our people on the subject of tariffs and see no reason why our European cousins should not enjoy the same privilege.

The formality of passing the Customs being over I entered the restaurant to get a cup of hot coffee. A

Amsterdam
Koninklijk Paleis. Dam.



sleepy Dutch girl was lazily serving the passengers and as I was one of the last, I got the dregs of the pot.

The draught was welcome however, for it put new life in me, and as I boarded the train, the ascending mist permitted a ray of sunshine to peep through the windows, and my spirits rose with the genial warmth it yielded.

The country, through which we were then passing, was low and uninteresting, yet in this unattractive locality, flourish many farms and gardens. Now and then we would pass a chain of sweet water ponds, filled with pond lilies and other water plants, and the contrast of these with the monotonous level meadows was very agreeable. About 7 o'clock we arrived at Appledoorn and in less than a half hour afterward were landed in the magnificent Central Station of Amsterdam.

The city being filled with tourists it was nearly midday before we secured rooms at the Hotel Amstel, an hotel located on the River Amstel, at a considerable distance from the Dam which is the center of the town. I was not sorry however, to be located in this hotel which held pleasant memories, for on a former trip I had made some delightful acquaintances here; one proving to be a wealthy velvet manufacturer of Crefeldt with whom I afterward entered into business relations to our mutual advantage. Since that time the good man has passed away, and at

about the same time I withdrew from commerce to essay the difficult art of literature. Such is the irony of fate.

But, to my story:

The afternoon proving fair, I took a walk through the town and after seeing many quaint houses and canals upon the banks of which grow noble elms whose branches nearly meet at midstream, I chanced to pass a narrow house about 14 feet wide with a high stoop and a brass plate upon the door bearing the name Speyer & Co. Curiosity led me to inquire further and I learned that this diminutive office was the parent house of the great and wealthy firm of that name so well known in this country. I recount this incident because it is typical of the country. Who in a city of Granite Banks and Trust Companies, whose towers, touch the clouds, could possibly imagine a wealthy banking firm being housed in a tiny house 14 ft. wide by two and a half stories high? The idea is ridiculous, yet here in Holland such things are the rule rather than the exception.

Holland is a land of great wealth though one would rarely know it from the simplicity of its people and the modest though generous manner in which they live. I could give a dozen incidents of this kind to prove my point, but time is too valuable for that.

In the opening chapter of this narrative I submitted

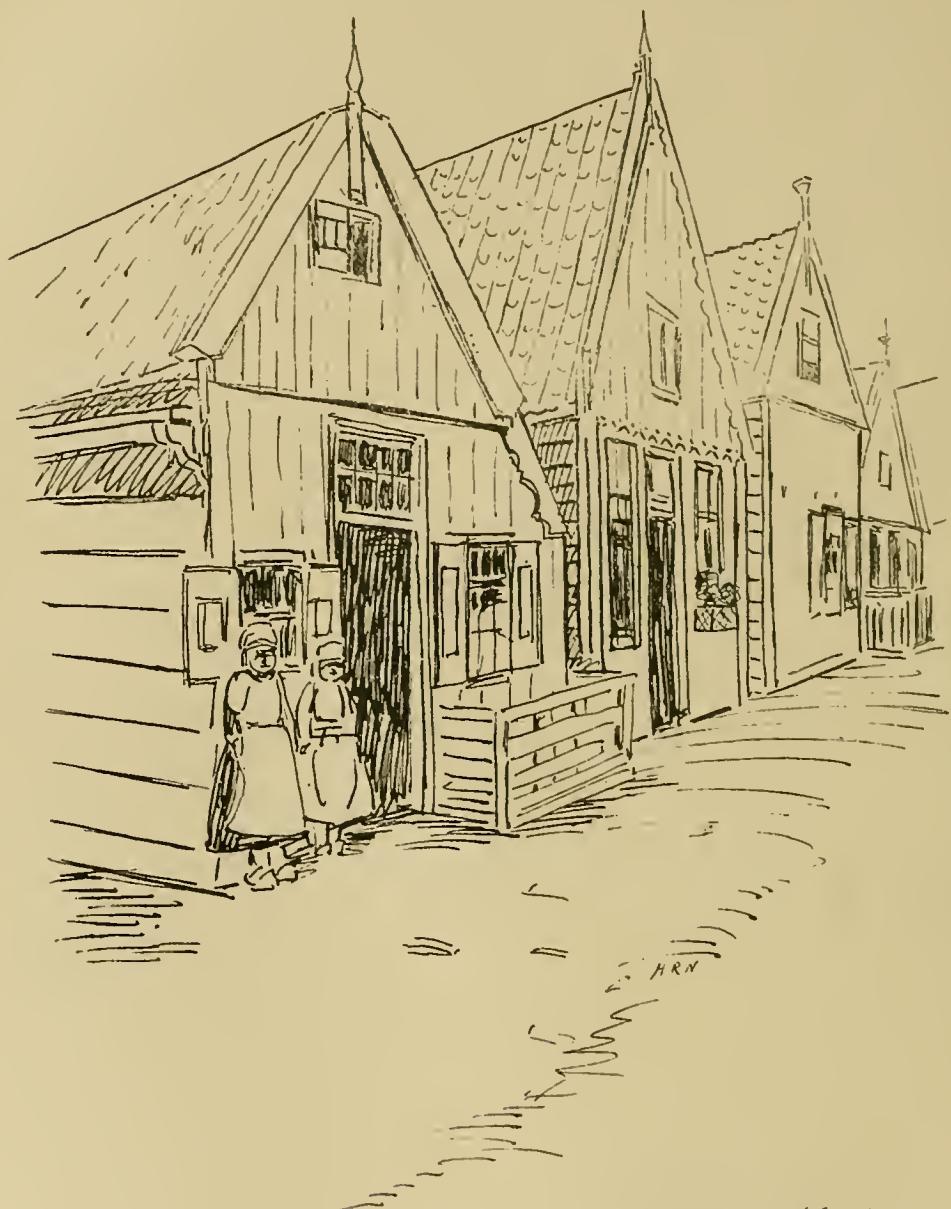
as a premise "That material prosperity in a nation always precedes artistic supremacy and this in turn engenders a desire for the more beautiful and spiritual things in life."

Now when the course of Empire passed from the Venetians to the Spanish in the fifteenth century and from Spain to Holland in the sixteenth century the arts of Holland began to flourish. By arts I do not mean only painting, but architecture and the many kindred arts and crafts. It was during this period that the commerce of Holland extended over the world. Their fearless navigators had explored the most distant lands while the factories or colonies they established in the East Indies, yielded a golden harvest to the mother country. During this era the sciences flourished and the art of painting (notably that of portraiture) attained its greatest perfection. The great wealth of the Dutch at that period can only be surmised, and although the course of Empire later passed to France and then to England, the evidences of Dutch supremacy still exist. It is for this reason that a view of their museums and art galleries are of such interest, for in them are gathered the rarest treasures of their art.

It is not my intention to give a list of these or to attempt by words to describe them. Suffice it, the Ryks Museum of Amsterdam alone, covers three acres and every

room and passage way is filled with the best examples of Dutch Art.

While Amsterdam has not grown as rapidly as many other European north seaports, such for example as Antwerp, it is today a city of over 500,000 inhabitants with a large export and import trade. "As the chief mart of the East Indian Colonies of the Dutch, it is the largest importer and distributor of coffee, sugar, rice, spices, etc. in Europe, and its refineries of sugar, its camphor, tobacco, cobalt blue, and diamond polishing industries are very important." A city of canals and bridges, it is extremely picturesque, and the new residential quarters contain many handsome buildings that will compare favorably with those in other European cities, but, aside from these characteristics the city is lacking in movement and is as dead on a week day as a provincial town in England would be on Sunday.



Eiland Marker

MAARKEN

The Island of Maarken lies at a distance of about 20 miles from Amsterdam. It is a fishing village and in order to reach it one must go by steam boat, and pass out of the harbor, through the great sea locks into the Zuyder Zee.

It was a beautiful summer morning when we boarded the Steam Yacht Maarken for the trip. The boat was of about sixty ton burden and crowded with passengers so that it was with difficulty that we found a seat. However everybody was good natured and there being many Americans among the number we felt quite at home.

It required a half hour to lock our boat up to the Zuyder Zee - a distance of about six feet, but once out of the locks, we started for the Island, passing all manner of quaint sailing craft on the way. I remember noting a yawl rigged lugger one hundred feet long manned by the captain and his son, a lad of fifteen. At the helm sat his wife in her peasant costume steering the craft, while the father and son worked the sails. A piping breeze was blowing, their craft careening and as it passed us by, it made a picture for a painter. We doffed our hats to the hardy crew, and received a

salutation in return. In a moment they had passed and soon were lost in the distance. Now, although the Silver Tee is a shallow land locked bay, it is very large in extent and during heavy weather is a very dangerous place, yet here were three hardy mariners braving its shoals and storms in a craft that should have been manned by six good men. Surely God is good to the brave. Doubtless, as they had reached port many times before in safety, they continued to believe that fate would always treat them kindly, nevertheless there comes a time when they, like many others, sail their last course and their craft becomes a wreck upon the shoals, while the brave crew perish with it.

About midday we reached the Island harbor, which seemed a maze of masts and nets. Following the board pathways we reached the village with its quaint houses, school and church, and at the request of one of the good women of the village went to visit her house.

Although it was wash day everything was scrupulously clean. The house was a story and a half high, built of wood heavily pitched on the outside. Within it was cozy and attractive. In the eaves hung the nets, whilst the main floor was used as living and sleeping room in one. The beds were built in the wall like ship's berths and may have been comfortable enough although they did not look it.

But the peat fire used for heating and cooking was nothing more than an open hearth with a crane hung over it, the fumes passing through the open room to a hole in the roof above. Such crude methods are hardly credible, among a people so near civilization, yet here they were still in use and no effort made to improve them. The old lady told us they suffered much from cold in winter, when for months at a time they are cut off from communication with the mainland. However, when the Zuyder Zee is frozen over they skate to Amsterdam or Volendam for supplies. What a life they lead during the dreary winter months, we who live in comfortable homes, cannot imagine, but God knows I do not envy them, although I am free to admit the men and women and their beautiful flaxenhaired children, fairly radiate good health. It was great fun to try to talk to the children who seemed anxious to air the little English they had learned at school, and we were making friends rapidly when our merriment was cut short by the tooting of our steamer's whistle. Thither we went, followed by a band of laughing children who crowded the pier as we sailed away and waved their hand to us in loving adieu. The grouping of these children in their pretty colored costumes, with the quaint village in the background, made a picture I shall long remember.

Luncheon had been prepared in our absence, and as we

went abroad we found the deck set with many little tables, filled with excellent food. As soon as we cleared the harbor we sat down to an "Al fresco" luncheon as good as one could desire. Omelette, beefsteak and vegetables, salade, cheese and plenty of good bread and butter with a bottle of beer to help it along. Surely who could ask for more on such a tiny craft, whose kitchen was only about ten feet square. To this day I marvel that one hundred people were fed with such inadequate arrangements and this, without dissatisfaction to any.

About half past 1 o'clock our steamer put in to Volendam, another famous fishing village so much sought by artists. The town was "en fete", it being a feast day of the church. We therefore had an excellent opportunity to see the natives in their gala array. The women were really attractive in their pretty costumes and dainty caps, but the men, ye gods, were the wonder of all. Decked out in their velveteen trousers as broad as a meal sack, with two silver buttons on the fore, and a saucy little jacket and slouch hat, they were so ungainly as to be grotesque, yet they strutted about with the air of dandies on Broadway. Surely the combination was a curious one and I have often laughed at the memory of the husky lads I saw that day.

Our captain tried to enter Marikendam, another

interesting village further inland. But the tide having fallen we found ourselves aground before we had progressed a mile up the inlet. As the yacht only drew six feet of water, I asked the captain if this thing often happened. "Oh yes", he replied, "the deepest water in the Zuyder Zee is only fourteen feet and when we get off the highways we usually get aground."

It was some time before we got off the mud bank, but finally by going stern first the screw worked its way through the ooze and slime and at six o'clock we were back in Amsterdam, sunburnt and exhilarated by our delightful day's outing.

THE AMSTEL.

A highway to the mid-countries of Holland, the Amstel river finds its source in the sweet water lakes we passed on our railway journey from Berlin. These lie nearly in the center of the state and are the sources of many streams. The Amstel like the other rivers formerly overspread the low lands as it neared the sea. Today through the untiring efforts of the people all the important streams and rivers are confined with solid embankments and thus there have been hundreds of square miles of land reclaimed for agricultural purposes. Most of this is meadowland upon which can be seen fine herds of Holstein cattle grazing from Spring until Autumn.

On a bright sunny afternoon we boarded one of the river steamers that make the trip up the river; and as our boat passed under the last bridge of Amsterdam, I saw the river embankments for the first time. These were of earth from six to twelve feet in height with a fine roadway upon the one on the right and a footpath on the other. Large elm trees shaded the roadway, but on the other side we could look far out over the meadows, and see the farms and villages that had grown up on this

reclaimed land. It was a pretty sight from the deck of our boat for we were many feet above dykes and experienced the novel sensation of gliding over the meadows instead of sailing through them. The course of the river however was so serpentine that the boat had to travel many miles in order to progress one mile direct. Nevertheless every turn developed a new picture and the many craft upon the river added to the interest. One in particular attracted my attention. It was a Dutch fishing boat which had been fitted up as a yacht. Although only a gentle breeze was stirring at the time, this unwieldy craft was slipping through the water at a lively pace, its sails filled as though it had a good capful of wind. I can not imagine a more delightful vacation than to spend a month on such a boat cruising on the inland waters of Holland. To the artist this mode of travel offers opportunities that cannot be had in any other way. The beautiful pastoral scenes of the low countries are difficult to reach by roads; and the sunsets, which are the artist's delight, must be seen from the open. Of course one must love the country and be able to converse sufficiently to be understood in order to enjoy it. But I venture to predict that if he is a writer in search of quaint types or a painter in search of pretty pastoral landscapes, he will return with something worth while, for one cannot

travel in this country when nature smiles without admiring it and its people.

"ZANDVOORT."

The Dutch have conquered Holland, is a pleasantry as old as the hills, the meaning of it being that they have reclaimed it from the encroachment of the sea. This poetic metaphor, however, is only partly true, for a very great part of the country is above sea level. For example the entire western coast from the hook of Holland north to Helder, is a noble sea coast of mighty sand dunes that extend many miles inland and form a natural protection from the North Sea. But the Zuider Zee, a vast inland bay is dyked in for miles and miles to prevent encroachment. The dykes at Volendam which I saw were forty feet high above tide water faced with granite blocks to prevent heavy seas from undermining them.

It is very difficult for one who has never visited this curious country to understand the magnitude of the works which the Dutch have constructed to save their country from inundation by the fresh water rivers and flooding from the sea. Perhaps, however, I may suggest this by mentioning the cost of the North Sea Canal which

was built to permit large steamers to enter Amsterdam and thus prevent retransportation of cargo from Rotterdam, the main sea port. To accomplish this a ship canal of fifteen miles long was built from Amsterdam to the North Sea, where great sea locks are located at a place called Harweg, six miles from the Village of Zandvoort. The total cost of this canal was 35,000,000. florins or nearly 15,000,000. dollars, a prodigious sum for such a small country as Holland. Nevertheless the success of this enterprise has agitated a still greater project, viz., the reclaiming of the Zuyder Zee. This is not an impossible engineering feat for as I have observed before the Zee is very shallow, and should it be put into effect 687 square miles of territory would be thus reclaimed. How many square miles have already been reclaimed I do not know but the number must be very great for the present works represent the effort of centuries of persistent endeavor. It would seem almost a waste of energy to drain marshes, when there is so much fertile land elsewhere in the world, but this is not the case, the land reclaimed is extremely rich and the farm products, fruits and flowers of Holland, are one of her chief sources of wealth.

Zandvoort is sometimes called the Coney Island of Amsterdam. The comparison, however, is erroneous. Located on the North Sea, at a distance of twenty-five miles,

from Amsterdam, and six miles from the historic town of Haarlem, was once a fishing village. Although the village remains the fish have departed for other waters, and instead of the finny tribe the populace of Amsterdam disport themselves in the briny waves. Around the village there has grown up a seashore resort that extends for miles up and down the beach. The height of the dunes here above the sea give one a full view over the North Sea, and the great width of the beach makes it a very desirable bathing ground. To compare Zandvoort, therefore, to Coney Island would be absurd for there is no similarity either in location or otherwise. Nevertheless on a bright summer afternoon it is a wonderful sight to see the throngs that come for a dip in the sea. In a simple manner they are content to enjoy themselves, wandering among the dunes or sitting on the sand where they pass the hours away in merry groups. When evening comes they climb up to the hotels and cafes on the bluffs and dine in parties until the last departing trains hurry them back to Haarlem or to Amsterdam. We chose to lunch there with some friends who were spending the summer at the place, and through their courtesy were shown all the interesting sights. After a dip in the sea we too returned to Amsterdam and arrived at our hotel in time for table d'hôte.

"HAARLEM."

The next day, by special appointment I set out to meet my Dutch friends in Haarlem, for a day's outing in the suburbs. I considered this a rare privilege for one must either speak the language or miss much in a land where beauties lay in unfrequented places. I had visited Holland many times on previous trips but could only vaguely remember Haarlem. It was therefore necessary for me to refresh my memory by a glance at Baedeker.

A town of 50,000 inhabitants it lies six miles from the North Sea on the direct line to Amsterdam. It is said to be the cleanest town in Holland, but that honor is claimed by many others. However, it is a very quaint and interesting place. The old ramparts from which the Dutch repelled the Spanish in the famous siege of 1572-3 are now converted into promenades and pretty gardens, and it was only with the greatest stretch of imagination that I could picture that heroic defense which has gone down in history as one of the bravest, from the peaceful streams and beautiful trees and flowers that now occupy the site.

By the courtesy of my friend, after a walk through

the gardens he took me to call upon his uncle the Harbor master of the town.

Here was a character fit for any novelist. A man of about sixty-five years of age, still hale and hearty, he had lived a life of adventure that few men can boast of. It was with difficulty that I could get an idea of his career, for he spoke little English and as I spoke no Dutch, my friend had to act as interpreter with the usual result. Nevertheless I caught a glimpse of his life. Briefly it was as follows: An incorrigible school boy, his parents had quite given up any hope of establishing him in a career in the quiet town of Haarlem, when one day they awoke to find that he had taken ship for the East Indies. For over eighteen years they heard nothing of him, and were about to believe him dead; when lo! one fine day he arrived, with the East Indian fleet of which he had become Admiral. Now to advance from cabin boy to Captain would be a remarkable thing for a lad handicapped by lack of education; but to advance to the very responsible position of Admiral of a fleet reads like the wildest romance. Nevertheless truth is stranger than fiction. If I am spared I hope some day to write the narrative of this remarkable man. From the short conversation I had with him I learned more of the Dutch East Indies, its inhabitants, climate and

aborigines than I have ever learned from books; when he had finished a dim idea of the wealth of those countries began to filter through my brain, and then I no longer wondered that little Holland was so rich.

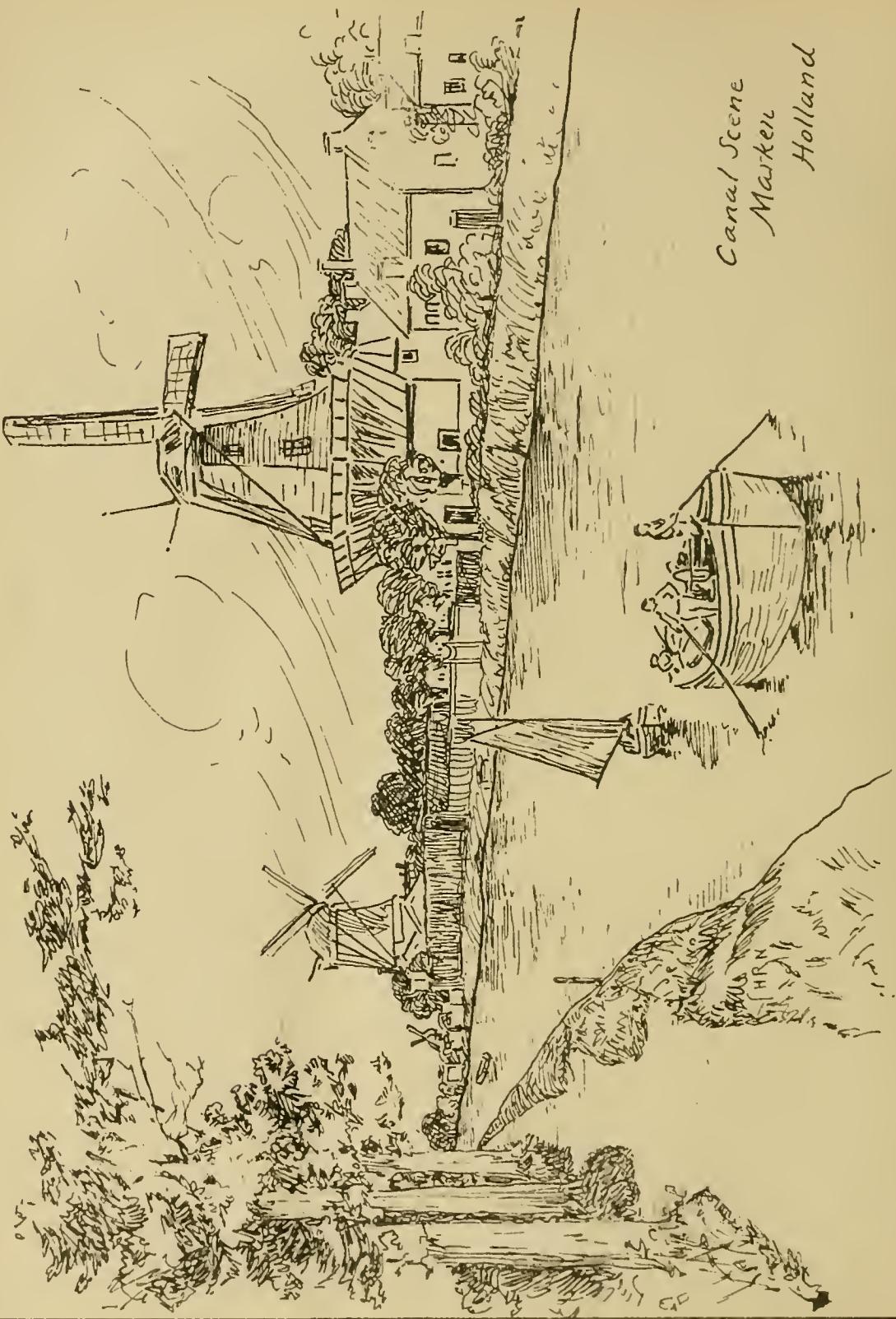
I shall not linger over the very interesting town, with its quaint and beautiful town hall and still more famous collection of paintings, but prefer to relate our drive to Rosendaal.

Blessed by a balmy afternoon, we rode for hours among the beautiful country residences that are built in this district. Being located on the edge of the sand dunes the country becomes more rolling and is often wooded with beach and other hardy trees, which gives it a character quite English. At the best vantage points are built the residences of the rich bankers and merchants, who have created a colony like Lenox or similar country places and who during the greater part of the year reside here enjoying their ease upon their beautiful estates. It was an interesting trip, this, for it gave me another proof of the wealth and simple tastes of the more prosperous Hollanders.

After our drive we returned by train to Zandvoort and I had the delightful experience of dining in a typical Dutch home, where simplicity, refinement, and good cheer abounded. It is such excursions as this that give zest

to an European trip, and the only pity is that few of us have the opportunity to enjoy them.

It was with real regret that I bid farewell to my friends that night, for I knew it might be years before we could all meet again. However, I did so with the conviction that we should remember the jolly reunion and mark it as a red letter day.



Canal Scene
Makkum
Holland

THE HAGUE.

The 18th of August had arrived; already our vacation was two-thirds over. Sixty days had passed since we sailed from New York, yet who can say that we had not lived a year in that short time? Surely no one who has carefully read this narrative. And pray remember, good friend, that this short story does not convey a tithe of our experiences; it only records the principal ones, or at best such as I imagine may interest you. Now to have left Holland without visiting The Hague, would have been like a visit to Italy without seeing Rome.

At the risk, therefore, of tiring you I am going to quote what an English writer says about Holland, and then I will tell you about The Hague:

"In our groove-spun haste, we pass the quaintest of European Kingdoms by, forgetting or ignoring its fascinations, its sweet floweriness, the unique picturesqueness of its water-wayed landscape, its marvelous old towns, its stupendous triumphs in art and letters, the vigour of its history, and its people, their wholesome and happy industriousness, their pretty and ancient ways of dress, their brave

association with the sea, and their courage and success of their fight for freedom and all it stands for in the constitution and peace of Europe."

A handsome tribute this yet well deserved. Of all this beautiful country The Hague is the political, social and intellectual capitol. A city of about 150,000 inhabitants, it is relatively a small town, yet I predict that there will come a day when it will become the most famous city in the world. Do not laugh at this, my friend, wait until you have heard me out. The first and second Peace Conference have already been held there, and although the results they attained may not appear encouraging, the fact that they have taken place is a miracle in itself. Never before in the history of the world has this been accomplished, and who can predict where this spirit of amity will lead? Certainly neither you nor I. Therefore do not let us say with some of our pessimistic writers that the Palace of Peace is built upon a foundation of sand. The assertion may be literally correct; for The Hague itself is built upon piles driven into sand; and the foundations of the Peace Palace will doubtless be constructed in the same manner; but there the simile ceases. Notwithstanding the tremendous obstacles encountered by The International Court of Justice the movement is gaining ground and all right-thinking people are in favor of

it. The world moves slowly, for human nature is perverse, but that it moves at all toward such an important goal is indeed encouraging.

As an evidence of this movement let me narrate an incident that occurred to my brother Fred and myself some twenty years ago when we were making a trip together on the Steamer Potsdam bound for Rotterdam. One stormy day we found ourselves in the smoking room with a dozen or more fellow passengers, when the conversation drifted from various subjects to International Commerce and Reciprocity. We had taken little part in the discussion, when one of the gentlemen turning to me asked for my opinion. I replied that we were at present in the period of tariff wars, but that the principal of reciprocity was gaining ground, and that when more equitable trade relations were established International Commerce would grow at a tremendous pace. But, in order to facilitate this, I foresaw that many other conditions would then become necessary and that their establishment would prove of the greatest benefit to mankind. These were, an International system of weights and measures, an International unit of exchange or money, an International language oral and written (for commercial purposes), and an International Court of Justice. At the mention of the last a roar of laughter swept over the room, and I would have felt quite alone

had not a worthy man (a merchant and banker) come to my rescue. A practical man of affairs, he sustained me on every proposition, but knowing more about the subject than I did, showed the great obstacles which at that time prevented such ends being realized. Since that day three bloody wars have taken place, the South African or Boer War, the Spanish American and the Russo-Japanese War. The amount of blood and treasure which these have cost, beggar analysis. Nevertheless they have awakened the world to the folly of war, as a means of attaining justice between nations, and there has been created a new and more stable belief in "The International Court of Justice." Although only twenty years have passed, since our discussion took place in the cabin of the Potsdam, I would be quite certain that every man in that company would acknowledge today the great advance that has been made toward the permanent establishment of an International Tribunal with its blessing to mankind.

While we were in The Hague the Fisheries Commission were holding their conference there and the advent of these important personages added to the tremendous influx of summer tourists filled the town to overflowing. We had fortunately written ahead for rooms and found them on our arrival at "The Hotel des Indes", one of the best hotels in The Hague, which since the Peace Conferences has

been nick-named the anti-chamber of the Palace in the Woods. It is at the house in the woods that the Queen and Prince Consort reside, the greater part of the year.

Although the Queen has many palaces she loves none more than "Het Loo", the house in the woods. It was in this quaint and historic palace that the Peace Conferences were held, during which period "The Hotel des Indes", being frequented by the ambassadors, and royalties of many countries actually became the lobby or anti-chamber of the Palace where their deliberations were held. To have been a guest of the hotel at that time would have been a rare experience, for probably never before have there been so many of the world's diplomats gathered together in such a place.

Many years ago I visited the Palace in the Woods and the impression of simplicity and homeliness that pervaded it has always remained a pleasant memory with me. At that time 1891 Queen Wilhelmina was a child of about fifteen years of age. I remember the custodian showing me her latest photograph, which proved her to be a sweet and pretty child. About the house were many evidences of her good taste and simplicity and while she has since married I fancy that I see upon her later photographs a careworn expression that I did not see in years agone. However that may be, she is every inch a queen, and holds

the love, not only of her people, but of all nations. This is an extraordinary tribute, yet I believe it is true, for in this movement toward an International Court of Justice, the little Queen and little Holland have played an important role, one that will forever endear them to mankind.

The Hague was originally a hunting seat of the Counts of Holland, from whence its name, S. Graven Hage, is derived - meaning, the Counts' enclosure or hedge. At that time, the 16th Century, the forest was of vast extent. Civilization however has gradually encroached upon it, and the present wood is all that remains. It is however a park of considerable size and adorned with noble beech trees as handsome as those in the forest of Fontainbleau. On a sunny afternoon its shady glens and pretty water ways filled with aquatic plants, are a retreat for the lovers of the town, and who can blame them, for amid such romantic spots surely love should thrive. How little wonder then, that Queen Wilhelmina should prefer the Palace in the woods to the more stately ones she possesses.

Upon the Place Voorhout is located the Palace of the Queen Mother, and near there the Hotel des Indes, where we stopped during our stay in The Hague.

It is said that no town in Holland possesses so many

broad and handsome streets, lofty and substantial houses and handsome squares as The Hague. Now that I have renewed my acquaintance with the city after a lapse of twenty years, I know that this statement is no exaggeration. Of the show palaces, I shall only mention the Picture Gallery or Mauritshuis as it is called, an imposing structure erected by Prince John Maurice of Nassau, Governor of Brazil in 1679, which now contains a rare collection of Pictures, the nucleus of which was made by the Princes of Orange. It is in this gallery that Rembrandt's famous picture, the School of Anatomy is safely guarded. His other famous picture "The Night Watch" being shown in a room specially built for it in The Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. It would be difficult to put a value on these two masterpieces, so highly are they prized, but I think few pictures in Europe would bring a higher price if put up at auction.

"SCHEVENINGEN"

A mile or two from The Hague lies the seashore resort of Scheveningen. Once a fishing village, it has grown and prospered until today, it is one of Europe's great seashore resorts. Biarritz, Trouville, Ostende and Scheveningen, these are the places where during the season one may see life and fashion. Ostende, the most important of them, is not far from Brussels and steamers ply regularly from there to Dover, England. It is therefore more frequented by English than Scheveningen. Nevertheless many English and Americans favor Holland's "Bains de mer"; and the Continent sends its portion so that it like The Hague has become an International resort. During the season it is very gay and the concerts and balls at the Casino, or Kurhaus, as it is called, are most brilliant affairs. To one who loves good music the Symphony Concerts are a delight. Under the direction of Herr Ernst Kunwald with his Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin, there have been produced many original works at The Casino that might never have been heard by the public. One of these "La Roi en Exile", by my friend of Zandvoort, was produced on August 5th, before a most brilliant and

enthusiastic audience. The work took 25 minutes to perform, and was followed by a work of the master Tschaikowsky.

To describe the various emotions of my friend upon hearing for the first time one of his works interpreted by the best orchestra in Europe, would be impossible. One must listen to the composer tell it "viva voce", in his own inimitable way; and as he arrives at the climax - "when the house rose to a man and cheered him lustily for ten minutes" - as the memory of this triumph brings suffused tears to his eyes, one may then perhaps understand what it means to labor and slave for twenty-five years without recognition, to become famous in a night.

I could fill many pages with interesting incidents that have happened to me upon my various visits to Scheveningen, for it is amid such throngs, made up of all nationalities, that a writer often finds his best material, I will mention one experience that was extremely interesting.

During the tour of The Comedy-Francaise Company of Paris, I happened to be in The Hague and secured tickets for the performance. Arriving at the Theatre adjoining the Casino, I found myself among the most fashionable audience I had met in Europe. Every man (except myself) seemed to be in evening dress and the fairest ladies in the land were present decked in their latest Parisian

toilettes. I could hardly believe that such a brilliant audience had come out on a rainy night to honor the players, and therefore asked a gentleman near me for an explanation and was told that after the theatre there was to be a grand ball. Nothing daunted, I requested him to find me some way to get into the ball room that I might see the audience without being stopped by the liveried employees because I was not in evening dress. He courteously did so and I beheld a scene that I have remembered ever since. Beautiful women were there in abundance, their brilliant costumes contrasting strangely with the uniforms of the many Army and Navy officers present, who danced with spurs on their boots as though their equipment would be incomplete without them. Courtiers, Diplomats, Princesses and Princes, all were inextricably mixed in the maze of the waltz with the elite of the town and the fortunate commoners who, like myself, were reveling in the intoxication of the moment. Such is The Hague during the season.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND.

It was Sunday afternoon, August the 21st, when we bade good-bye to Scheveningen. A gale was blowing at the time and every indication pointed to heavy weather for our trip across the Channel. However, it was too late to back out. Our cabins had been secured and off we went on the boat train to The Hook of Holland, which is not far from Rotterdam. Arriving on board at eleven o'clock, imagine our surprise to find the gale abated and the moon shining through the rapidly drifting clouds.

Finding that our steamer would not start until the Berlin Express arrived, I placed my baggage in my state room and went on deck. It was a wonderful night, one such as Clark Russell would revel in for one of his poetic descriptions. Out upon the horizon hung a pall of black clouds lightened only where the ocean and the horizon met by a luminous ray that permitted one to peep upon the cold North Sea. Overhead were masses of drifting wind clouds, passing with the speed of an express train, ever and anon shutting out the moon's rays, which persistently tried to pierce their sombre mantles. A heavy swell swept into the estuary indicating that the sea beyond had not subsided although the gale had blown

itself out. The earth air current which but a few hours passed had tossed the sea into mountainous waves, was passing over the English coast, while the upper air current was apparently passing in an opposite direction tearing the clouds into all manner of fantastic shapes that beggar description. For a long while I sat watching this dramatic spectacle when my attention was attracted by a red light which I supposed to be upon the jetty of the harbor. A moment later a green light came out to match it and a small steamer inward-bound passed us by, without a sound. The appearance of the boat had been so unexpected that I almost fancied it a phantom ship, until I was told that it was a coaster that had bucked the gale all day, her hardy captain having brought her safely into port when others would have scuttled before the gale.

Our steamer proved to be one of the new turbine boats of which so much has been written. A long narrow craft of about one thousand tons burdon, she was propelled by a pair of twin screws actuated by compound turbines. In appointments and accommodation her equipment was as fine as any channel steamer I have seen, but I confess that I should not care to be caught in a gale in her. However, speed is the quest of the public, and if they wish to make the run from the Hook to Harwich in six hours they must have a boat that flies.

At the midnight as the German Express had not arrived I retired for the night and had fallen asleep, when the sounds of an Aeolian harp awoke me. By the motion of the boat and the hum of the turbines, which produce this curious musical sound akin to an Aeolian harp, I knew that we were under full headway. To some the sound is extremely annoying, but to a weary traveler like myself, it acted as a lullaby and in a few moments I was again sound asleep.

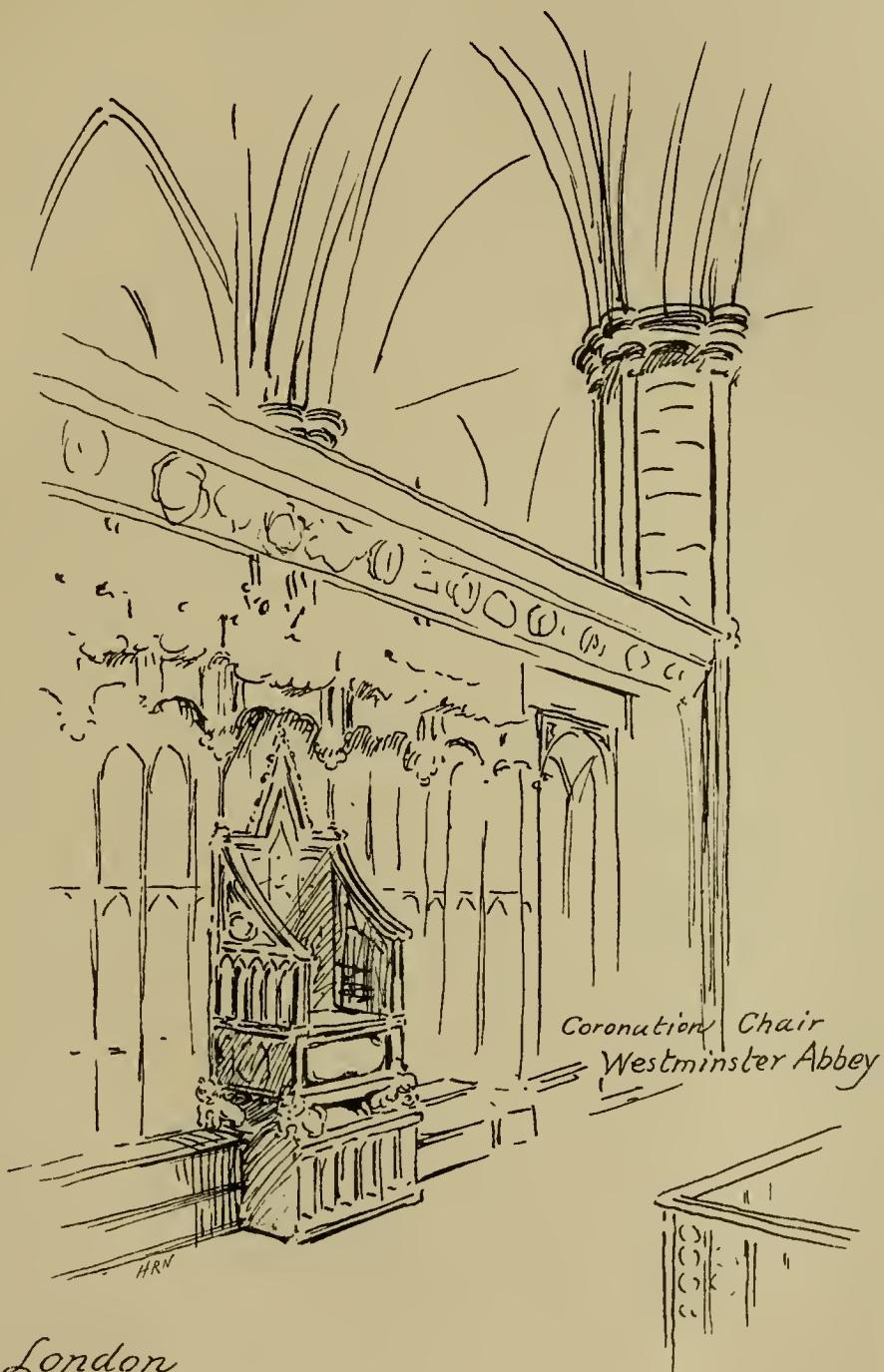
It was six o'clock the next morning when the steward awoke me. After a cup of coffee I dressed and went on deck. A cold clammy fog enveloped everything, but as we neared the harbor of Harwich, it lifted sufficiently to permit us to enter the estuary at half speed. A few moments later we were landed at the wharf, a dreary place with a dirty railway station, and were ushered into a large shed where our hand baggage was examined by the Customs. Then entering the Great Eastern R.R. train that awaited us, were bowled off to London at fifty miles an hour.

LONDON.

From Harwich to the Liverpool Street Station in London, was a two hours' ride. The day being overcast, the country through which we passed, lacked the charm we expected and as we entered the smoke-laden city, a sense of depression came upon us, but as this is the impression London first makes on an American we had our baggage passed by the custom officials and tossing it aboard a four-wheeler and were driven to the Hotel Thackeray, Great Russel Street, directly opposite the entrance to the British Museum.

As this hotel is comparatively little known, I shall say a word about it. A temperance house, owned and run by women, it is an excellent place for those who wish to remain for some time in London. While it may not have the privacy of quarters in a private family, it has many advantages, such as good room and board, a library, a billiard room, a lounge and a parlor where one may be quite at home for a modest stipend per week. Were it more centrally located I should prefer it to many of the more expensive hotels, frequented by Americans.

But alas! the contrast of smoky London to the sunny



London

cheery cities we had left behind us, dampened our spirits so that we were not enthusiastic about our quarters or our contemplated sojourn in the greatest city in the world.

"The Soul of London" is the title of a book which it was my good fortune to read some six years ago. A curious title, you will say, for how can a city have a soul? Of course, the inanimate city, the bricks and mortar, cannot have a soul unless we believe Masterlinck's Fairy Tale of "The Blue Bird", - but as an individual may have a personal soul, so a collective body of individuals may also have a collective soul, and it is to the study of this subject that the author treats us. George Moore has called this study "The Psychology of the Mob". Now the author proves (at least to my satisfaction) that London (the mob soul) is so great and powerful that it dominates all individuals and nationalities that come within its gates. So powerful are its allurements and attractions; so dominating the customs, manners and modes of life; so irresistible the good cheer and love of King and country, that whosoever comes within its influence, is eventually changed in character and after a few years' residence, becomes a Londoner in name and in reality. Curious this wonderful influence, yet true nevertheless.

The sway of environment is something little understood

by the average person, else we would not see men and women of intelligence content with a dreary lot, when something better for a little pains might be theirs. Of all nationalities, the Anglo-Saxon is the most adventurous and self-reliant, yet incredible as it may seem, we see an army of them content with a bare livelihood in London, when their own colonies offer them golden opportunities. Why do they not go? The answer nine times out of ten will be, the home ties are too great, they cannot break them. The lure of London has fallen upon them and they are lost. It is therefore quite impossible for an American, above all, a tourist, to comprehend this lure or influence in a short visit. To do this one must live there, at least for a time, and become one of them. When, after a year or more of residence, his knowledge of the city and his acquaintance with its people shall have grown, he will discover that he too has fallen under the influence of the Soul of London. His former prejudices and antipathies have disappeared, and loyal American though he be, he has nevertheless, become a Londoner in taste and sympathy.

It is not my purpose to attempt to explain this wonderful influence, I only know that it exists, and that a week had barely passed, before the smoky dirty city I saw on my arrival, began to become more attractive to me, and when one day I found myself standing upon the steps of the

National Gallery overlooking Trafalgar Square, I said to myself, "Surely, London is the peer of all other cities in the world."

It was early in the eighteenth century when the course of Empire passed from France to England. The Battle of Waterloo settled forever Napoleon's dreams of conquest, and England today is the peer of all the nations of Europe. To her comes the wealth of the Indies, her colonial possessions are vast, rich and powerful, and her friendly trade relations have developed a foreign commerce so great that ours is but a mite in comparison. With the introduction of steam and machinery her manufactures have developed beyond the wildest dreams of her forefathers of old, until today her trade, foreign and domestic, is counted in billions.

Of all Great Britain's vast empire, London is the commercial and political capital, and it is therefore not surprising that there has grown up on the banks of the Thames, a city of over 6,000,000 inhabitants made up of all nations of the earth. To give an idea of the vast wealth which has been brought through foreign commerce and controlled by the Banks and Trust companies of London would be a task so great that few but experts could do it. Furthermore such statistics would be beyond my purpose which is to relate my trip as it occurred, and give

"en passant", such information as may be instructive and entertaining.

With the death of Queen Victoria, there terminated the greatest era of prosperity England has ever known. Those fifty or more years have justly been called the Victorian Era, and a better designation could not be chosen. For it was with her accession to the throne that the arts and sciences flourished in England as they had never flourished before.

One must look at the wealth of treasure gathered within the museums, galleries and libraries of London to understand this, and remember that fifty years ago these collections either did not exist or else were so small as to be unimportant. Moreover by private bequests, London is gradually acquiring collection upon collection of paintings and other art treasures, so that today it may justly boast of rivaling the wonderful collections of Paris. As an example of private bequest, the Sir Richard Wallace Collection recently acquired, is appraised at \$25,000,000., and this, be it remembered, is the bequest of one man, a collector of excellent taste who has left a monument behind him worthy of an Emperor. How many other private collections there are I do not recall. But the New Taite Gallery on the Thames embankment, dazzled me with the beauty of its building and the wealth and

excellence of its paintings of the English masters. Compare this collection, and the National Gallery collection of antique art, with the best that Berlin can show in the painter's art, and one can then appreciate why an art student cannot neglect London in his itinerary.

It has been my good fortune to visit London many times, and though it had been but six years since I was last there, the changes which are taking place, are surprising. Charing Cross or Trafalgar Square, may justly be considered the heart of London. In this vicinity many great improvements have already taken place and others under completion, will eventually make this part of the city as fine architecturally as Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

The Thames embankment is now being extended a mile further up the river to a point where the New Taite Gallery is located. On the opposite side of the river the embankment is being carried down from Lambeth Palace to the New Palace of the London County Council, (City Hall), and eventually it is hoped the Surrey side of the city will be as attractive as the other.

Through the courtesy of my friend, the Superintending Architect of the London County Council, we had an opportunity to inspect the foundations for this new City Hall. Already the embankment is completed with its massive granite walls, and the excavation of the

accumulated mud of centuries within the wall, is now nearly finished. During these excavations the workmen discovered the remnants of an old Roman Galley, with many other rare trophies of the period of the Roman invasion. How this craft happened to be abandoned, there, no one will ever know, but the finding of it 2000 years later, gives one some conception of the antiquity of London.

I think one of the best views of London may be obtained from the Westminster Bridge which crosses the river at a point between Lambeth Palace and The New County Council. From this point one may see the beautiful Parliament Buildings and the many other superb structures, such as the Whitehall Chambers, the Savoy and Cecil Hotels, and following down the embankment, the noble dome of St. Paul's Cathedral finally looms up high above the mist and smoke of the city forming a land mark discernible as far as the eye can reach.

Often I have delighted in a trip on the penny steamers that run from Kew Gardens to Black Friars Bridge, and from thence to Greenwich Observatory and Arsenal, many miles down the river. In making such a trip one gets a better impression of the magnitude of London and its importance as a sea port, than can be acquired in any other way. However, the average tourist prefers to stick

about the Strand and Piccadilly, or Bond or Regent Streets where the principal shops are located.

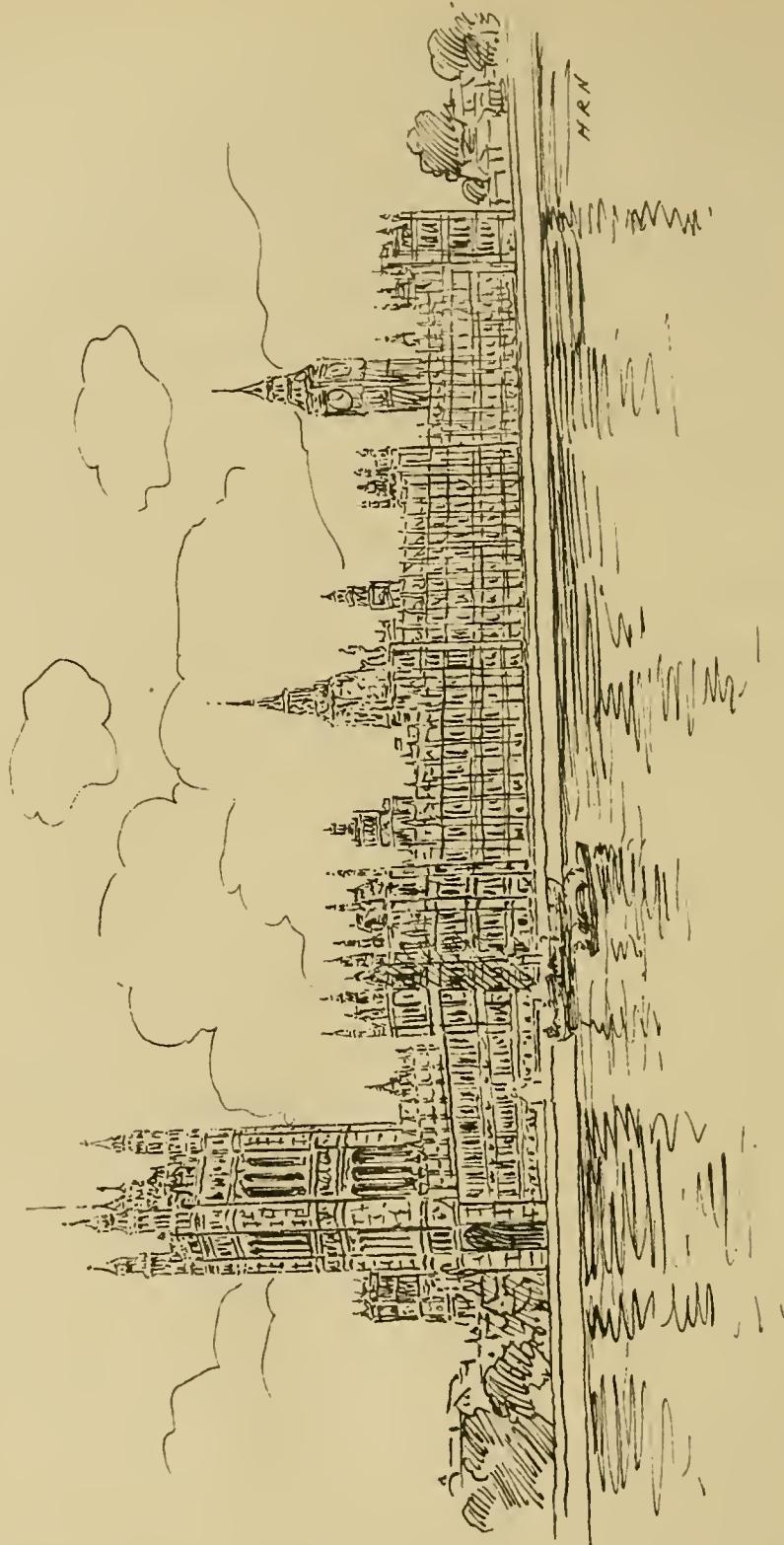
It would require much time to describe the many improvements which are making London really an attractive city, but the New Mall in front of Carleton Terrace, the Kingsway, the Strand improvement, and many other radical changes are transforming London, as Paris was transformed in Baron Haussmann's time.

Architecturally, and in plan, London is unlike any city in the world. An inextricable net of narrow streets with only here and there a highway, one often finds some of the best examples of architecture surrounded by a mass of humble or ramshackle buildings that completely destroy its dignity. Furthermore the law of ancient lights, prevents property owners from building to any great height, for the reason that adjoining property owners have a right to God's free gifts, light and air. This very wise law has saved London from the abnormal buildings we see in New York and elsewhere in this country. London, therefore, is a mixture of the old and the new that often illly harmonizes. In style the preference has largely been for the Classic of which the British Museum is an excellent example of the Greek, while St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery and many other public and private buildings, are good examples of the Roman

Classic style. Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece of St. Paul's is the third largest church in Christendom, being surpassed only by St. Peter's at Rome and the Milan Cathedral. Its proportions are enormous, and the interior capable of accommodating, if I remember correctly, ten thousand people. However, the Church is so hemmed in by narrow streets and unimposing houses, that from nowhere near at hand can one obtain a fair view of its gigantic proportions.

This is not true of the Parliament Buildings, of which a fine view can be had from the Surrey side of the Thames. These buildings were erected in 1840 from the plans of Sir Charles Barry and are in the richest late Tudor Gothic style occupying a space of 940 feet on the river front and covering eight square acres of ground. The beautiful Victorian Tower adds greatly to the magnificent pile of masonry which are in my opinion the finest Parliament Buildings in the world. In the tower is hung the great bell, called "Big Ben", weighing thirteen tons. This monster is capable of sending its vibrations over the whole city of London, but owing to a defect, it is only rung upon important celebrations.

To give a review of the many new and beautiful buildings which make London so interesting to an architect, would not be practical, but the new War offices are



London
Houses of Parliament
from the Thames

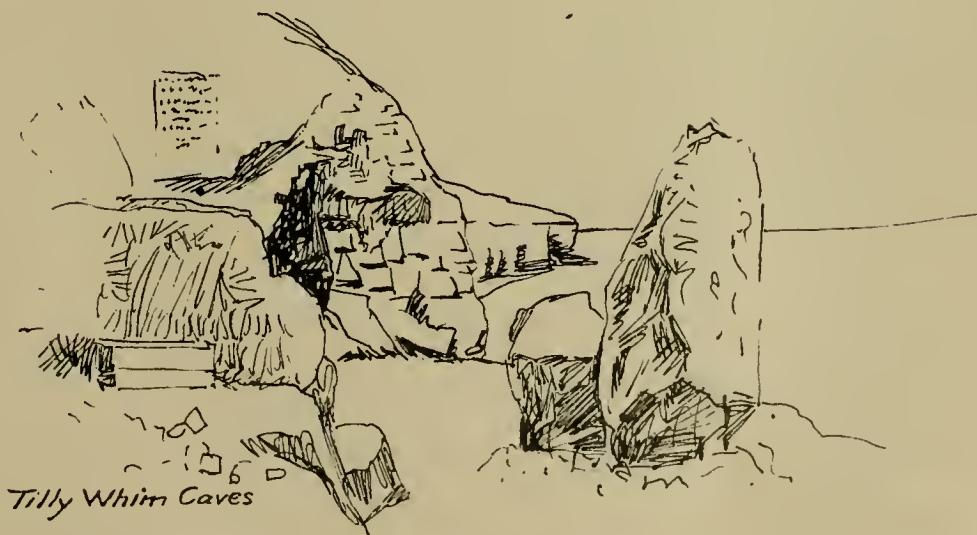
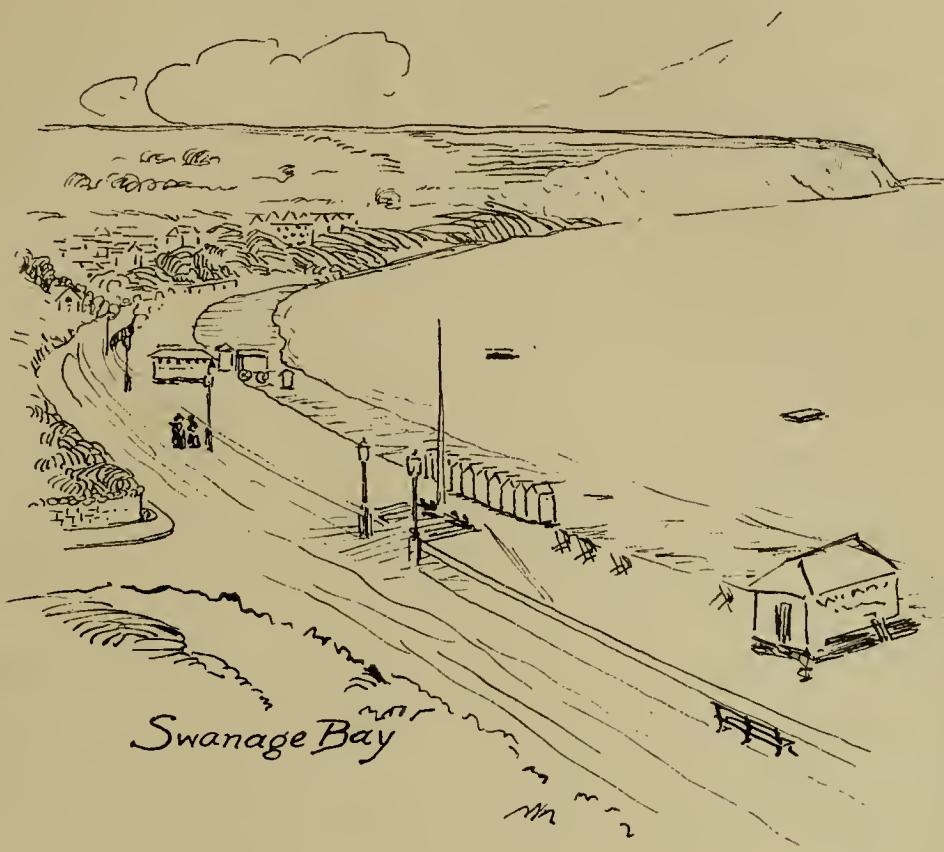
worthy of mention, and the Imperial Institute, where are gathered the rare collections of England's Colonies is, I think, one of the finest specimens of modern architecture.

But why attempt such a task as the description of London's architecture. That is feat for a student who has unlimited time. I was not so blessed; five days had passed and Sunday was at hand and I was meditating how I could get out of London on that day, when an invitation from my architectural friend requested me to come down and spend the week-end at Swanage by the Sea where he and his family were residing for the summer. Needless to say that weary with sight-seeing I was glad of the chance to get out again into the open, and hurriedly packing my satchel, I called a hansom and in about twenty minutes was landed in the Waterloo Station of The Grand Central R. R. in time to catch the 9:30 A.M. train for Swanage.

SWANAGE BY THE SEA.

Our train was an express and crowded to its full capacity with many week end trippers who like myself were anxious to get a breath of the sea. After leaving the smoke-laden city, the sun came out disclosing the beautiful fields and farms of Surrey. An hour's ride brought us into Hampshire with its lovely rolling fields of grain and prosperous farms, its picturesque cottages and fine estates, and about twelve o'clock passed through Winchester. A half hour later we stopped at Southampton, where many of our passengers got off, a few more descending at East Bournemouth, whilst I and those who remained continued on to Swanage by the Sea.

At two o'clock we arrived. Somewhat weary from the journey I descended from the train, and was met by my friend, who with a cheery - "Welcome home old chap" - greeted me like a long lost brother. In a few moments we were driven to his cottage where a hearty welcome awaited me from his wife and his four beautiful children. A jolly reunion it was, one especially agreeable to me, for it had been many years since we had all met, and one of the little tots I had never seen before. Ever



thoughtful of the inner man our hostess had prepared a royal luncheon which a half famished man like myself enjoyed to the full. After a chat and a cigar it was suggested that I accompany the family on an excursion to Corfe Castle a distance of ten miles or so, but I begged off and sought my quarters in the Hotel Grosvenor near by, where to my surprise a palatial room, large enough for a family, had been reserved for me. As I opened the window and caught a breath of the fresh sea breeze laden with its brine, I looked out upon Swanage bay, with its yachts at anchor, and saw in the distance the Isle of Wight. Then a sense of compassion came upon me, and I pitied those less fortunate than myself, who housed within a smoke laden city might rarely see so pretty a scene.

Swanage I found to be an old fashioned seashore resort rarely frequented by any but English families, who come for the season, that is, for July and August. On the first of September a general exodus takes place and a month later the place is deserted. I was fortunate therefore in arriving before the people had left and in the afternoon took a walk around the bay, which is semi-circular and about a mile in diameter. On the north side of the bay are lofty chalk cliffs forming a bold head land which makes it an excellent harbor. The south side is equally well protected by imposing hills whose woodland

or verdure run down to the sea - Between these natural bulwarks lies the town and the bathing beach.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, the time when children and nurse maids should have been at home for tea, when I reached the beach which was crowded with children either disporting themselves in the water or building sand castles to be destroyed by the morrow's rain. I sat for a long while watching the sport and tried to imagine myself a boy again. But alas! so many years have rolled by that the feat was difficult. However, as I looked out over the channel I saw a mist gradually shutting the Isle of Wight from view and noting the sudden change in temperature asked an old sea dog near me, what the indication meant. "Ah", he said, "There be a storm brewin' sor". Although I suspected then that he knew the weather better than I yet I never imagined we should get the gale that twenty-four hours later lashed us with its fury. But of that anon.

The sudden chill in the air encouraged me to continue my walk, when suddenly on turning a corner of the promenade I literally ran into an old friend, a Londoner, who with his young wife, were spending their vacation in the town. Without more ado we went to his hotel for a chat and a cup of tea. As we sat around the hospitable board I began to feel at home in Swanage and from my friend learned much

about the vicinity which may be of interest. As this coast is a delightful place to spend a summer I will quote the information. Let me see if I can explain it to you without the aid of a map.

The English Channel from Lands End on the West, to Dover on the East runs approximately east and west. Located midway between these two points is the Isle of Wight, England's most delightful summer resort. To the west of the Isle of Wight about 25 miles distant a promontory projects into the Channel, called by some the Island of Purbeck, it is however really a peninsula, on the channel side of which is Durlston Bay with its famous St. Alban's Head and light house, whilst on the eastern side of the peninsula facing the Isle of Wight lies Swanage bay and its pretty town nestled in between forboding bluffs or head lands. In coming in or up the Channel therefore if one follows the English coast, one must pass the following headlands and lights on the way to Dover. I shall omit Lands End, for the reason that The Lizard light, is really further to the Southward, and is in effect the most southerly part of England. After leaving the Lizard and its famous light the next headland is Start Point - located East of Plymouth, then comes Portland Bill, St. Albans Head, St. Catharines Point Isle of Wight; then Beachey Head, Dungeness and Dover.

These headlands and lights have been made famous by Clark Russell in his nautical stories, and it was surprising to me that one of these very renowned lights, (St. Albans Head) should be so nearby. I determined therefore to pay it a visit the next day. But to continue - The narrowest part of the English Channel as is well known is called the Straits of Dover and lies between Calais (France) and Dover (England). The next narrowest point is that lying between the Isle of Wight and Cherbourg, France. It is therefore possible to make a trip from Swanage to Cherbourg and return the same day. In fact; day and night steamers do this regularly during the season, weather permitting.

How was it not a curious turn of events which brought me within fifty miles of Cherbourg where two months before we had disembarked so full of enthusiasm for our educational tour through Europe. How many miles we had covered in that time I do not know, but if you have followed our journey from the start I think you will admit that our time was not idly wasted. Swanage therefore is a very desirable place to reside in the summer, for the reason that steamers ply regularly to Portsmouth, Southampton, and The Isle of Wight, as well as to Cherbourg, St. Malo and the Channel Islands of Guernsey, Alderney and Jersey. Furthermore the country in the vicinity of Swanage is very rugged and beautiful and innumerable excursions inland are

possible. It is an ideal place for a poet or a painter, but not for those who desire excitement dress or parade. For such I would recommend Brighton, with its swarming crowds of trippers, touters, Jacks and Jills of every station. One may see more of the human side of life, high or low there in a day than could be seen in Swanage in a year.

If time and space would permit I could tell many interesting things about this peninsular which my friend maintains has all the geological formations of England within its small domain, but I must hurry home to dinner, then to bed for the next day Sunday we had arranged to walk over the downs to Studland, five miles distant.

In Puritanical England Sunday is always strictly observed, and it is for that reason that London is such a dreary place on the Sabbath. If its many churches were filled to overflowing one would feel that the outward solemnity corresponded with the inward grace. But unfortunately that is not the case. In some of the oldest parishes, we see a clergyman and a curate with all the attendant choir, holding forth to a dozen or more of the faithful, whilst in the more fashionable parishes few churches are filled to their capacity. However this is not the case in Swanage, which being the home of John Wesley, has a strong following of Non-Conformists nearly

equalling that of the Church of England residents there.

As the Church bells began to toll I wandered through the town to see the Sunday parade. I had passed the Wesleyan Church and several others whose congregations crowded about the doors in their anxiety to get in, and was proceeding up the hill when I heard the Episcopal Church nearby ringing its peal in a merry fashion. Desiring to see how this was done I proceeded to the church to find that it was already filled to overflowing and that many were being turned away.

As the peal or old-fashioned bell ringing is little known in this country, I will say a word about it. A peal usually consists of seven bells turned in the scale of C.

Thus if the fundamental C. be rung once at the beginning and once after the six others have successively been rung, there will be a complete octave in effect, though not in reality. Now in chimes the bells are struck by a hammer while the bell remains stationary, but in bell ringing or pealing this is not the case, the bell is tolled in the ordinary manner, and in a complete revolution is struck twice by the clapper. It is this, that gives bell ringing such a curious character. In effect there is a harmony, and yet an apparent discord. The bell ropes of each bell in the church I mention was manned by a husky lad or a man over whom the head bell ringer dominated.

By indicating successively the bell to be tolled there was produced a series of double bell strokes which although not producing a melody, obtained a harmony, that swept in surging vibrations over the village and must have awakened the dead in the grave yard from their slumbers, had it continued much longer. But at a final growl of the bass or fundamental, the organ in the church burst forth in a peal of melody and as I left the scene the choristers were marching in to that beautiful processional singing, "Onward Christian Soldiers, marching on to War, with the cross of Jesus going on before."

I had arranged to join my friends for a walk over the chalk cliffs in the afternoon to see the very interesting old church of Studland, but as I looked out over the channel, I saw the heavy storm clouds gathering and knew that the prediction of my old sea dog was going to be true. I therefore went to my friend's cottage near my hotel and we decided to await events. We had not long to wait, for within an hour the wind had increased to a gale that soughed and sighed through the trees and rattled the doors and windows as though it would break them in. It was a wild storm, yet withal there was no rain, and the wind coming from the southward was not cold enough to be uncomfortable. Ever ready for an adventure my friend suggested that we walk over the cliffs to the Tilly Whim Caves,

located on the head near St. Alban's Light. From this point he argued we might see the surf and yet be safely protected from the storm. I accepted, and the two eldest children pleading so hard to accompany us their mother consented and off we went in great glee.

We had not gone far however before we found it difficult to face the gale, nevertheless by taking advantage of such shelter as we could find we reached the woods that skirt Durlston Bay, and following the path emerged into the open road which leads to the Light House. This road winds gradually down to the light but being long and circuitous, my friend decided to take a short cut down the grassy slope and reach the caves before the rain should overtake us. The slope being at an angle of 45 degrees was very slippery and I feared that if any of us should miss our footing, nothing on earth could save us from falling into the channel, which was now a seething cauldron of hissing surf lashed into a mad fury by the gale. Unfortunately we had delayed too long, the storm accompanied by a driving rain that cut us to the quick was now upon us in deadly earnest. Nothing daunted, we attempted to descend in the face of the blinding rain, when a mighty gust literally blew us backward up the decline. In the roar and tumult it was impossible for one to be heard. My friend who had rushed blindly into the storm, had reached

the path leading to the caves and was waving frantically for us to follow. If he called to us we never heard him nor would it have been possible so terrific was the roar of the gale. The children and myself stood for an instant with our backs to the driving rain in order to tie handkerchiefs over our mouths, so that we might breathe; for the air was so saturated with moisture that we felt as though we were drowning. Then, as if by common consent, we turned back up the slope and were almost lifted there by the force of the wind. Gaining the roadway we found a stone wall nearby which formed a wind-break about four feet high, behind this we sat to catch our breath while the rain drove over us at such speed that we were as dry there, as under a roof. Not far from us were a flock of sheep who with the instinct of self-preservation, had also sought the shelter of the wall. There they stood quite oblivious of us patiently awaiting the abatement of the gale and seemed to take the event as a common occurrence. They however, had a great advantage over us for their woolly coats being smooth and oily, shed the rain like the feathers of a duck; whilst we were literally drenched to the skin. Fearing that the children would catch cold if we remained longer I induced them to proceed and finally we regained the wood. Once there our spirits revived, and we were walking along laughing at

our experience, when lo, in a sheltered nook, whom should we discover but the mother and her other little bairns, who fearful for our safety, had come with her brother-in-law to bring us home. Learning that we were all safe a smile passed over her face and in a cheery manner she sent us home, promising to follow as fast as the little tots could follow.

It was six o'clock that night when I reached my hotel. Already it had grown dark and although the sun had nearly set the wind had abated but little. Retiring to my room I called for the maid and handing her my wet clothing to dry, retired to bed and fell into a heavy slumber from which I did not awake until the next morning.

BACK TO LONDON.

Refreshed and invigorated by my night's rest I awoke early the next day, and looking out of my window thought I saw the sun attempting to peep through the heavy cumulous clouds that floated over the bay. The storm had blown itself out, but there was a tremendous sea running, the roar of which I could plainly hear although my hotel was at considerable distance from the sea. A dozen or more fishing boats had taken refuge in the harbor during the night and were riding at anchor, tossing and pulling at their chains as though they were tethered mustangs. Calling for my clothing which the maid had dried and pressed, I hurriedly dressed and after a cup of coffee went out on the pier. Notwithstanding the fact that it was most substantially built and sheltered from the Channel the waves had washed clear over it in the night and a small steamer that had been lying alongside, had found the berth so dangerous that she had cast lose and scudded before the gale up the Solent to Portsmouth.

Returning from the pier I went to bid my friend goodbye and learned from him that he had not only reached the Tilly Whim caves safely, but that he had secured a

fine water-color sketch of the surf and shore.

After bidding all good-bye I was returning to my hotel when a commotion on the pier attracted my attention and I went down to ascertain the cause. An old salt nearby pointed to a large paddle wheel steamer putting in to the pier. "Well what of it," I inquired; "She's a goin' to land, sor". "Well, what of that," I continued, "there's nothing new in a channel steamer landing here." "Oh no sor", he replied, "unly she's a big 'un and left Portsmouth this mornin' bound fur Cherbourg." "Well, then, why don't she go there?" I ventured. The old tar shifted his quid and giving me a scornful look, blurted out: "Gawd sor, she couldn't live in the sea cut there, an' she's got 800 trippers aboard." I was not entirely of his opinion, however, for as the steamer came up to the pier I saw that she was a very powerful boat of about 1500 tons burden. Doubtless she could have ridden out the sea. But the excursionists, "oh ye gods", what of them? What a sorry spectacle. Men, women and children lay about the deck in the most deplorable condition - some too weak to rise their heads, had to be carried ashore while all were pale and wan from the terrible tossing they had received and were more or less drenched with the spray that had come aboard. I could learn little about the party, except that they had set out from Portsmouth in high spirits in the

morning expecting to spend a jolly day in Cherbourg across the Channel, but the sea had proved so heavy that the captain had wisely put into Swanage, where although excursionists are not encouraged to land, they were kindly received by the townspeople. Surely here was an exciting incident for sleepy old Swanage and I only regretted that I could not remain to get a further glimpse of the mass of humanity that landed there that day.

My trip to London was made agreeable by a South African and his wife who occupied the same compartment with myself. From him I learned much of Johannesburg and the mines in which he was interested. Twenty-five years agone he had been a lad in London with little or no prospects for making a livelihood. Chafing under the intolerable condition which surrounded him, he had shipped to Cape Colony, and had become rich from the opportunities the new country offered. It was very interesting to hear him lash his own countrymen for their lack of enterprise and contentment with dirty old London. But as I explained to him, during his absence he had become an Africander, his sympathies and interests were with his people in the South, and he now saw his native land as a stranger. He admitted my argument, but deplored the lure of London that held so many able-bodied people enchained.

At Southampton we secured luncheon baskets and being

quite alone in our compartment set our little table and dined together in true old-fashioned camaraderie.

From my conversation with this gentleman and his wife, I think the true Africander is more like an American than any other Nationality I have ever met. Resourceful, self-reliant, enterprising, and courageous, they have dug their gold from the bowels of the earth and sown it broadcast in a thousand enterprises that are making of South Africa a nation that will in time rival our own.

Our train arriving in London I bade him and his wife good-bye, and as he shook my hand he said, "We have had a delightful trip together, I wonder if we shall ever meet again." "I fear not," I replied, for a week hence I sail for New York and you for the Antipodes. Yet, I knew in my heart that God's ways are greater than man's, and that fate might, ere we knew it, drift us together again.

My return to London was to be short, for the first of September having arrived, we had but ten days left before we were to sail from Liverpool. I called my companions together and we laid out a short trip to occupy the few remaining days abroad. It took us a day or more to make some purchases, and bid goodbye to our friends, then we were ready.

I wish before leaving London, I could give a resume of the galleries and their collections, the theatres and

their plays and above all, a slight glimpse of the very great changes that are taking place in the city owing to the underground railways and penny tubes that run in every direction sometimes 200 feet under the city's massive buildings. These extremely cheap and rapid means of transit are rapidly transforming London, so that in ten years it will be a city of such colossal proportions that other cities will be villages in comparison. As an example of the speed of the penny tubes, my experience may be interesting. I dined with a friend in Golder's Green on our last night leaving his house at nine in the evening and in less than half an hour was landed at Tottenham Court Road, a run of seven miles into the city. The actual running time, I think, was 20 minutes and when I arrived at my hotel I had made the trip in just half an hour. This is rapid transit in fact, and I little wondered as I sat in my room a few moments later, that the exodus is pushing out into the suburbs, where the air is clearer and the sun can be seen on a fair day. A thousand other things I should like to relate, but now we must say au revoir to London, for time and tide wait not.

CANTERBURY

In order to make the seven days' trip as rapidly as possible, we had our trunks sent forward to Liverpool by advance luggage on The Great Western R. R. As the term "advance baggage" is one that is unknown in this country, a word about this excellent system, will be necessary. Expressage is less expensive in England than in the United States, nevertheless, it would have cost a pound or more to have expressed our trunks to Liverpool. I was therefore surprised when the head porter informed me that the cost by advance baggage would only be a shilling for each trunk or three shillings in all, but in order to receive this rate he advised me that it would be necessary for us to sign a document by which we would agree to purchase three tickets on the G. W. R. R. to Liverpool within the coming week.

As we were perfectly willing to do this, our baggage was called for, and two days later was delivered in the Hotel Adelphi, Liverpool. Surely here is a convenience to travelers which we have not yet secured. I may remark "en passant", that the Parcel Post is another.

It is about a two hours' run on an express from London



Canterbury
Mercery Lane

to Canterbury. Our route lay through Kent justly called the garden of England. At about 4 P.M. we stopped at Chatham, a very important manufacturing town and at five o'clock reached our destination. The hotel we had selected was "The Fleur de Lys", located on the main street, reputed to be the oldest hostelry in England, a part of it having been built in the 13th Century. I was greatly interested in the building though the modern installation of electric lights detracted somewhat from its ancient character and it was not until the dinner was served by old and faithful servants that I began to feel quite at home. The deference and decorum of these servants was a delight and the cuisine much the same as that of all English hotels, that is to say mediocre, but when one leaves the Continent one must not complain. The English have their tastes and believe in their dishes as much as the French do in theirs.

Canterbury in historic interest, is a town the tourist should not pass by. Its beautiful Cathedral is a study for the student, and the vital English history that centers around it endears it to every good Englishman. I have not the time to quote, but the place where Thomas A. Becket was killed is still shown and is quite authentic. We were unfortunate in the hour we selected to visit the cathedral for the morning services were about to take

place and we had the alternative of being locked in or locked out. We chose the latter and being directed down the main street to the R.R. Station, decided to spend the day in Deal.

DEAL.

Deal is a seashore resort fourteen miles from Canterbury and about ten from Dover. It is an unattractive village located on a vast meadow which like that of Atlantic City, slopes down to the sea. In picturesqueness it has none of the beauties of either Dover or Swanage, but it has that which is very necessary for a seashore resort, a beautiful shingle beach miles in extent. Once, one of the ancient Cinque Ports, it has become the rendezvous of English families who enjoy sea-bathing.

After luncheon at The Black Horse Tavern in the town we went for a stroll on the beach. A military band was regaling the promenaders and the nurse maids and children were having a merry time paddling in the sea which to our surprise was as smooth as glass. So placid was it that my young companions could scarcely believe they were looking on the dreaded English Channel, and hiring a wherry rowed out toward the iron pier. The tide rises and falls in this vicinity about 21 feet making a tremendous current when at its half flood or ebb, but at the time they started it had attained its full flood, and they therefore had the advantage of the slack. However an

hour later when they returned the ebb was commencing; and shortly after that, the current had attained such velocity that only powerful steamers could stem it.

As the average visitor little understands the power of these currents he will do well to find a safer place for his nautical excursions, for my part I have never enthused over the English Channel as a cruising ground for I have seen it in too many austere moods and know too well its dangers. About Deal the coast is especially dangerous for the reason that the treacherous Goodwin Sands lie only a few miles off the shore and the number of lives that have been lost there will never be known. The Goodwin Sand and the Manicles that lie further to the westward are undoubtedly the most dangerous places in the English Channel, and all good sailors heave a sigh of relief when they have passed them by and put out into the broad Atlantic.

It was my good fortune to find some old Yorkshire friends stopping in Deal and after a cup of tea in their hospitable home, we wandered out upon the beach and enjoyed a jolly afternoon until the departure of our train for Canterbury.

In returning to our hotel on arriving in Canterbury, it was necessary for us to proceed up the High Street which was, and still is, the main thoroughfare or post

road, to and from the town. How many pilgrims have passed in and out this road, it would be vain to surmise, but their number must be legion. The street is crowded with many quaint and interesting houses of the half timbered construction so popular in the 14th, 15th and 16th Centuries, and many "Pubs" indeed I cannot understand how they all exist, yet the odor of tanneries and other works on the outskirts of the city suggest a large laboring population and it is no doubt from this class that they secure their patrons. Canterbury is today a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, situated on a small stream called the Stour, and its history has been that of the religious history of the land.

After the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1170, the town became the undisputed center of religious life and is now dignified as the religious metropolis of England.

Of the famous inns there still remains only the old Falstaff Inn on High Street, "The Chequers Inn" of Chaucer's day has disappeared; notwithstanding this there is a wealth of historic material in the town in which an antiquarian could revel for months.

The following day being Saturday, and not desiring to spend Sunday in a sleepy town like Canterbury, we decided to proceed to Oxford, which at least would be on our homeward way. In order to do this it was necessary to

return again to London and take the Great Western R. R. upon which, according to our contract, we had agreed to travel to Liverpool. This forced us to double on our tracks and one may justly ask why we did not cross from Ostend, Belgium, to Dover and proceed up to London through Canterbury saving this detour. That would have been the proper route to have chosen on leaving Amsterdam and would have given us a glimpse of Antwerp, Brussels, and Ostend. Unfortunately, there was an Exhibition in Brussels at the time and this had encouraged so much travel via the Ostend route to and from England that accommodations were difficult to secure; furthermore a short time before our arrival in Holland half of the exhibition had been destroyed by fire, and the incentive being gone, we wisely chose the route from the Hook of Holland to Harwich.

"EN ROUTE TO OXFORD"

It was a beautiful morning when we started on the express, which two hours later landed us at the Victoria Station not far from Buckingham Palace the heart of aristocratic London.

The weather had been so rainy and depressing during our former stay in the city that now that the sun had come out to dispel the gloom an uncontrollable desire came upon us to remain a few days longer so that we might enjoy it at its best. An odd confession this; yet true, nevertheless. Was it possible that in so short a time we were beginning to feel the lure of London? Yes it was true - and now that we are three thousand miles away the delightful memory of our visit only makes it truer. But alas! it was not to be. Hiring an auto we put our luggage aboard and were whirled off to Paddington Station at twenty miles an hour. As we passed Buckingham Palace, with the new memorial now being erected on the Mall, to the late Queen Victoria, we cast a last lingering look at it and the beautiful promenade, and before we were aware of it were in Regent Circus with its ever moving throng of humanity. Up Regents Street we flew, passing

the elite shops of London, to Oxford Circus, thence up Oxford Street passed the New Selfridges Store to Paddington. When we arrived I asked the cabby the fare; and paid him the sum, giving him a shilling tip for the skill he displayed in passing in and out these crowded thoroughfares without a scratch. The speed we had made across London gave us an hour for luncheon before the departure of our train. Needless to say we were ready for the meal. It then became necessary for us to comply with our contract with the G.W.R.R. and buy our tickets to Liverpool. Desiring to stop at many places "en route", we decided to buy from point to point. I therefore went to the Booking Office and asked for three second class tickets to Oxford. To my surprise the Booking Clerk informed me that there was no longer a second class, only first and third. Having travelled on this road many times before, second class, I could scarcely believe him, and asked him how long this new classification had been in effect. "Oh," he replied, "since this morning." We thereupon bought three first class tickets paying the round sum of 31 shillings and 6 pence for them. As the Paddington Station is one of the largest and most confusing, we got a porter to put us on the train, an express, and asked him what had become of the second class carriages. "Ah," he said, "'ere's one, only it's got a three painted on the door instead of a two." We looked

it over and sure enough he had let the cat out of the bag. Thereafter we bought third class tickets and saved just one half on our trip to Liverpool.

I mention this incident to show how the competition between the various R. R. lines is slowly but surely giving the people of moderate means better accommodations for their money. It is a well known expression in England that only fools and Americans travel first class. That, however, is not altogether just, for it often happens that the second and third class carriages are so crowded that one is forced to travel first class or remain for a later train. Nevertheless, every indication points to an elimination of the second and the advancing of the third class on all the English R.R.'s, so that they will eventually have cheaper fares than we have in this country.

Our route lay through the beautiful mid-counties of England which on this fair early autumn day, were to be seen at their best, the harvester had already gathered their crops, the shooting season had opened and as we passed the large turnip fields we could see the sportsmen and their dogs beating the fields in search of the wiley pheasant.

When we reached Slough, where a short branch road runs up to Windsor, I regretted that our time did not allow us to spend the day there, for on a former trip I had

discovered a charming little inn near the Castle and I would have liked to have visited it again. But we had no time to dally. A short time after leaving Slough we stopped at Reading and a half hour later were in Oxford.



Oxford.
Magdalen College

OXFORD

Nathaniel Hawthorne is said to have written in one of his essays, "The world surely has not another place like Oxford, it is a despair, to see such a place and ever leave it, for it would take a lifetime and more than one to comprehend and see it satisfactorily."

Surely, after such an introduction as this, it was discouraging to tourists like ourselves to hope to see or comprehend much in a day and a half. Fortunately I had visited this great University town twice before and the last time in company with my brother Fred and together we had faithfully visited all the principal points of interest.

Our visit this time was confined to only one College, Christ Church, which is one of the largest (accommodating 250 students) and also one of the wealthiest of the group of 21 colleges that form the University of Oxford. Founded in 1524 by Cardinal Wolsey, it is one of the most fashionable colleges and its Cathedral, the smallest in England, is used as the College Chapel. Justly famous for its Norman Architecture, it has some very beautifully modern stained glass windows which greatly add to the

beauty of its interior. The Quadrangle or Quad of this college is the largest and finest in Oxford, and its handsome gateway called the Tom Gate was begun by Wolsey. In its tower is hung a bell called Great Tom which weighs seven and one half tons and tolls the curfew every night at five minutes to nine, by striking one hundred and one strokes, indicating the number of students on the foundation. Five minutes later the college gates are closed all over Oxford, and the town then takes on its quiet peaceful air to last until the next morning.

It was our good fortune to visit the Great Dining Hall and Kitchens before the gates were closed to visitors. The Great Hall is a beautiful room 115 feet long by 40 feet wide and 50 feet high. It is lighted on both sides by long lancet windows, and the carved oak Tudor ceiling gilded and decorated adds greatly to its beauty. Around the walls were hung many portraits of the famous graduates and others. Among the number I noted a portrait of Gladstone by Millais, one of Henry VIII by Holbein, one of Queen Elizabeth by Zuccherino and one of John Locke by Lely. How many others there were, I do not remember, but the majority were portraits of high dignitaries of the Church of England. This fact led me to inquire further and I learned greatly to my surprise that the total revenue of the University of Oxford was £ 400,000 per

annum and that it had in its gift 450 ecclesiastical livings valued at £ 190,000,- that of Cambridge being 370 livings valued at £ 100,000. Here was the explanation readily enough. Think of it. These two Universities control 820 livings valued at \$1,450,000 per annum, or an average of \$8,600. each. However many of the clergymen occupying these livings I regret to say are miserably under paid, whilst others are grossly overpaid. I remember once having this made quite clear to me, when I was shown a parish church, near a manufacturing town the clergyman of which, I was told, received the munificent sum of £ 300 or \$1500 per annum. On another occasion in coaching through Cornwall, I was shown a magnificent parish church set in the centre of a village of twenty houses; the clergyman of which received £2,000 or \$10,000 per annum. Is it little wonder therefore, that there is great dissatisfaction at this injustice? Furthermore, in England, we must remember, the people are taxed for the Established Church, and Non-conformist though one be, he must pay the tax although he may never desire to enter the shrine of the estate.

On returning from Christ Church College to our Hotel, dignified by the ecclesiastical title of "The Mitre". I was sorry to note that the sun had become obscured under a heavy bank of wind clouds that portended a

cold and dreary day for the morrow. My companions who had preceded me had retired to their room and ordered a fire built, to the great surprise of the maids who found the hotel warm and comfortable. Probably if we had had to work as hard as they, we too would have found the house warm, but 65 degrees was not a comfortable temperature to us. How they manage to keep warm in the winter in such a country, is a problem. Few houses or hotels have any other means of heating than small open fire-places, which burning semi-bituminous coal require an eternity to get started and then only give out enough warmth to take the chill out of a tomb-like room.

That night we dined with the other guests in the cozy dining room of the hotel, being served an excellent meal a l'Anglaise. Although it was not yet the opening of the college term, the hotel was filled with English people, we being the only Americans among them. The dinner over, I went for a walk through the town. To my surprise, the main streets were brilliantly lighted and thronged with boys and girls, men and women of every station in life making their purchases for the morrow, laughing and joking as they passed up and down the streets, whose side walks were so narrow that they were forced to take to the roadway to the great disgust of the autoists, who dared not proceed at a speed above a snail's pace. From whence all

these people came I do not know for the town only has a population of about 55,000, and there being no manufactures near by, I can only surmise that they were actual residents. However, I concluded that the county seat of Oxfordshire, (an Episcopal See) and the most ancient and celebrated University in Europe, has gathered together as large a population as many of our great University towns in this country.

As I had anticipated the next day Sunday broke with an overcast sky and a cold north wind that chilled one to the bone nevertheless I ventured out for a walk on the meadows that border the River Thames and returning by Folly Bridge heard the Church bells ringing. I thereupon decided to go to church. Amid such a wealth of churches I was at a loss which to select, but finally nearing a beautiful church on the Main Street, which seemed to be attracting many of the townspeople, I entered. The services were just beginning and noting the large choir and the Dean and other clergymen with their brilliantly colored hoods, I anticipated a rare and interesting service. Imagine my disappointment when the choir began to chant the Te Deum in a dreary nasal manner that nearly drove me mad; then followed the long and tedious prayers, and some more chanting until the offertory was taken. Ah! now, thought I, we shall have an interlude on the organ by a competent

Musical Bachelor that will make me forget the delinquencies of the choir. Alas! whoever was at the key board had nothing to say and knew not whither he was drifting. From the dominant he progressed by a simple transition to the minor, then again the major then to the diminished seventh and after an uneventful wandering, arrived at the dominant with which he had commenced. Surely a pathetic musical wandering this; for an interlude that should have touched the hearts of the congregation and made them weep.

But finally the Dean ascended the pulpit and in a feeble voice read the text. Hardly had he finished when I saw in his face that beautiful spiritual expression, that only years of communion with God can give. An old man with snow white hair carefully dressed, he in his pure white surplice and brilliant college hood, stood there a living example of Oxford's culture and the sweet and serviceable life which the clergy of the English Church lead. As he progressed with his sermon, his voice grew stronger and ere long he had the congregation completely under the sway of his scholarly mind. That his message of gentleness, love, hope and faith reached the hearts of many that day, I am sure for as we passed out of the church I saw many eyes of the congregation suffused with tears as they took their way homeward strengthened and upheld by his good words. Gratified that my lonely adventure

had not been unrewarded, I returned to the hotel. Then, I thought it would be very interesting to write somewhat of the college life in Oxford, and show by what forms of Academic training such beautiful and scholarly men as our Dean, were produced. But that would be a long story, and somewhat beyond my purpose. Suffice it, both Oxford and Cambridge produce many such men and a degree from either of these colleges can only be won by untiring effort and study.

Now if I were to be asked what was the most beautiful thing I saw in Oxford that dreary Sunday afternoon, what do you think I should reply? -- A pretty girl poling a skiff down the Isis, you may venture, -- No, not that. -- What then? you may justly ask. Well, I will tell you. It was a swan flying up the Isis. She had hatched her brood and having taught them how to navigate and search their food had left them to their own resources. A cruel mother you will say. Not so my friend, for by her action, she forced her offsprings to become self-reliant and worthy of the noble race of birds from which she came.

This is precisely what happens to the Oxford graduate when he leaves the University. His Alma Mater teaches him the importance of unrelenting study while he is in the college, she offers prizes in many forms so that he may not start out into the world unprepared or unknown. But

once without her domain, he must make his mark by his own genious and exertion. Should he select the church for his career he will find her his loyal supporter. Should he select literature or any other career, his degree becomes an asset of real value to him for the reason that in acquiring it, he has had to do the work and by the results prove his worth. It is for this reason that an Oxford or Cambridge degree is so highly prized. While the degrees conferred B.A.- M.A., L.L.D. are purely Academical or Scholarly degrees, the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine - and Law are very practical. Some colleges also confer the Mus. Bac. or Musical Bachelor degree, which from friends, I know to be one of the most difficult of attainment demanding an amount of original creative work that would amaze the students of our Conservatories in this country.

One other interesting question and we shall leave Oxford: I have been asked since my return, what influence the Rhodes scholarships will have upon the University. An annual invasion of a hundred or more prize students from the wild and woolly world without must surely create a splash in this center of scholasticism. While I have no definite knowledge on this subject, reasoning by analogy from my observations of London and its influence on character, I venture to predict that the splash these

Rhodes scholars make will be of short duration. As London lures all and tames all who come within her gates, so Oxford, with her centuries of precedent and culture, will surely do the same.

LEAMINGTON.

If Nathaniel Hawthorne considered it difficult to see and comprehend the artistic and literary treasures of Oxford in a lifetime, how utterly impossible then, must it have been for us to see and comprehend the land of Shakspeare in the two days we had allotted. Nevertheless we made the attempt and if we have only returned with a desire to pay it another visit our time was not wasted.

In order to facilitate our trip we decided to stay at Leamington, a ride of an hour and a half from Oxford. This town being in the center of Shakspeare's country, and on the main line north to Liverpool, we could thus readily make our excursions to Kenilworth, Warwick and Stratford on Avon, and return in time to take the express northward through Birmingham to Chester, which was to be our next place of rest.

As this part of our journey was of particular interest I shall relate in some detail how we accomplished the feat in so short a time.

It was about eleven o'clock on the morning of September the fifth when we arrived at the fine old Manor House of Leamington. An interview with the head porter

of the hotel commonly called Boots, because forsooth, in ancient times it was the duty of this functionary to clean the guests' boots, decided us to visit Kenilworth and Warwick in the afternoon and reserve the entire next day for Stratford on Avon. Accordingly we were shown to our rooms and before luncheon took a walk through the town.

As Leamington owes its present prosperity to certain mineral springs, which were discovered in 1797, there is little of historic interest in so modern a town. It is, however, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, pleasantly located on a tributary of the Avon, called the Leam. Like Bath or Harrowgate it is a very aristocratic town, with wide streets interspersed with trees and gardens, and during the season is much frequented by rheumatic and gouty patients, who come to drink the waters.

Of course it has a Royal Pump Room where the gouty gentry congregate to condone with one another and drink the nauseating sulphur water so beneficial to them, while a fine military band in the garden deludes them into the belief that they are quite well. Opposite the pump rooms are the very beautiful Jephson gardens with their noble elms, their extensive lawns and pretty flower beds that run down to the river, where swans and other rare aquatic birds disport themselves. At some distance from the entrance there is an extremely attractive open air theatre

and auditorium where, for a trifle the towns people may enjoy good concerts and little plays. On the whole it is as delightful a place as one could desire on a sunny afternoon in summer. Then one may see the boys and girls of the vicinity decked in flannels or other attractive costumes playing tennis or croquet upon the lawn, whilst gathered about them are the elite of the town, watching the sport.

On the main street are many beautiful stores and shops with the latest Paris creations on exhibition indicating that they supply a very aristocratic clientele. Not far from these on the Parade is located the Municipal offices or City Hall, a handsome Renaissance structure with a Campanile that justly ranks it as the finest building in the town.

Returning to our hotel, luncheon being announced, we entered with several other guests and were quietly seated at table when a tall raw boned lady not very prepossessing in appearance entered and took a seat at a table near by. From the deference the head waiter paid her I imagined she was one of the nobility or gentry, and this was confirmed a moment later, when he very politely asked her how she was feeling that bright and sunny morning. "Ah!" she replied, "I'm very poorly, thank ye. Yesterday the doctor ordered me to take me draught of water hot, and today I'm

very, very ill!" I glanced at her florid complexion which certainly did not indicate poor health, and was attempting to suppress a smile when the steward quite innocently said: "Wouldn't your ladyship like a brandy and soda?" In a stentorian voice that could be heard all over the dining room she replied: "Of course I'd like a brandy and soda; of course I would; but I'm not to have one, the doctor said, while I'm taking the waters and I've two weeks more of that ahead of me." The steward withdrew at this pathetic sally and sent a waiter to take her order for luncheon; when we had finished and were withdrawing from the room she was still there eating and nursing a pot of tea that she regarded with an air of pathos which plainly said: "I'm not to have any spirits while I'm taking the waters, but God bless you my little friend-he daren't take you from me, no, he dare not do that, for I'd die if he did." I left her there fondling her little pot of tea and despite the humorous side of the situation, pitied those of the good old English aristocracy, who notwithstanding their wealth and station, are saturated with gout and rheumatism, the results of their own folly.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

The afternoon proving fair we took the train for Kenilworth and a half hour later were landed in the village. The castle lying, however, a mile or so from the station, we bargained with a cab man to drive us there, and finding him very entertaining, and an excellent guide as well, we later engaged him to drive us to Warwick, five miles away.

Kenilworth is too well known to require a lengthy description from my pen. Eminent authorities consider it the most extensive and finest baronial ruins in England. It is at present the property of the Earl of Clarendon who occupies a pretty residence near the entrance formerly called Leicester's Gate House. Notwithstanding the excellent map and description furnished by Baedeker, it is extremely difficult to comprehend the size of this ancient castle or the beauty of the grounds which in olden times were maintained in a high state of artistic cultivation. Surely it must have been a monumental pile before it was demolished for the sake of its material by one of Cromwell's officers, for the remnants that still remain, make a monument that attracts thousands of tourists yearly. Although

the commencement of the castle dates from the eleventh century it was not until it was presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite the Earl of Leicester, who spent enormous sums upon it and the surrounding grounds, that it attained to its highest magnificence. It was here that Leicester entertained his royal patroness in 1575, the account of which has been immortalized by Scott.

Of this great historic English ruin Baedeker says, "Perhaps no other English castle has had more varied points of contact with English history, from the stormy and semi-barbarous times of Simon de Montfort down through the pompous and courtly luxury of the Elizabethan period, to the iconoclastic days of the Protectorate; while under the touch of the 'Magician of the North', it has renewed its youth in our own era, and ruin though it be, is more familiar to contemporary thought than almost any occupied mansion in the country."

A handsome tribute to Scott's genius this, is it not, and one that may well make the wealthy idler or the busy man of affairs contemplate the unremunerative art of letters with more charity. Each and every one of us should try before the icy hand of death shall have touched us, to leave the world better for having lived. With what prodigality then has this famous Scotch poet and historian endowed us. Ah, as to that let the legions who love him reply.

GUY'S CLIFFS.

In order to take the most direct road to Warwick, our driver returned by the way of Kenilworth Village, passing "en route" the King's Arms Inn, in which Sir Walter Scott stayed while making his original sketch for his story of Kenilworth. Our driver informed us that although the village only had about five thousand inhabitants, there were in the immediate vicinity no less than three fine packs of hounds, and almost any day one could see the hunters romping through the rolling fields near by to catch the wily fox. Although I have been many times in England, I have never attended one of these fox hunting meets. However, from the experiences of friends I am quite willing to believe that they are rare sport; unfortunately the early hour at which they start is somewhat of a tax on one who is accustomed to rise late in the morning.

When we had passed beyond the village a mile or so, the driver suddenly stopped and pointing to a lofty tree on the side of the road, said in a spirit of banter: "I'll give you gentlemen a hundred guesses to tell me the name of that tree." "Oh," he continued, "you'll never

hit it, none of 'em has done that yet." Whereupon he took his whip and cut a few leaves from the overhanging bough, and handed them to us. The leaves were of an oval shape serrated on the edges with a white margin about an eighth of an inch around the border, while the center was of dark green. Truly I had never seen a tree with a leaf like that before, but as I looked at the trunk of the tree with its graceful branches spreading out like a bunch of ferns that had been tied to a stick I fancied I saw an elm. At any rate I quite innocently said it was an elm, and the expression that passed over his face plainly told me that I had hit the mark; yet he continued to argue to the contrary; Finally he admitted that I was right. It was in fact a variegated elm, a freak of the forest comparatively little known. Remounting his seat he drove us on and we heard no more from him until we reached Guy's Cliffs.

Here the road runs close to the Avon, upon the banks on which is built a picturesque little mill said to be of Saxon date. Be that as it may, it is certainly very old, and what pleased me most, a miller was busily at work grinding the grain that had been brought him from the surrounding country.

We were intently watching the old mill and the miller when a young man with a strong "Hinglish haccent" came up

to us and offered his services as historian of the place. I was at first disinclined to listen to him until he quoted some quaint poetry about the mill and the miller, the placid Avon, etc., and concluded with a little gem of a lyric entitled "The Lovers". Having courted the Muse myself with some success, I thought it my duty to encourage the bard, and asked him to tell us about Guy, the Earl of Warwick. It is quite impossible for me to give his inimitable style, but according to him, Guy must have been a very devil of a fellow, for he showed us a picture of this hero killing a dragon or dun cow or some monster of that kind of legendary lore and told me much more about the place that I have forgotten. However, during our conversation he asked me if I was a "literary gent", to which I pleaded guilty. Whereupon he requested me to shake hands with him, which I did, and we parted firm friends. Such is the brotherhood of those who court the Muse of Poetry.

It was about four o'clock when our cabby "put us down" before the gate of Warwick Castle. I paid him and giving him a "bob" for a tip hurried off to secure tickets of admission to the Castle. To my surprise the entrance fee had been raised from one shilling to two "bob" (fifty cents) since I was last there. The old lady who sold me the tickets deplored the fact that the fee had been

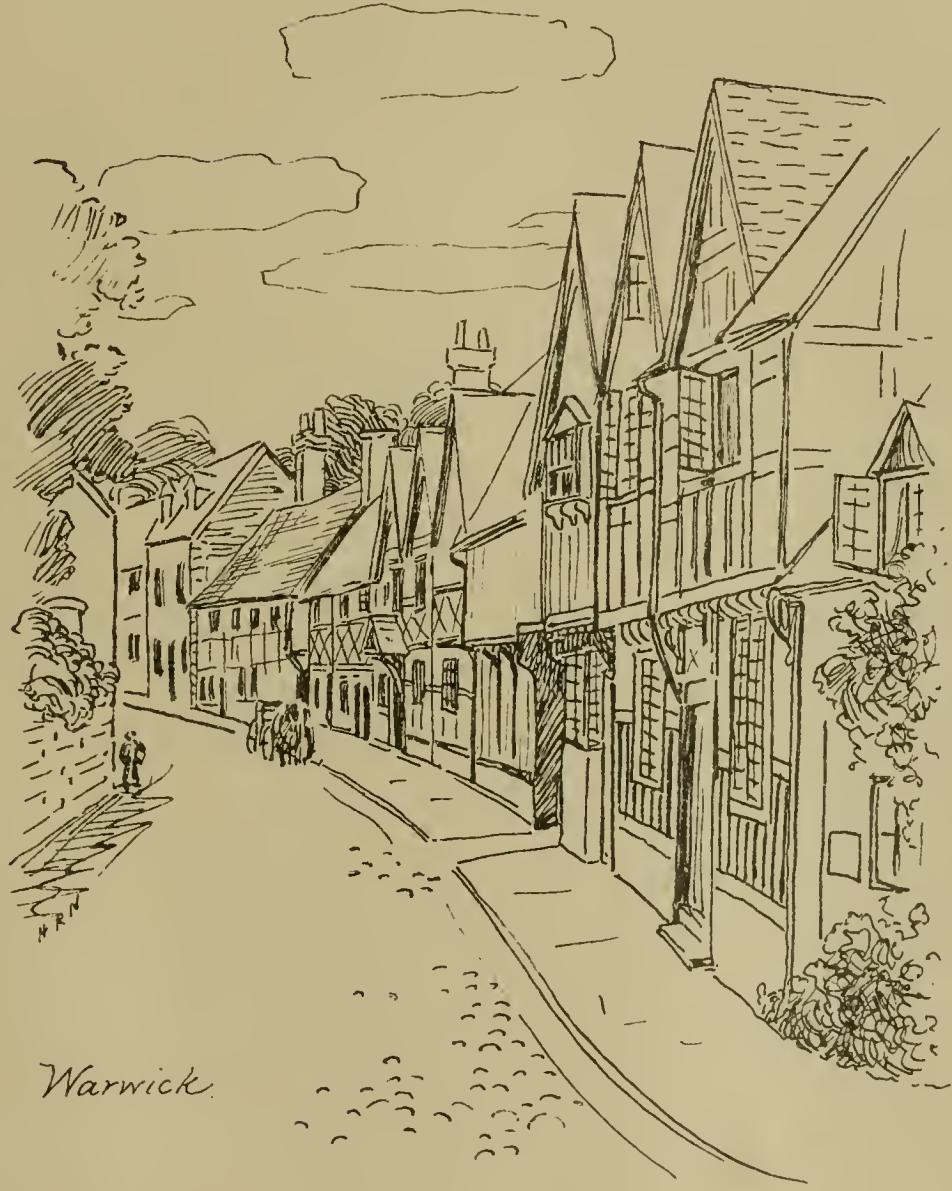
raised, and the only reason I could ascertain from her was that the Earl needed the money. However, I would not have missed seeing that noble old castle again for twice the sum, notwithstanding the fact that the present Earl must obtain a large revenue from this source.

WARWICK CASTLE.

Warwick is a place of great antiquity, having been founded in the year one A. D. by King Cymbeline. Originally a British settlement it was later occupied by the Romans, and is today a town of about 12,000 inhabitants. The castle is located at the side of the town on a bluff overlooking the Avon, and the park surrounding it is of considerable size and very beautifully cultivated. One beech tree I noted must have been several centuries old, and the flower beds added that necessary accent of color to the verdant green of the sloping lawns that made the view from the conservatories a picture for a painter.

In the conservatory is the celebrated Warwick Vase which was found in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, Italy, and transported at considerable expense to Warwick. On a former visit this precious marble relic of the Romans was shown by an old gardener who had learned its history by heart and repeated it in a quaint style that I have long remembered. Alas, poor old chap, I fear he has passed away, for I saw him nowhere about.

The castle being built upon a steep slope rising from the Avon was unassailable in olden times from that



Warwick.

side, and it is here that the largest buildings were wisely built. To protect the rear of these, a court about 200 feet square was walled in with several towers, guard houses and gates. One of these towers built by the Romans being 150 feet high is called Caesar's tower. Once within this pretty court a peaceful, homelike feeling comes over one, and it is not surprising that the Earl and the Duchess of Warwick love the place and spend much of their time in their beautiful home.

The old guardian who showed us through the castle was a droll character who had been twenty-five years in the family's service. A tall heavily built man of soldierly bearing, he would brook no interference or pleasantry, while he was telling his story. When he had finished one statement or bit of history, he would wait until that had saturated into the consciousness of the audience before he would proceed to the next. We were therefore an half hour or more wandering from room to room, filled with rare paintings or other art treasures.

The great hall which has been rebuilt since the fire of 1871 is one of the finest I have seen in England. Overlooking the Avon and the verdant meadows below the view from the windows is charmingly pastoral. Within the hall are all manner of trophies and enough armor to fill a museum. It is in this great hall that the family live

when at home. Modern conveniences such as electric lights and steam heat have been installed and everywhere about are comfortable chairs, fauteuils and tables with articles of use at hand.

I was glad to see that the great fireplace had been preserved and was not a mere ornament to the room, for near it were piled several cords of wood cut to three foot lengths ready for use. I can picture the Earl, the Duchess, her son and her friends seated about this fireplace on a bleak winter night, recounting the stories of the "King Makers."

At some distance from this great hall there is a pretty little chapel, into which the guardian quite apologetically showed us, it being used for the moment as a store room. Yet as I stood there regarding the wood carvings and quaint Gothic stalls, I wondered if he knew how important a role this room played in the life of the early residents. Now in olden times, and in some good old families the custom is still observed, the entire household, guests, family and servants are called together for prayer twice a day, these services were held once in the morning before the day's work commenced, and once in the evening, when the day's work was over. This custom originated, I was told, from the religious orders, which held regularly a short service of prayer and praise every

three hours of the day of 24 hours. I cannot remember the names of all these services or the exact hours at which they were given. Those that I recall were Lauds, Matins, Terce, Vespers, and Complins, - there were eight in all. Complins, being the completion of the religious day. From the prayers and chants of these eight services the present book of prayer of the English Church was formed, a fact that seems to be little known except by the clergy.

Our visit over, the old guardian bade us goodbye and we passed out under the portcullis near Caesar's tower down the pretty wooded driveway cut from out the solid rock to the gate house where we had entered. A last lingering look at the finest and most picturesque feudal residence in all England and I was about to depart when the thought came to me: how happened it that this castle survived the Parliamentary wars, when all the strongest baronial fortresses in England were demolished? And then I remembered that the old guardian had told us, that the great, great (I have forgotten how many greats) grandfather, of the present Earl was a diplomat and by his astute diplomacy made terms with the Parliamentarians by which the present castle was saved, and has been held in their family line ever since.

A short drive to Leamington and we were once more in our comfortable Manor House, seated before a cheery fire, content with our day's excursion.

STRATFORD ON AVON

The morrow dawned cold and overcast. As I arose and looked out upon the lawn before my window, a vapor akin to steam seemed to be arising from the ground. The sparrows which the day before had chirped about my window were no longer to be heard, and although it was seven o'clock the hotel was as dead as midnight. During the night the cheery fire I had left in the grate had burned out and my room had become as cheerless as a tomb. I was grateful, therefore, when the maid brought me a jug of piping hot water, and after bathing dressed rapidly and went to breakfast. As our train for Stratford did not start until nine o'clock we waited to see whether a storm was in brewing, but about a quarter to nine the sun peeped through the mist, and we forthwith started out. A run of about an hour brought us to the home of the Bard of Avon.

After Washington Irving's charming narrative of this historic place, it would seem presumptuous of me to say anything; but I, too, am writing a narrative of my journey, and since his visit in 1848 many things have happened which he would have included in his narrative were he alive today. For reasons I shall explain, this new movement

is destined to make the place more frequented in the future than it has ever been in the past.

At present it is estimated that from twenty to thirty thousand pilgrims, principally Americans, visit the town annually. This is a fine tribute to our nation and is due very largely to the study of Shakspeare's plays, which for years has become a part of our school curriculum. I believe this love for the poetic drama among our people will sooner or later encourage our playwrights to essay this form of drama, not for the sake of the profits it may bring, but because of the rank literary and otherwise the author may attain. At present we have no college degree for a master dramatist, such for example as that which is accorded a Musical Bachelor, yet the art is not one whit less difficult, and requires quite as many years of unrelenting study.

The advent of a new era for Stratford on Avon began with the building of The Shakspeare Memorial Library and Theatre on the banks of the Avon in 1879. Notwithstanding the ridicule cast upon the new building, because it does not harmonize with the other half timbered architecture of the town, it serves a very laudable purpose, and if the intent of its founders does not miscarry, under the direction of Mr. F. R. Benson is destined to bring before the world new examples of the poetic drama,

for example, such as the Prize Play, "The Piper", by Josephine Preston Peabody, which was so superbly presented there last summer. During the past season, July 25th to August 13th, nine plays of Shakspeare, also "The Piper", "Masks and Faces", and a "Folk Festival of Song and Dance" were given with great success, and it is not too much to expect that the next season will be even more eventful.

When it shall become equivalent to having taken a college degree of Master Dramatist to have one's play presented at this theatre, then will the town of Stratford on Avon, become what Oberammergau is to the Tyrolese, and Bayreuth has been to the lovers of opera.

In this new dramatic movement at Stratford there are great possibilities, and it will be a thousand pities if they are not carried to this logical conclusion.

To those cynics who fear that there are not enough post-dramatists in this country and England to write even one new and original drama each year, for such an enterprise, I will say that there are many who would gladly essay the task, if upon winning the prize they felt certain of seeing their play produced, under the favorable conditions which now surround the Shakspeare Theatre.

But aside from this practical side of dramatic presentation, the memorial has another equally important function.

It is the housing safely of the valuable collection of Shakspeareans, which generous donors have already presented to it. In the collection of paintings there are now many rare pictures all intimately associated with the work of Shakespeare, while the library is destined to become one of the most complete and interesting in the history of the English stage. Thus far the Memorial has well fulfilled its purpose, and who can say that a day may not come when it shall become the acknowledged shrine of English dramatic art?

It was in the Red Horse Inn that Washington Irving wrote his charming essay on Stratford, and it was toward this historic hostelry that we wound our way upon arriving at the station. Learning that luncheon would not be served for an hour, we determined to visit Trinity Church and view the tomb of the famous Poet-Dramatist.

It is customary in pilgrimages of this kind to visit the birthplace of the Bard first and conclude with a view of his tomb. We chose to reverse the procedure and if my narrative of the trip is therefore more erratic than that of other writers the cause will be clear. However a reversal of ordinary procedure is very desirable, for the reason that in running historically backward we often find a new lead or point of contact. A short walk brought us to the Church, situated amid a grove of noble trees on

tha bank of the river Avon. From the roadway an alley of stately elms leads up to the entrance of the Church which is cruciform in plan, being surmounted at the centre by a graceful tapering tower. The interior was much larger than I expected from the distant views I had seen of the church, the recent addition of some fine stained glass windows giving a very decorative effect to the chancel. One curious thing I observed, however, was that the chancel was not in a direct line with the nave, it doubtless having been built at an earlier period. However this defect is scarcely noticeable and the interior still conforms to the ecclesiastical points of the compass. The chancel being called the east in all English churches although geographically it may point to the north or any other point.

The chancel of the church is particularly fine, being beautifully decorated with a handsome carved marble altar with dossal curtains of red plush, as well as polished brass candelabras and other appointments of recent date. But the chief point of historic interest is Shakespeare's tomb which is a slab of marble let into the pavement in which is carved the famous epitaph of the Bard of Avon:

Good friend, For Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here,

Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The effect of this epitaph has been to prevent Shakespeare's remains from being removed to Westminster Abbey and Stratford on Avon has consequently become his shrine.

Returning to the hotel we lunched and then drove to Anne Hathaway's Cottage, about a mile beyond the town. I am glad to say that this picturesque cottage is now the property of the state, and well maintained. A pretty country lass showed us about and exhibited the settle on which Shakespeare courted and proposed to Anne. There were many other interesting things in the cottage, but the most naive and original was the lass herself who told her tale in such a convincing manner that one would have been a brute to have doubted anything she said.

A short drive brought us to Shakespeare's house, the home and birthplace of the bard. Thus by contrariety had we journeyed from his grave to his cradle instead of from his cradle to his grave.

I think I am quite within the realm of truth when I say that there is no house in all England so interesting to Americans as this. We may be shown the rarest treasures of English history and admit a general interest in them, but as this history is always a record of bloody wars, the theme becomes nauseating and we gladly discard it for something

more beautiful.

In Shakespeare's many plays we find not only English history but English customs and manners, and most delightful of all the fanciful inspirations of a great poet. His plays bring us nearer to the life of the times he depicts, and consciously or unconsciously we are grateful to him for the pleasure he has given us. It is in this spirit the vast majority of our people visit his home, and I venture to assert that none leave it without a loftier regard for his ability and an unbounded admiration for the works he has bequeathed us as a heritage.

In the days of Washington Irving the house was shown by "a garrulous old lady", - and kept in indifferent repair. Today it is in perfect preservation and the guardian, a sweet and amiable old lady of about sixty, takes a genuine love in showing one about. Aside from its architectural interest, there is a wealth of literary treasure within this small abode that would make a bibliophile happy for the remainder of his life. Noting my interest in the manuscripts the dear old lady came over to me and pointing to a copy of "Midsummer Night's Dream", printed in 1610, said there is only one other edition of this play more rare and that was printed in 1600. The copy is now in "The British Museum". As I regarded the quaint copy and then looked up in the intelligent face, I wondered

by what means of mind reading she had selected the play of all I love the most. There were many more valuable and historically interesting manuscripts in the case, why did she not mention them? But no, by intuition she had doubtless read my thought and noting my interest mentioned the smallest edition, a single play, which in olden time was sold for a couple of shillings. From this incident our conversation led to the questioned authenticity of certain of Shakespeare's works, and ere we knew it we were both deep in the study of his personality and plays.

It has been my pleasure to meet in my day many students well versed in Shakespearean lore, but rarely have I met one so intimately acquainted with the life and works of the famous Bard. I laughingly told her so and advised her to write a little history for the tourists. She blushed and apologetically disclaimed any literary ability. Yet if the truth were known this dear old lady knew more about the subject than many of those who have written or discoursed upon the theme. If she would write the story in the quaint English in which she addressed me that day her narrative would have a charm that would make it worth while. For art, as Ruskin has said: "is nature passed through the alembic of man". And Shakespeare's life and labors seen through her amiable personality would make a story most compelling.

To rise from obscurity and become a prince is the theme of many a romance. Yet such stories are based upon the accident of birth, and final discovery of the real identity of the prince. There is little of interest to me in such stories for the reason that the prince could not control fate, and hereditary glory is conferred, not achieved.

The story of Shakespeare is immeasurably more compelling because it is true. By his manhood he first learned to conquer his own unruly spirit, and by unrelenting effort and genius he later attained to the highest distinction in his art, the drama. Surely, here is material for a romance unequalled, yet incredible as it may appear none of importance has yet been written. The cold truth is; his life is shrouded in mystery, and although he attained due recognition for his work while alive, I am sure that if he were to return to this world today and hear the praises chanted in his name, he would be the most surprised man in the world. In fact, I think he would gladly ask to be transported back to the realm where adulation is unknown, where name and fame are lost, and time and space are one.

I have no intention of writing the story of Shakespeare's life, others have already done that, but that he was the greatest genius of his time I will gladly admit,

I only ask that those poets whom he gathered about him and who unquestionably aided him in many of his plays be not forgotten.

It was the custom of the period for great masters to gather about themselves, collaborators and by the united effort of all they thus produced innumerable works of merit. That Shakespeare did the same I am convinced; that he wrote many plays unaided I am also convinced, and I am satisfied that Midsummer Night's Dream, is one of them. To my mind, it shows him at his best, although "The Tempest" in fanciful conception is a rare second and perhaps the most mature of his plays. However taste differs in these matters and it is difficult to decide. Suffice it, he was not only a great poet, but what is more important he was a very great dramatist, perhaps the greatest the English stage has ever known.

But now we must leave him and his works to return once more to Leamington, and prepare for the morrow's journey homeward.

As I sat that night in my room before my cheery fire, meditating over the wonders of the day, my mind in fancy was wafted back to the time when as a boy I sat upon my father's knee in the Old Bowery Theatre, to witness the first Shakespearean drama I had ever seen. Then, as this memory passed, half dozing, half awake, the various

characters of his plays passed in solemn procession before me, and ere I knew it, I was in that poet's dreamland, "where airy nothings take a local habitation and a name". Such is the influence of this great master's works, and happy is he, who in memory, can still fall beneath their magic spell.



Chester. -

CHESTER

It was another overcast day when we left Leanington for Chester; unfortunately we were not able to catch the through train and consequently were obliged to take a local to Birmingham where we intercepted a later express direct to Chester. A delay of a half hour at Birmingham gave us a chance to walk through the town and see a little of the city, but not sufficient to encourage me to write about it. However we were hurrying on to a town that held more interest for us and it was therefore with no regret that we left the smoke of Birmingham behind us.

While we were at luncheon in the dining car our train passed through Shrewsbury, and scarcely believing my eyes, I asked the waiter if it could be possible that we had come that distance in so short a time. "Oh Aye", he replied, "This is the Great Western Express. We are due in Liverpool at two o'clock, sir, Chester at 1.30." He was quite correct, for we had hardly finished our luncheon before the guard opened the door and we were landed in the historic old town of Chester.

On a former trip we had gone to the Queens Hotel opposite the station, but that proving so noisy, we determined this time to try "The Grovesnor", located on East Gate

Street quite near the Cathedral. It had just ceased raining when we took the cab, and the air was moist and chilly. It was therefore a welcome treat to see a roaring soft coal fire in the writing room adjoining the office, and thither we drifted with some Americans who had just arrived from Shrewsbury in their automobile.

Although they were warmly clad they were chilled to the bone. One of the ladies in the party was so completely done up that she was quite ill. Yet it was only the first week in September, the time when England should look its best and the weather be bright and bracing.

And now to those Americans who think they know English climate, let me counsel them to trust it no longer. The climatic conditions are gradually changing. Cold and rainy summers are becoming more frequent. This season it rained almost incessantly in London from the first of May until the 25th of July. And in Paris the record was little better, therefore if one be not prepared for such a cold reception, he must cross to the continent and run to the south.

Chester being the capital of Cheshire, and the Chief market for the famous Cheddar Cheeses, is to this day a place of importance and enterprise. Although a town of only 40,000 inhabitants, it is next to Stratford and Oxford the town most frequented by tourists. Aside from its

historic interest it is the town of all others in England where one can study best the half timbered style of architecture.

That this early style of construction is still in vogue after 500 years use is the best proof of its practicability and utility. It is this adherence to style that gives the town its character, and I hope the day may be far distant before steel cage construction will be permitted. Historically the town boasts of early Roman origin, and their fighting men have been noted for their courage and bravery. The last town to yield to William the Conqueror in 1070 during the Civil War it held out stoutly for two years for Charles 1st, but finally the people were starved into submission in 1646. The tower in which King Charles I, saw his army defeated on Rowton moor still stands and being a part of the ancient wall is now preserved as a museum.

This wall is of considerable extent, and like that of St. Malo, is now converted into a promenade. I was told that it was two miles in circumference, and can assert that it is fully that length from the time it took me to make the circuit. Originally the River Dee washed the foot of the walls on the southern side, but the silting of the stream has left the walls a considerable distance from the present edge of the river.

If one has time it is a pretty excursion up the river by launch, and a veritable flotilla awaits one at Dee Bridge where on a holiday, the youth of the town desport themselves. However interesting the wall and the river may be, the most characteristic feature of the town is what are called the Rows. These are really a kind of sheltered way built above the shops on the street and approached by steps at various points. Some of the best shops in the town are located in these Rows which are sheltered by the overhanging houses, which align with the stores below. The effect is extremely picturesque and I marvel that in crowded London they have never built anything of the kind. Perhaps some day they will awake to the utility of the scheme.

Learning that service would be held in the Cathedral at 4:40 o'clock. I went there with the hope of once again hearing the great organ. When I arrived the clergy and choristers had already entered the chancel and the service had commenced. Altho the service was very interesting the chanting was very poor, notwithstanding the imposing number of choristers. However, the services were short and almost before I was aware of it the choir returned to the sacristy. Then for the first time, the organist seemed to awaken from his day dream, and there floated through that vast interior, such a mighty volume

of harmonic sounds that I sat spell-bound for many moments. From my vantage point I could see the organist, working at the key-board in a sort of musical ecstasy, whilst at his side, a young assistant, coupled and uncoupled the various stops, which being operated electrically brought into instant action new combinations of pipes that made the church tremble. I do not know what combinations were employed that afternoon, but the effect was often that of an orchestra playing sweetly, and then again that of a mighty thunder storm, reverberating from one end of the church to the other.

I would have gladly remained longer, but the Sacristan appearing, the organist ceased, and I with a few others, was shown the chancel and the exquisite carved stalls and bishop's throne that have, at great expense, been repaired and now are considered the best oak carving of the period.

It would require a book to fully describe this beautiful Cathedral, but I cannot leave it without mentioning the Mosaics which occupy the north side of the nave, which my brother considers to be the best examples of modern marble mosaics in the country. This statement in no way detracts from the importance of the modern mosaics in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which are of glass mosaic very beautifully relieved with gold.

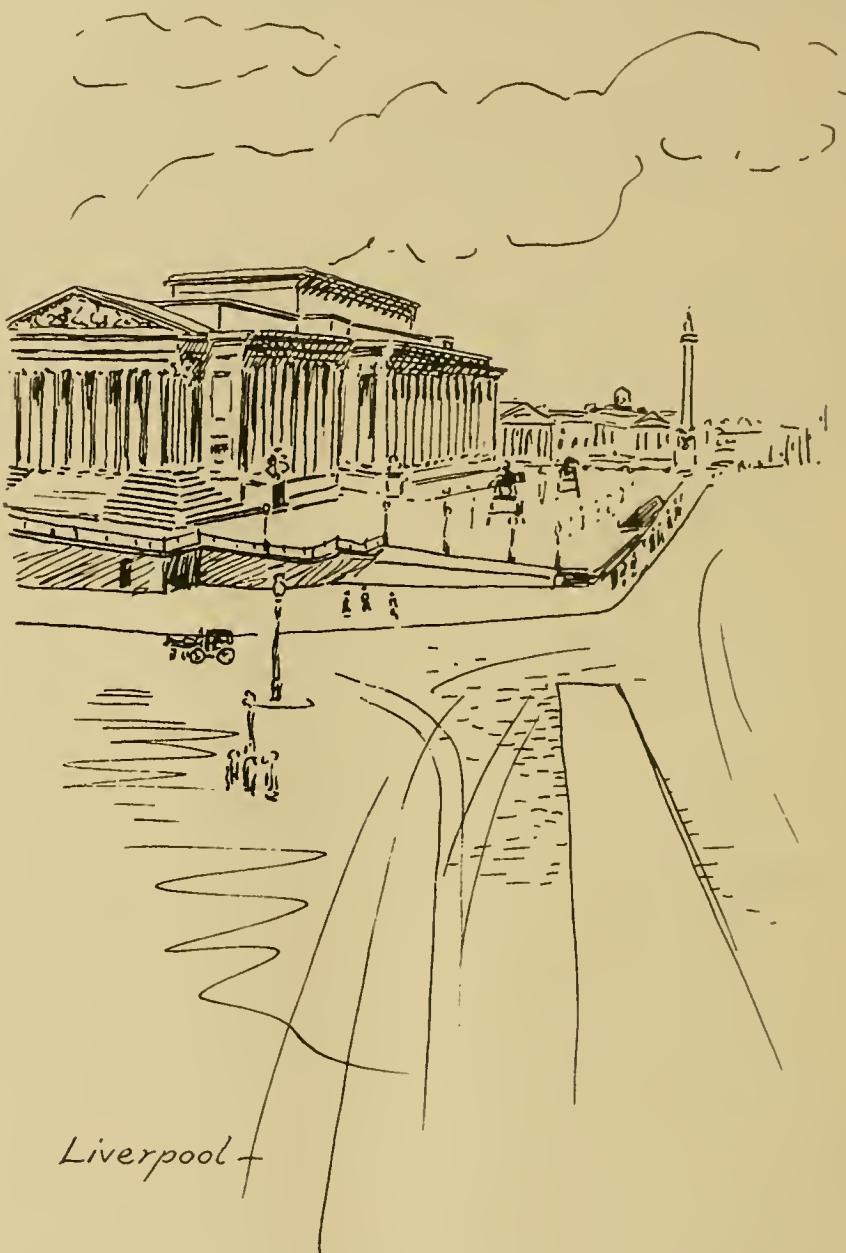
Since my last visit, a beautiful marble tomb has been

placed in the transept to the memory of England's grand old man, (Gladstone). It is a most beautiful example of the sculptor's art and I predict will be treasured as such in years to come.

Harwarden Castle, his late home, lies but a short distance from here and thus he, like Shakespeare, will ever be associated with Chester.

Another estate of great interest, Eaton Hall, lies about four miles up the River Dee. This estate is the seat of the Duke of Westminster, a descendant of Hugh Lupus, a nephew of William the Conqueror. Eaton Hall is said to be one of the finest modern mansions of the aristocracy hereabouts, and is adorned with every resource of modern art. Although I had not the time to visit it I can well believe it is a very beautiful estate, for if I am not mistaken the income of the Duke of Westminster is so great that it would make that of many of our millionaires seem small in comparison.

There are so many places of interest in Chester and its vicinity that one should allow three days instead of one to visit them. Nevertheless our day had been well occupied, and weary but content I returned to the hotel where, after a good dinner, I retired to my room just as the Town Clock was striking nine. Ten minutes later I was in the land of dreams, from which nothing short of an



earthquake could have awakened me. Such is the fatigue that comes upon one after three months of incessant sight-seeing.

LIVERPOOL

From Chester to Liverpool is a short run of about thirty minutes, if one goes by the way of the Mersey Tunnel, but the by trip by ferry from Birkenhead is more agreeable if one has the time. However, desiring to reach the Central Station near which our Hotel "The Adelphi" was located we transferred at Birkenhead to the Electric road that runs under the river. A worse rattle trap of an equipment I have rarely seen; the doors and windows seemed in the throes of dissolution, and the floor and sides of the cars squeaked and groaned as if they could stand the strain no longer. Finally we arrived and walking across to the hotel found that our trunks had come from London a week before us, thus the G. W. R.R. had fulfilled its promise and we had completed our agreement with them, and both were satisfied.

Our steamer being billed to sail on September 10th at 4 P.M., and as we arrived in Liverpool on the 8th, we had therefore just 48 hours in which to prepare for the voyage. As the last days on shore are always busy ones,

I had but little time to devote to the town or its attractions, therefore what I write on the subject must be brief and may be unsatisfactory to those who greatly admire the city. Although I have visited the city many times, I have never found it an alluring place. The greatest seaport of England, with a commerce rivaling that of any European port, has little to attract the historian, architect, poet or painter, but to those interested in ships and shipping and all the many ramifications of trade connected with them, Liverpool must be the El Dorado of their dreams.

In fact it might be compared to a lusty shipwright who has grown to be a merchant prince, whose house is furnished with the luxuries of the rich, yet whose aesthetic tastes have never progressed beyond the limits of his trade or social environment.

With a population of nearly a million inhabitants, with many large manufacturing towns near by, with the Great Western and Great Northern R. R. terminating in the city, one would naturally expect to find it a town resembling London in some small degree. But drive a mile out London Road from the heart of the city, and you would think you were in a country town of the thousand inhabitants. However, if you pass down to the water front and look up and down the river at the miles of docks and

thousands of tons of shipping, you will get a different impression.

The truth is, Liverpool is a very great port, where cargoes, like the summer flock of American tourists, come and go, but never remain.

Located on the Mersey an estuary about a mile in width, running into the Irish Sea, it is an excellent harbor for the greatest ships. The tidal conditions, however, make it necessary to dock all but the very largest ships, which are anchored in mid-stream and loaded or unloaded by lighters.

It was thought that when the Manchester Ship Canal was cut through from the Mersey, that Liverpool would suffer greatly from the loss of trade. Yet Liverpool has survived and thrived notwithstanding the enterprise of Manchester, the greatest market of cotton goods in the world, whose cargoes now sail gaily down the Mersey without paying tribute. This is a great compliment to the enterprise of Liverpool whose citizens deal in cargoes, the destination of which may be the antipodes. I remember once having a glance at a ship from the Orient, by going on board a P. & O. Steamer which had just come from India. It was Sunday afternoon and the Laskar firemen were seated on the deck in their turbans listening to a dusky lad playing a flageolette whilst another one of

their troupe beat a tom-tom in a weird rhythmic cadence. I was greatly surprised at the number employed on the boat, and seeing an officer inquired how he managed to get along with such a lot of heathens. "Oh", he said, "they are better workers in hot climates than Englishmen." And I have no doubt he spoke the truth.

If one were to wander among the miles of docks which skirt the waterfront of Liverpool, he could see ships which have come from every corner of the globe. The cosmopolitan crews which these vessels bring, are with their cargoes, emptied into the town, and the "Pubs" consequently do a thriving business. This and the close proximity of many manufacturing towns explain why Liverpool has such a large population of the so-called other half. If I remember correctly, Birkenhead has 100,000 inhabitants, and towns like "Port-Sunlight", the home of Sunlight Soap, have 6000 or more interested in manufacturing.

Near Birkenhead, facing the sea, directly opposite Liverpool, is a sort of Coney Island called Black Pool. This resort is much frequented by the holiday excursionists of Manchester and other towns, who by pre-arrangement, go there for a "wake" of two weeks during the season. I wish I could describe one of these "wakes" or excursions, and the manner in which they are managed, but that is something that I must reserve for another story.

Suffice it, it is on these excursions that one can study English character to his heart's content.

The proximity of Liverpool to Wales, and also to Ireland, induces many of these countrymen to come to the city where often to their own detriment, they remain to live and die amid its smoke and traffic. Their influence is very noticeable upon the town and helps to explain the thriving business of the "Pubs".

Desiring to catch a glimpse of these countrymen in their haunts, I strolled one afternoon through the fish market where were displayed all the edible fish of the English waters. The great variety and beauty of the finny tribe absorbed my attention so much that I had almost forgotten my purpose in going there, when a monstrous fish wife, with a voice like a rasp and a face with a many a blossom upon it, came up and spoke to me in Welsh. For the life of me I could not understand what she said; when another one, a neighbor of hers much of the same build, came over and asked me, in an Irish brogue that was almost equally unintelligible, to buy her fish. I explained that I was a naturalist, not a hotel steward, and told them I was sailing that day for New York. At once their solicitations ceased and they bombarded me with questions about Amerikee until, in self-defense, I was obliged to flee. Oh, the magic of that word America! Who can

understand what charms it holds for those whose environment is so helpless and depressing.

Before sailing I determined to have a peep at The Walker Art Gallery, located on the square opposite the Lime Street Station. Unfortunately the collection was being re-hung and such pictures as I saw were already well known to me. However there is there the nucleus of a good exhibition and in time to come they may obtain by bequest or purchase enough other works to make it a really strong collection.

Directly opposite the Art Museum, in the centre of the great square, lies St. Georges Hall, the finest building in the city, said to have cost a million and a half dollars. The large expanse of space around this fine structure, gives it such a dignified setting that one is naturally attracted to it. In form it is that of a Greco-Roman Temple of colossal proportions, being 600 feet long by 170 feet wide, with two wings each of which form a facade with a colonnade of sixteen columns each bearing a tympanums above, containing emblematic sculptures of commerce, art etc. Curiously enough, the north end of the building is semi-circular, giving it the effect of chancel to a cathedral.

The exterior of this building is certainly very remarkable, and architecturally, will rank with any building

of the period in England. Nevertheless, it is the interior that appeals most to the average observer. Designed for various purposes, the wings are given to the Courts of Assize, whilst the Great Hall, 170 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 80 feet high, occupies the main nave or Basilica, if I may term it such. This Great Hall is used for public meetings and concerts and is handsomely decorated with carved marble statues of local celebrities and others, and has a remarkable arched ceiling of stone. At the end of the hall, opposite the entrance is the great organ, claimed to be the largest in the world. In a semi-circle about the console of the organist, are the seats for singers, while the platform in front of these accommodates a large orchestra. I regret to say that with all our lavish expenditure for music and concert halls, we have nothing in this country approaching this magnificent building architecturally or in practicability.

Opposite the facade of St. George's Hall are equestrian statues of the late Queen Victoria and Prince Consort, and to the north rises the Wellington Monument, 115 feet high. There are other monuments and fountains, and the square on all sides is surrounded by many buildings of considerable architectural importance.

From the square one may walk down Dale or Victoria Streets, passing many fine shops on the way, and reach the

Pier head where is located the new "Dock Board Offices", a building in Renaissance architecture which will compare favorably with many of our best Western capital buildings. Near by are the new and sumptuous offices of "The Lloyds", a massive building taller and larger than "The Dock Board Offices" and covering quite a square block. These are still uncompleted and are of L'art Nouveau architecture. The comparative proximity of these two great buildings gives one an opportunity to compare these styles of architecture. And I think I voice the opinion of the vast majority when I say that L'art Nouveau building is infinitely less dignified and beautiful than its neighbor.

At the Pier head is located the Great Landing stage - sometimes called The Princess Pier because it adjoins the Princess Docks nearby. This is a series of floating pontoons of colossal proportions, perhaps a half mile in length, on which are located all manner of shipping offices, waiting rooms and the like. This system of landing stage is made necessary by the great rise and fall of the tide in the Mersey. Connected to the Pier head by many iron bridges, the stage at high tide is level with the stone Pier, but at low water it is 20 or more feet below the level of the Pier, and it is then difficult to mount or descend.

I remember well the last time I took ship here. It

was at that time low tide, and I had given my baggage to a porter who putting it on a little two-wheeled truck started down the decline. In his anxiety to appear energetic he hustled the truck to the bridge and started down at a smart pace. Alas! he had under-estimated the pitch of the bridge which was quite an angle of 45 degrees. In a jiffy he and the truck struck the floor of the stage with such force that he was thrown completely over the baggage and landed ten feet away. A crowd instantly gathered around him, and finding him unhurt chaffed him for his clumsiness. Then followed a flow of Billingsgate, that cannot be heard short of Merry Old England. Such is the comedy with which one's travels are often relieved.

HOMeward Bound

The afternoon of our last day ashore had arrived. The passengers were busy getting their luggage together, and our hotel was in an uproar. As my companions and myself were awaiting a cab an old friend with whom I had crossed several times before, came up to greet me. "Hello Dick," said I, "Where away?" "Homeward bound", he cried as he slung his satchel into a cab. "What ship?" I inquired. "The Arabec" he replied. "Good," I sallied, "We shall meet again in Queenstown." He laughed incredulously at this and a moment later was bowling along to the Princess Pier.

How it was surely a curious coincident, that neither of us had known the other was abroad, yet after an absence of three months we had met in Liverpool on the day of our ship's departure.

To one who covers the beaten tracks abroad such unexpected meetings are not infrequent, and that is why one need not fear being lonesome while traveling alone in Europe. I have had so many experiences in which I have met friends on my journey that I now regard it as a part of the trip.

Arriving at the Princess Pier, our steamer "The

"Mauretania" lay alongside the floating stage, a majestic picture for a painter. All about was noise and confusion, and I marvel now that all is over that the passengers and baggage that were put aboard that day in so short a time.

On the stroke of 4, three powerful tugs came alongside and as soon as the cables attaching the Leviathan to the pier had been cast off, towed our craft out to mid-stream, wherewith the ebbing tide she slipped gently down the stream. A few moments later they too cast off their cables and then under our own steam we proceeded down the river past Blackpool, then into the channel and at last were out into the Irish Sea, homeward bound.

Ireland, being separated from Scotland by the North Channel, and from England by the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, our course therefore after leaving the Mersey lay due west. A short run brought us to the Light of Hollyhead lying off the peninsular or Isle of Anglesea. From this point our course lay from south to south west down the St. George's Channel around to Queenstown which lies on the southern coast of Ireland.

Once out to sea, the nervous strain under which we had been laboring for the past few hours, gave way to a feeling of repose and I retired to my cabin and fell into a heavy slumber from which I did not awake until late in the afternoon. When I went on deck an hour later a heavy

mist had settled down and with it came the rain. However, it did not last long and as we rounded Hollyhead and lay our course to the southward, I knew that we were homeward bound at last and that was quite enough to keep us all in a cheerful humor.

There is a grandeur in the open sea that has a wonderful fascination for me and I confess this was in no way lessened by the size and power of our steamer. I have too often witnessed the power of old Boreas and encountered in my voyages frightful gales that have toyed with our ship in such a fashion as to threaten our destruction; yet withal, we have sailed safely into port. It is a curious fact that all these gales were met with in mid-ocean during the latter part of September, the month usually reputed the best for favorable passages, and I now wondered whether we should encounter a gale on our way home. Surely the indications were not unfavorable, but one cannot read the weather in northern latitudes as one does in those further south. I therefore went on deck after supper, and was delighted to see that the haze had disappeared and through the filmy gauze which drifted landward the stars peeped through, an almost sure omen that the morrow would be fair.

For a long while I sat on deck watching the starry firmament which from time to time was unfolded before me,

when the sharp crack of the wireless told me that the operator was speaking with a passing steamer. I looked about and finally hull down I saw a mass of black against the horizon, and then the lights of a large steamer bound for Liverpool. Whether or no she was a sister ship of the line I could not tell, but the fact that we were able to converse with her, while progressing at full speed, impressed me as the greatest scientific discovery and wonder of our age. Although the range of communication is comparatively limited, being dependent upon the conditions of the weather, nevertheless, as one travels on the Atlantic routes it frequently happens that a ship is continually in communication with some other steamer, and thus by mutual consent the message is passed along from steamer to steamer to New York or London. However, these aerograms sometimes miscarry. I recall an instance of this kind in which a steamer bound for Jamaica in the West Indies, sent an aerogram to Cape Hatteras. The message never reached the station at Hatteras, but was picked up by the station in Cincinnati, Ohio, and re-forwarded to New York. Now the apparatus employed in this feat was not a very powerful one, yet by some freak of atmospheric condition it was carried 1500 miles or more from its point of departure - a truly wonderful flight almost beyond the comprehension of the mind.

It was with such recollections as this that I whiled away my time when the port watch coming on deck to wash down, I went below and sought my downy bed.

It was early the next morning when I awoke and went on deck. Before me lay the cliffs and grassy hills of the outer harbor of Queenstown, where during the night we had anchored a half mile or so from the forts that guard the narrow entrance to the inner harbor. As I looked through the narrows a thin veil of haze enveloped a large liner at anchor; it was the Arabec, which had preceded us from Liverpool and was at that moment busily engaged taking aboard passengers and their baggage. Beyond her lay the town of Queenstown, so well known to Erin's immigrants. It is not a very attractive place as I can assert from a hurried visit ashore on one of my former voyages, but not far from it lies the city of Cork in which the business of the port is principally transacted and from which point one may proceed to the Lakes of Killarney, Dublin or Belfast.

The coast of the southern part of Ireland is very rocky and precipitous. Nevertheless the fields are cultivated to the very edge of the cliffs and it is this beautiful expanse of green that one sees on approaching the island from the open sea that gives it the name of The Emerald Isle.

As I hung about the rail watching the bum boats along side and heard the crew chaffing the immigrants that had come aboard an Irish woman near me threw a rope over to the men in the boat below to which they attached a large hamper basket full of their wares. The basket must have been a heavy one, for it took all her force to pull it up, but she succeeded very well and soon had her stock of goods spread on the deck for display. Then in an Irish brogue that was almost unintelligible she solicited the passengers to buy. It is quite impossible to describe the scene that followed, but amid the chaffing and banter, I made my escape.

After making a small purchase from a less garrulous old woman, I walked to the stern to watch the gulls feeding in the ebb that carried the debris of the ship to sea. How many there were in the flock, I cannot say, but the air seemed white with them, and as I watched them crying and fighting for the choice morsels that were thrown to them, I thought how much their struggles for sustenance resembled our own. But as I watched more closely and saw the strongest gorge themselves and then fly away, I thought again how ridiculous the comparison, for so-called civilized man is not content alone to gorge himself, he must eat his fill and then store untold quantities away until sitting upon the mound he has accumulated he may survey

with equanimity the approach of old age and death. The gull has no thought of the morrow, nor has it any fear of old age or death, it is content to live for the day and is happy trusting in the good Father who gave it being.

While I was thus engaged in contemplation, one of the passengers beside me pointed to the Arabec which had raised her anchor and was putting out to sea. I ascended to the hurricane deck in order to get a better view and had the satisfaction of saluting my friend Dick as his ship passed within a pistol shot of us. So near was she that we could plainly distinguish the passengers and hear the cheering as she sailed by. Thus had my promise to my friend been fulfilled.

It took quite an hour to embark the passengers and get the mails aboard our ship, when that had been accomplished, we broke out our anchor and glided slowly out of the harbor toward Daunt Rock, at that moment the sun came out and shone upon the beautiful verdant fields that fringe the coast, changing them from a sombre green to a brilliant emerald. A lucky omen this, I thought, for as we sail away fair Erin greets us with a smile to make our trip a happy holiday. And that in truth is proved to be as you shall learn.

By the time we passed Daunt Rock, our ship was under full speed, running gaily down the coast, in pursuit of

The Arabec which had preceded us an hour or more -- she was almost hull down when we started, but by the time we reached Old Kinsale Head, a noble headland jutting out into the Atlantic, she was plainly in view and a short time thereafter we passed her as though she were anchored. At the time we passed the Arabec, she was probably making seventeen knots an hour, a good speed nowadays; yet our ship was bowling along in the smooth sea at the rate of 26 knots. Now a knot, being a nautical mile, which is approximately an eighth more than a statute mile, "The Mauretania" was making the extraordinary speed of 29 to 30 statute miles per hour. If that speed could be maintained for the entire passage then we surely were destined to make a record run.

Not long after passing Old Kinsale Head, we sighted Fastinet Light, perched upon a pinnacle of rock so many miles from the mainland that I have often wondered by what freak of nature this solitary spire could have remained when all between it and the mainland, had sunk beneath the sea. Fastinet is the last light one sights on the passage westward, and the first on arriving from the eastward. As I saw the lighthouse slowly sink beneath the horizon, a feeling of regret and pleasure came upon me. Regret at leaving a land that held so many pleasant memories for me, and pleasure in the expectation of being at

last homeward bound, to meet the loved ones home. While these reflections were passing through my mind, I thought I would go forward and see the large number of immigrants that had come aboard, many of whom were doubtless leaving their native land with little hope of returning for years to come.. To my surprise, instead of tears and sighs, a husky Irish lad sat on the hatchway busily playing an accordion, while a group of young people were attempting to dance to his rather erratic music. That they succeeded at all, was due to the fact that the onlookers beat time with their hands and feet and by this means maintained a rhythm that gave a weird assent to the music. All seemed to be enjoying themselves and as I left them I wondered how many there could have been aboard. Passing into the salon, I ventured to ask a steward how many passengers we had aboard. "Oh, we're full up, sir" he replied. "Thank you" I said, "but how many would that be." He did not seem to know, but by accident, I happened to pick up a copy of "The Scientific American", lying on the table in the reading room and found it contained a complete description of the boat and her accommodations.

As the "Mauretania" and her sister ship the "Lusitania" mark the very latest development of the ocean greyhound, a brief synopsis of these vessels will be interesting. At the time they were built, I remember reading that the

British Government had voted an appropriation of \$13,000,000. dollars on the condition that they should be built according to plans mutually agreeable to the Company and to the Government, and that in case of war, the government reserved the right to enlist them in the service of the navy. But it did not occur to me at the time that the German Liners, by their superior speed had for ten years held the honor of transporting the English mails, and that an important reason therefore in the construction of these two greyhounds, was to regain this government contract. This they have done and up to the present there are no steamers afloat that are capable of wresting the laurel from them.

When a boy, I remember being shown the Great Eastern at anchor in the Hudson River, where to me she appeared the most colossal and ungainly thing in the world. Her size was 680 feet on the load water line, 83 feet beam and 57 feet deep, and at 25 feet draft registered 27,000 tons displacement. Compare this with our steamer The Mauretania which is 760 feet long, 88 feet beam and 60 feet deep, and on a 33 feet draft displaces 38,000 tons. If you can mentally grasp these figures, I think you will understand what a colossal craft human engineering skill has produced. But it is not alone in the construction of the hull that the engineers have made such an advance in the

past forty or fifty years. It is in the power that propels these vessels through the water that their skill has produced such mighty powers that the mind of man cannot comprehend them. Let me illustrate this by a comparison of the "Great Eastern" and "The Mauretania". The former was propelled by a pair of paddle wheels and a single screw actuated by engines, the combined power of which only aggregated 7,650 horse power, whilst the Mauretania is propelled by four screws actuated by four steam turbines, the power of which is estimated to be 68,000 horse power, or nine times that of the Great Eastern. How is it possible to comprehend such a force as this. Surely the average man is incapable of doing so, and even the engineer can only vaguely understand it by the most intimate knowledge of his science. For my part such powers are like the millions one sees mentioned daily in our journals, but which no man could live long enough to count. However there is another factor that enters into the extraordinary speeds of the ocean grey hounds, other than size and horse power, and this is the model of the hull. In this the Mauretania and Lusitania represent the highest perfection yet attained. Unlike ordinary liners, they pass through the water with the least possible resistance. This is attained by very graceful lines, almost identical to those of a yacht. From stem to stern as one stands on the main

deck, it is possible to see a graceful curve, which is ever the delight of a yachtsman.

It would be interesting to give a description of the interior arrangements of the ship, which resemble more those of an hotel than a steam ship, but that would be a long story. Suffice it, the great height of the ceilings gives the salons in the first class, every appearance of a modern hotel ashore, and were it not for the vibration of the engines, one could well believe they were in "The Waldorf" or "The Carlton."

One of the real luxuries on these steamers is the large open fireplaces in the Ladies Salon and in the Smoking Room, which are made very cheery and homelike by the glow and warmth of these fires. Surely this is a trifle that the other liners would do well to imitate.

The size of the ship and the great number of first class passengers 550 or more, make these vessels much less sociable than the smaller and slower ones. However, this is compensated for by the sumptuous accommodations and the large and well selected library which to one of literary tastes is a veritable Godsend. Then again there are the evening concerts in the salon which are always well attended and make one feel so completely satisfied with the trip that the loss of sociability is after all not so serious.

On Sunday, our second day out, the service of the Church of England, was held in the Ladies Salon. As this custom does not obtain in the lines of other nationalities, my companions and myself decided to attend. At sea a service is always more impressive than upon land for the reason that one is out upon the mighty deep whose vast expanse reaches from horizon to horizon and where the heavens form a mighty dome in comparison with which the greatest architecture of man is but puny mockery. Furthermore there is always a certain danger on the deep, from storm and iceberg, from fire and collision that threaten one night and day, and render even the most thoughtless meditative once out of sight of land. It is this communion with nature, God if you will, that makes the sailor different from the landsman, born and bred within a city.

In olden times it was the custom to call all the passengers and crew to this divine service, which was always read by the Captain. Today, the service is more formal and is confined to first and second class passengers only, There is consequently lacking that spirit of democracy which was the charm of former days.

A few moments before the hour of eleven, the tolling of the ship's bell announced the service and when we entered the salon it was already crowded to its full capacity. I fortunately found a seat beside a dear old lady and awaited

the entrance of the choir. The choristers were bell boys and pages of the ship, twenty or more in number, who, under the direction of the steward, marched in two by two and took their seats near the piano, where the musicians were already assembled. In front of the piano a lectern had been placed over which the English flag was draped and before it stood the Purser in full uniform, awaiting the conclusion of the incidental music which preceded the service. Then in a voice that could be heard from one end of the room to the other, he read the beautiful service of the Church of England, receiving the responses of the congregation. If anyone there expected that the service would be one whit less serious than those within a church that day, they were soon disillusioned, for no one could have asked for a more dignified and responsive audience. A touch of pathos was added to the music, when the choir boys wearying of chanting the long Te Deum failed to respond to the steward's encouragement, and for a moment let him lead alone. The passengers, however, saved the day, and ere long were chanting lustily, while the orchestra concluded with the "Glory be to the Father" etc.- in grandiose style that would have done justice to the best church in England. After the collection and the singing of the grand old hymn "Praise God from whom all blessings flow", the audience still remained while the orchestra

played in the most finished manner Handl's Largo. So perfect and beautifully was this composition rendered, that even when the orchestra had ceased and the Purser and the choir boys had withdrawn, they still remained as if hypnotized by the melody. I was finally awakened from my reverie by the dear old lady next to me, asking me the name of the composition, and upon learning that it was Handl's famous "Largo" went into ecstasy at its beauty. "Yes," I replied, "It is very beautiful, such music touches the heart, and is better far than a sermon." I am not at all sure that she agreed with me, but I think I voice the opinion of the most intelligent people when I state that while words may stimulate thought and induce emotion, yet the harmonies of good music reach the heart direct and lead one unconsciously into the realm of beauty. Once within that realm, all cares dispell, all sorrows flee and for the nonce we live in that dreamland of ecstasy, that land of Spirit from which only sympathy, compassion and gentleness can flow. Such is the magic of the musician, to whom we owe so much and to whom, alas! we pay so little.

On the evening of the third day out, our trip was enlivened by a Suffragette Meeting held in the dining hall. Never having attended one of these meetings, I determined to do so in order to learn their point of view. On the

whole their speeches were very mild and their plaints many and just; but I still fail to see why it is necessary for women to vote in order to change the present unjust laws relating to marriage, divorce, etc. A unification of the laws of all our states on these questions must eventually come in the interest of good government. If therefore, the women will force the fight on this issue they will accomplish a much-needed reform and this, I believe, can be done best through their personal, rather than their political relations.

Our run, after leaving Liverpool had been extraordinary, and at noon, on the 14th, we had covered 2267 nautical miles. Thus far the passage had been extremely smooth, and sombred by overcast skies. But as we emerged from the haze that hung about the Banks of New Foundland, and once more entered the Gulf Stream, the temperature rose perceptibly and at night the starry heavens shone forth in all their glory. Who can describe the beauty of these starry skies? Alas! not I, nor are there words within the Lexicon to picture to the mind of one who has not seen them, their grandeur and sublimity. In order to see them well at sea, one must ascend to the hurricane deck far above the lights and throbbing of the engines, and recline in a steamer chair undisturbed. At first the starry firmament is only seen indistinctly, but as the eyes gradually become

accustomed to the filmy light, one by one the stars peep out and ere one has begun to note the constellations, an inexpressible awe takes possession of you and in that moment there is brought into the frail human consciousness, a conviction that we stand before the throne of God.

To one of a poetic temperament, this communion with nature on the open sea is one of the most delightful parts of an ocean trip. I never cease to admire the ocean, even in its wildest moods, provided I am upon a ship in which I have perfect confidence? But, you may justly ask, have I ever seen a hurricane and tested my confidence? Yes, that I have and under conditions I little anticipated when setting sail.

It was many years ago, yet the memory of it is still fresh in my mind. I was at that time upon a smaller ship of the same company, bound for New York. Our trip had been uneventful until the second day out when the barometer began to fall steadily until it had reached 28 5/10 inches. At that time the wind was blowing at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and we encountered the heaviest seas I have ever witnessed in the North Atlantic. One of these monsters came aboard with such force that the bridge stanchions were bent and the dining room flooded with water. No one was allowed on deck, and our speed was reduced to just sufficient to keep our ship head to the sea.

On the second day the storm seemed to have abated somewhat and I crawled to the lea companionway to get a view. To my surprise I saw a steamer (a sister ship) bound eastward, running before the gale not shipping a drop of water whilst the deck of our ship was being washed from stem to stern. Surely here was a comparison for me; the gale which was fighting us was wafting our sister ship homeward at a record-breaking rate.

On the 15th of September, just before noon, we learned by wireless, that we had passed the Nantucket Shoal Lightship. Immediately preparations were made to disembark our passengers and their baggage. Stewards and deck hands all were busy now. The life boats were swung in, the mails and baggage piled on deck and for the first time since sailing I began to appreciate the great number of people aboard. The officers and crew numbered 800. The first class 540, second class, 460, and third class 1200, - a total of 3000 souls. Surely a precious cargo. And all contained within one ship - which was racing to break the record.

About four thirty o'clock we sighted Fire Island Light, and at five reached The Ambrose Lightship off Sandy Hook, having covered the distance from Daunt Rock, Ireland, in four days, 10 hours and 41 minutes. Great was the cheering and congratulations upon the achievement of this feat,

for in order to accomplish it our ship had, had to maintain an average speed of 26-6/10 knots per hour, or approximately 30 statute miles per hour for a period of over 4 days. Never before had such continuous high speed been attained by any vessel afloat. We had therefore broken the world's record. Surely something to be proud of.

It took many minutes to bring our steamer to a full stop, in order to take aboard the pilot. When this had been accomplished, we proceeded slowly up the channel toward Quarantine and anchored there, awaiting the arrival of the Health officers and the discharging of the mails.

Near-by at anchor lay an Italian ship close under the guns of the fort, with a yellow flag flying from the main mast. She had been detained for many days; some malignant disease having broken out among her passengers, all of whom would be transported to Hospital Island to await developments.

As the hour of seven arrived, dinner was announced and we went below to enjoy our last meal aboard. When we came on deck again we were still at anchor and the boats that were coming and going to the Station Pier indicated that we, too, were having some difficulty in getting a clean bill of health. Later it developed that a child had died aboard and been buried at sea, consequently, we were being given a most thorough examination, there was

therefore nothing to do but wait events.

This delay, however, gave everyone an opportunity to see the beautiful sunset and enjoy the ever moving panorama, which passes continually in and out the narrows. For the first time that day a spirit of quietude and repose seemed to come upon everybody aboard, except the stewards who were occupied with their daily duties. Many passengers were about on the deck watching the receding sun which left the western clouds tinged with fiery red and purple and cast a most theatrical light upon the placid waters of the inner bay that made them resemble molten lava. This magic display of light and shadow continued for more than a half hour and I was wondering if we should land that night, when a passenger beside me called my attention to the fact that we were moving. I could scarcely believe him for the engines were not working and there was nothing to indicate that the ship was under way. Nevertheless, it was a fact our anchor had been raised and we were slowly drifting up the bay with the incoming tide. This was encouraging, for I felt sure that this would not have been done if the Quarantine Officers had expected to detain us. Slowly, very slowly, we passed Staten Island, then Robbins Reef Light and finally were opposite the Statue of Liberty. By the time we had reached this point the fantastic color effects of the sunset had disappeared,

and in their place an after glow of radiating rays of light, somewhat resembling an Aurora borealis, shot up from the horizon in a fan shaped display that formed a most majestic background to the Statue of Liberty and its light which, like a diamond, sent forth its scintillating rays into space. Never before have I seen such a beautiful exhibition of nature's glory and the art of man. Yet there were other wonders still ahead of us for as we drifted on, the Brooklyn Bridge burst into light, and as if by magic, the City with its myriad of lofty buildings, flashed their welcome rays over the bay.

To those, who looked upon our city that night for the first time, surely that wonderful panorama must have been entrancing. What wonder than that emigrants from foreign lands should believe they have at last found the El Dorado of their dreams. Why disillusion them, surely an El Dorado it has been to many in the past, and no doubt will continue to be to many more in the future. But alas! to the vast majority it holds only disappointment until tiring of the hum and bustle of its streets they are content to emigrate to other localities.

I need not recount the disembarking of the passengers or the passing of the customs. Suffice it, at ten thirty, we were landed and warmly greeted by dear friends, who,

with a loyalty unprecedented, had been awaiting us since six o'clock in the evening. After a mad scramble to find our baggage, we had it passed and hiring a man to put it on board a cab, were home at last.

" IN RETROSPECT "

After an absence of so many years from Europe, it might seem that a comparison of modern Europe with that of twenty or thirty years ago, might be interesting; and that before concluding I should include these impressions in my narrative. Unfortunately to do this would require a volume in itself, and the best, therefore, that I can do is to touch the most important impressions and leave the task for others.

If I were asked what surprised me most on my past trip abroad, I should say it was the increasing popularity of our language among the Continental nations. There was a time when I thought a Cosmopolitan language such as Volapuck or Esperanto would become popular on the Continent. Notwithstanding the many protagonists of Esperanto, English is conquering Europe at a tremendous pace. I can remember the time when a knowledge of French and German were absolutely necessary to have made the trip I have described. Today, one may do so very successfully with English alone, and enjoy it greatly in spite of the fact, that an intimate knowledge of a people can only be gained by personal contact with them. I attribute this popularity

of English to three causes: First, to the extraordinary increase in foreign travel and commerce, both English and American; second, to the fact that France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland and other countries have made English a part of the school curriculum, and third, to the return of many emigrants, who having gained a small fortune in our country, desire to end their days in their native land. The combined influence of all these agencies has accomplished much in a very short time. Let one land, for example, on any of the Azore Islands, in Madeira or even the Canaries, where Portuguese is the native tongue, and he will be amazed at the number of people who can be found to speak English. These, in nearly every case, are returned emigrants who, for the pleasure of conversing with you will act as guide and interpreter. The same is true of Italy and other European countries, but becomes less frequent as we approach the Orient, unless we stick closely to the well travelled highways. If one does this he may have no fear to make a complete tour of the world, for the Anglo-Saxon is gaining foot in every land and wherever the Anglo-Saxon stays, he dominates.

But what of the Anglo-Saxon, you may justly ask? By what have I been most impressed in his land - and my answer will be that in the past ten years the decrease of intemperance has been so great that to one arriving after

an absence of many years, it seems almost incredible. Whether drunkenness is the result of poverty, or poverty the result of intemperance, we need not inquire. But certain it is, that in a great city like London the improvement is very marked. Doubtless this is due to many causes, not the least of which is that of the Crusade of the Salvation Army and similar rescue organizations. The increase of the tax on licensed houses or "Pubs" has also had its effect. Furthermore, the extraordinary activity of "The London County Council" in its comprehensive plans for the housing of the poor, has made the rockery a thing of contempt, for self-respect and sobriety go hand in hand.

It would be interesting to note my observations on poverty and intemperance in the other cities I have visited, but I fear the comparison would not be to the credit of our own. Suffice it, throughout Europe this question is being successfully combatted as the great consumption of Mineral Waters and other light beverages will prove.

One other observation and I shall conclude. There seems to be a prevalent opinion among our people that Europe is unprogressive; while this reproach was true many years ago, it is no longer so, as the tremendous growth of the great cities abroad must prove. Cities like Munich, Vienna and Berlin have trebled in the past thirty years, and smaller towns have improved in proportion, not

merely in numbers, but in all the arts and sciences. In the matter of education, Germany is the peer of all, and the trade mark "Made in Germany" is doing more to awaken other nations to their lethargy than political discussion could ever do.

As I have already observed, we are at present in the throes of tariff wars, but these barbaric measures must eventually succumb to fair Reciprocal Trade relations, and once this principal is accepted, The International Tribunal of Justice will take its proper place. Standing armies will then disappear, and there will be brought about a more friendly and intimate relations of all the nations of the earth. I am not, however, such a blind optimist as to believe that this will be brought about in a night; for selfishness and self-sacrifice are as far apart as in the days of Christ, but the world moves on a pace, and the brightest minds are now being directed toward the solution of these very difficult problems.

A D I O

And now the most difficult part of my task is at hand: I must bid my friends and you, my gentle reader, for the nonce farewell. We have journeyed through many lands and climes and have accomplished in three short months what well might have occupied a year. Yet I am sure we have no regrets, for whether reader or "compagnon de voyage", there has been created between us a spirit of camaraderie which has made the journey worth while. Moreover for myself there will ever remain a thousand pleasant memories to lighten the day of toil and dispel my cares. If therefore my story has increased your love for the scenes I have described, if it has added but a mite to your store of knowledge, if for a moment only it has made you happy and raised a smile, then surely what I have written has not been in vain.

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